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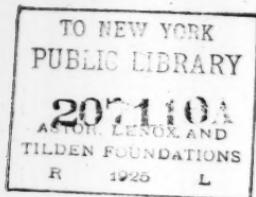
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No. 483.—JANUARY, 1925.

Art. 1.—THE REAL SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEM.

SOUTH AFRICA is the only country in the world to-day with a colour future which still hangs in the balance. Whatever of the unexpected may yet be written into the history of other lands, their colour fate has at least been settled. The development of their institutions may be uncertain, but one can say with complete confidence whether they will be regarded as white or non-white.

With South Africa this is not so. There the white race claims nationhood, and believes in the permanence both of its domination and its civilisation; yet there are factors in the development of the sub-continent which suggest that only a coloured civilisation may ultimately survive. The final decision has still to be reached, and it is this long-drawn colour struggle which constitutes the real South African problem, and not, as is often popularly supposed, the rivalry of Boer and Briton. Lord (then Mr) Balfour perceived the truth twenty years ago when he drew the attention of the House of Commons to the steadily growing preponderance of the black races, and declared that 'the problem before South Africa in the future is one which has never yet presented itself in the history of mankind.'

There is at stake, too, the fate of a not inconsiderable section of the habitable surface of the globe. The colour conflict will be decided in the Union of South Africa; but the verdict will also dictate the future of Rhodesia, the mandated South-West Africa, and other portions of Africa south of the Zambesi. A territory well over one million square miles in extent will remain

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among the spoils of the victors—a land twelve times the size of Great Britain, and five times as large as France.

That this struggle is to-day going against the white race is made plain in the Final Report of Mr C. W. Cousins, the Director of Census in the Union of South Africa, on the enumeration of 1921. In the most striking and outspoken official survey of the colour conflict which has ever been written in South Africa, he shows that in the last thirty years the non-European population, despite half a million deaths in the influenza epidemic of 1918-19, has increased by 2,630,000; whereas the European population, excluding immigration and its consequences, and allowing for 2 per cent. per annum, i.e. a liberal rate of natural increase, added only 500,000 to its number. Excluding further immigration and its consequences the European population fifty years hence will number only 4,000,000. But the non-European, even allowing nothing for a lower infantile mortality owing to improving hygienic conditions, will number roughly 24,000,000.

'It will require very little calculation to show,' asserts the Director of Census, 'that, if the white race is to hold its own in South Africa, it will be necessary to secure an immense development of white civilisation during the next 50 years, or, perhaps, only the next 25 years. This comparatively short period may, and in all probability will, decide once and for all the issue upon which speculation has turned—whether the white race is to have any part in the ultimate development of South Africa, or whether it is to be entirely crowded out by the aboriginal population.'

The danger to which Mr Cousins draws attention is emphasised both by the trend of the development of the economic resources of South Africa, and by the history of European civilisation in it during the last two and a half centuries. Were South Africa a rich agricultural country it might even now become the heritage of the white race merely by natural progress. But its temporary wealth in gold and diamonds has given a wrong impression of its true character. In reality it is what is termed in mining circles a 'large low-grade proposition.' It is not a fertile land. Its soil is lacking in

phosphates. Fully half the Union receives a low and badly distributed rainfall which makes unprofitable the cultivation of ordinary field crops. Less than one per cent. of the land is irrigable, and a great deal of this must ultimately become so alkaline as to render it valueless for farming. The South African crop out-turn per acre stands among the lowest in the world. The tourist thinks that he is crossing a vast empty land which might be the home of a great agricultural population. The truth is that good arable land exists only in patches. Admittedly the country is so huge that even those patches amount in the aggregate to a very substantial area. But the sub-continent certainly does not give scope for the rapid agricultural development which has marked the progress of Canada, the United States, and the Argentine. It demands selected rather than wholesale settlement.

Even so, a purely white race could through the ages have modified its harsh character. Unfortunately, however, what opportunities it presents to a white race have not, from the very earliest days of its colonisation, been turned to account. When the Dutch planted their garden at Table Bay in 1652, there was a great chance of laying the firm foundations of a wholly white community in the new land. The South Africa of those days was inhabited mainly by small tribes of Hottentots and Bushmen which soon perished in contact with a white race. The more numerous and vigorous Bantu tribes had hardly begun their descent from the north.

Thus in the very earliest days of the Dutch settlement there was a shortage of labour. Van Riebeek, the first Governor, wanted to import Chinese. As early as 1658, the Government took the disastrous step of bringing in 400 West African slaves; and the late Mr H. J. Hofmeyr told the Transvaal Indigency Commission of 1906-8 that the prime cause of the peculiar disease of South African Society, 'Poor White-ism,' as it is called, is the tradition of slavery. In 1716 the Directors of the Dutch East Indies Company called upon the Council of Policy at the Cape to report upon 'whether it would be more advantageous to employ European labourers than slaves.' On this, Theal, the South African historian, observes:

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'Probably no subject of equal importance to South Africa has ever since engaged the attention of the authorities, for upon these reports was to depend whether the country should be occupied solely by Europeans or whether there was to be a mixture of races in it.'

Unhappily the decision was in favour of coloured labour. Only two men of any weight in the councils of the Dutch East Indies Company pleaded for white colonisation in South Africa. They were Captain de Chavonnes, a brother of the Governor of that name, and Van Imhoff. The former was the first advocate of a White Man Policy in South Africa, and he based his argument on the broad ground that 'cheap labour is bad labour.' He declared that '250 pioneers will be of more use and be more profitable to the Company and the country than 500 to 600 slaves, male, female, and children.' Van Imhoff's report contained these words:

'I believe it would have been far better had we, when this colony was founded, commenced with Europeans and brought them hither in such numbers that hunger and want would have forced them to work. But having imported slaves, every common or ordinary European becomes a gentleman and prefers to be served than to serve. We have, in addition, the fact that the majority of farmers in this colony are not farmers in the real sense of the word, but plantation owners, and many of them consider it a shame to work with their own hands.'

Van Imhoff records the birth of that prejudice which has been the greatest curse of the sub-continent—the idea crystallised into the contemptuous phrase 'Kaffir's work.' Far-sighted statesmen as well as 'poor whites' became the victims of that catch-word. When Sir George Grey visited Natal he alluded to the 'degradation' of white men working on the land like natives. Anthony Trollope found at George, in the 'seventies of last century, white men labouring on a dam for 1s. 7d. a day, while neighbouring coloured men earned 4s. 6d. a day at wool-washing; the white men, he noted, 'wouldn't have trod the wool along with the black man even for 4s. 6d.'

This early reliance upon coloured labour bred two effects which still influence the development of South

Africa. One was the disinclination of the whites to perform any task which custom had allotted to the coloured man. The other was the consequent appearance of a class of poor and unemployed whites, the very presence of which was instantly used as an argument against any strengthening of the white race by immigration. As early as 1750 the Heemraaden of Stellenbosch complained that white children were growing up without any work being available for them, and in consequence they added that they were 'absolutely of opinion that in view of the condition of this country it already has too many inhabitants rather than any suitable facilities for assisting further families to obtain a livelihood.'

Thus there grew up in South Africa from the earliest days a white population which considered itself the aristocracy of the country. Every white man expected to be a landowner, and, indeed, for very many years he could become one merely by moving a little farther into the interior. For the working of his land he demanded coloured labour. The soil being on the whole poor, or good only in patches, and farming methods being indifferent, a large tract was necessary for the support of a white family and its coloured attendants. The white race, therefore, spread far into the interior of the country, and occupied a huge territory, without making it definitely a white man's land or even establishing firmly a white civilisation. The planting of selected white settlers in the eastern part of the Cape as a barrier against the Kaffir tribes which had been forced along the coast by the pressure from the north, and the arrival of the 1820 settlers, were not sufficient to redress the balance of colour in favour of the whites.

South Africa was being slowly developed on the plantation system and not upon the system which was building up Australia and Canada. Even after two hundred years of white colonisation it was regarded as a black man's, rather than as a white man's country. Trollope wrote of it in 1877: 'South Africa is a country of black men and not of white men. It has been so; it is so; and it will continue to be so. The important person in South Africa is the Kaffir and the Zulu, the Bechuana and the Hottentot—not the Dutchman or the Englishman.' By that time the idea of de Chavonnes

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and Van Imhoff that South Africa could be made a white man's land, seems to have been entirely forgotten. Had the placid life of those days continued, the South Africa of recent times would have been a country of a few slowly-growing coast towns and a sparsely peopled interior scarcely entered save by hunters and explorers. It would have remained part of a Crown Colony system rather than have entered the circle of self-governing Dominions. The idea of white nationhood would not have been seriously entertained.

But the whole history and outlook of the sub-continent were altered by the discoveries of diamonds and gold. The new wealth was found far inland. Not only did it bring about an influx of white adventurers from oversea, but it instantly opened up the interior of the country and compelled the construction of railways. Moreover, the English population received a large accession of strength, and, with a richer prize to be grasped, the rivalry of British and Dutch was greatly accentuated. The rapid increase in the white population was not accompanied, however, by any change in the original method of developing the country. The black labour basis remained. The demand for coloured workers grew with the growth of the work to be done. The shortage of labour was not met from white sources. The mine owners attracted Kaffirs from the north. The planters on the Natal coast imported Indians. The farmers, who were left short of labourers because they paid lower wages, also asked to be allowed to import coloured men, and not receiving permission, did their utmost by legislative enactments, taxation, and so on to compel the natives to leave the kraals more freely and work for them.

Then, as time went on, a politico-racial struggle between Briton and Boer completely overshadowed that colour issue which was in reality South Africa's greatest problem. For something like thirty years one heard very little about the future of White South Africa, but a great deal about the supremacy of Dutch South Africa or British South Africa. Imperialism and Africanderism, Bonds and Leagues, and so on, were the favourite subjects of the Press and the platform, and the politics, and the race prejudices, and the ambitions of the rival white

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peoples filled the public mind for a dozen years before the clash of war came, and for two decades after the Peace. In all this welter of racial politics much was said and written of the future of the Dutch, and of the future of the British, but little of the future of the white race as a whole. There was a vague assumption that the world was witnessing the building up of a permanent white nation in South Africa, just as it was in Canada and Australia and New Zealand. With the formation of the Union of South Africa in 1910, the tone of the allusions to the new daughter nation within the British Commonwealth became still more confident. Any questioning of the assumption that a new and virile white nation was growing up in the sub-continent was resented.

Yet the long period of strife had concealed, but had not altered, the colour drift which had marked the development of South Africa from the 17th century onwards. Indeed, when the political tumult died down, it became increasingly plain that the real South African problem not only remained unsolved but had become more difficult of solution. The rapid economic development of 1870-99, plus the Boer war, had in some respects weakened the position of the white race. The new and larger superstructure had merely been erected upon the old foundation of coloured labour. But fresh wealth had been won so easily that it had been possible to conceal the real effects of the labour system on the white population. The cry one knew had been for coloured labour. What one did not know at the moment was that heavy capital expenditure on mines and public works, and the wholesale distribution of doles, implements, and stock, repatriation grants, land settlement loans, and all kinds of advances from the public purse, had given a false appearance of strength and buoyancy to a weakening and sinking white population.

It was suddenly discovered in 1916 that the Union possessed 106,000 poor whites. By 1922 it was estimated that every twelfth white in the country belonged to that class, and that the evil was still spreading. The census reports revealed the fact that the proportion of white to coloured in the Union was decreasing, that in literally dozens of districts the number of resident whites had

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actually fallen, and that the country was faced by the evil of the chronic poverty of a large section of the white population. The South African problem remained. There was still no guarantee of the permanent domination either of a white race or a white civilisation.

That, under existing conditions, there is no such guarantee in the future is the considered conclusion of the Director of Census. What is also now becoming clear is that, with merely the continuance of present development, it must become more and more difficult for the white minority to rule the coloured majority. In present-day South Africa it is no light task for 1,500,000 whites to control the destiny of 5,500,000 non-whites. What they will have to face in the future is not only a still greater disparity of numbers, but a growing disposition on the part of the coloured masses to resent a white dictatorship. White rule in South Africa has to-day almost effaced the old tribal divisions and antagonisms which once weakened the native races in their conflict with Europeans. The natives are becoming one race, possessing a distinct race-consciousness. The Rev. Charles Bourquin, of the Swiss Mission, who has made a special study of the natives, recently declared that 'the abyss between the two races is growing more and more.' The influence of the purely British rule which they feel did much for them, has been withdrawn, and the natives say 'the cow of Great Britain has now gone dry, and we must look to our own selves for salvation.' Missionaries, Natives Affairs Department officials, and police officers in rural districts know well that the attitude of the natives has changed a great deal in recent years. Since the Great War much vague Bolshevism has been talked in the kraals. Among themselves the tribesmen are fond of boasting that the land is really theirs and that one day they will make another effort to possess it. They resent the higher wages paid to whites, their own exclusion from many classes of skilled work, and what they regard as the harsh land and pass laws. Further, the 'white aristocracy,' which is coming face to face with a coloured proletariat increasing in numbers and restlessness, is itself revealing signs of growing weakness. Not only is it performing a diminishing share of the actual work of

the country, but both its desire and its capacity for doing that work are dwindling.

The farmers cry aloud for more labour. But they mean black labour. They do not want white workers. If they had them they would scarcely know what to do with them. Lord Selborne used to tell a tale of a Boer farmer who sat on his *stoep* lamenting because the weeds were suffocating his crops and he had no Kaffirs to pull them up. But it never struck the Boer farmer and his five or six stalwart sons to do the weeding themselves. Even the bywoners and the poor whites who formerly cultivated land on shares, or gave their labour under some similar local system, are being squeezed off the farm into the slums of the towns. There is no small-holder class growing up in South Africa comparable to that which has strengthened the white race in Australasia and Canada. The first demand of the settlers with capital who enter the Union in small numbers is for black labour. Agricultural expansion in South Africa upon present lines can do nothing to check the numerical preponderance of the coloured population; rather does it tend to augment it. One finds, too, that even if the new-comer from abroad begins by personal labour on the soil, the next generation falls easily into the traditional South African dependence upon coloured workers. As a rule South African farming is pictured to the potential immigrant as a gentlemanly business in which the white man's part will lie in riding over his estate supervising the labour of black men.

The mining industry is large and valuable, but one finds in it a marked tendency to lower the ratio of white to coloured employees. The Rand strikes of 1906, 1913, and 1922 proved that the gold can be won without even the customary ratio of 1 white to 9 or 10 blacks. As the grade of ore becomes lower there will be a powerful excuse for reducing working costs by diminishing the proportion of white labour used. In the tin, coal, copper, iron, and other enterprises of the country the white man is merely an overseer.

Statistics relating to the manufacturing activities of the Union have only been prepared in recent years, and their accuracy is not above question. But whether one studies these returns, or the older figures relating to the

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Cape and Natal alone, there is revealed a steadily growing dependence upon coloured labour. Strong trade-unionism protects two or three special industries—such as the printing business—but in the majority of enterprises there is a distinct tendency for coloured labour to increase at the expense of white. A good many years ago, when Mr John X. Merriman was Premier of the Cape Colony, he objected publicly to a deputation of white workmen designating themselves 'the workers' of the colony. 'You don't represent the real workers of the colony,' he said, 'who are very seldom heard at meetings of this kind. You represent the dominant caste in this country—the white people.' And he added that there was no work which could not in time be done by the black man as well as by the white man. The dominant caste, yes! But a white nation? Even the laws of South Africa tend to divide the country into a white aristocracy and a coloured proletariat. Years ago the Transvaal Mining Industry Commission arrived at the conclusion that existing conditions there

'combine to render the native more attractive to an employer than his personal qualities and powers as a labourer in competition with a white man would by themselves warrant. Of two labourers, one a white man and the other a native, of equal efficiency and prepared to work at the same cost to the employer, the law gives a premium to the employer to employ the native.'

A mass of statistical evidence could be adduced to show that the whole of producing South Africa is steadily offering less work for white people and more work for coloured people. That this is so is admitted by every official in the Union who has investigated the tendencies of recent years. The 'boom' period concealed, but did not alter, the age-long trend of economic life in the country, which is distinctly pro-colour-employing and not pro-white-employing. At this very moment the outstanding features of South African life are:—

- (1) White emigration exceeding white immigration in volume.
- (2) The constant growth of the poor white class.
- (3) A continuous decline in the proportion of whites in the population.

These facts should cause no surprise. The majority of South African employers prefer coloured labour to white labour. They regard a cheap black labour force as the country's greatest asset. Their only regret is that it is not larger and cheaper. They have tried in the past to make it both by importing Indians and Chinese, and they are still importing Mozambique natives. The labour of the coloured man has been made, and remains, the very basis of all agricultural and industrial activity. South Africa has done, and can do, without white labour; it does not believe it could exist without coloured labour.

And as the country has sown so it has reaped. The results which are sometimes deplored to-day are precisely those which one would expect to flow from such conditions, and precisely what similar conditions have always produced elsewhere in the world. They are not in themselves extraordinary. What is extraordinary is that a white community which has based all its activities upon such a system should imagine that it could evolve from it a white nation, or maintain unimpaired a white civilisation.

And, finally, there is one further result now coming to light which one might also have expected to flow from such conditions. A large section of the white population is deteriorating, and its capacity to resist the rising flood of coloured efficiency is weakening. In the mass the poor whites are incompetent, helpless, and improvident, and their children include an alarming percentage of mental defectives. Dr Dunstan, the Commissioner for Mental Disorders in the Union, recently told the Education Commission that the number of retarded boys and girls in the Transvaal was 'more than three times the proportion found similarly retarded in the American schools.' He added: 'I do not hesitate to say that the problem is so important that unless in some way or other we can solve it, the white population must in the end sink as the native population rises, and there can only be one end—a black and yellow nation.'

Such, then, are the main facts. And in the face of those facts there is no parallel in history which suggests that if present conditions and tendencies continue, the white race in South Africa can maintain either its

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domination or its civilisation. Already a slow process of white attrition has set in. Decay must quicken as the years pass. The unskilled work of all Southern Africa is in the hands of the coloured races. Practically the whole of the semi-skilled work has fallen to them. More and more of the skilled work is becoming their heritage as well. The small upper class among the whites may continue to be the landlords, the professional men, and the large merchants. But the lower class is living more and more down to a coloured standard, and one section of it is already definitely mixing with the coloured race. Poverty breaks down the oldest social barriers.

A small white aristocracy cannot indefinitely control, and deny political rights to, a coloured proletariat rapidly attaining an overwhelming numerical superiority. Had South Africa remained a British Colony having behind it the armed strength of a powerful white nation, the position would have been less menacing. But the small white minority claims self-government, nationhood, and virtual independence. Place the white minorities in Jamaica or India upon such a basis, and how long would their domination survive?

If present conditions continue there are only two alternatives before South Africa. One is for the white minority to insist upon retaining its place as the ruling aristocracy regardless of everything, until the overwhelming weight of numbers of the developing and dissatisfied coloured majority produces an upheaval. The other is for the white minority to give the coloured majority some share in the Government, in which case the price of the coloured vote would be further and further concessions until at last the ruling power passed into its hands and South Africa became a coloured country both in name and reality.

With a continuance of present conditions the former fate is the more likely, because White South Africa will never willingly admit the equality of colour. But it is a form of domination which must inevitably be confronted by ever increasing difficulties as both the numerical strength and the social and political restlessness of the coloured majority grows. World development everywhere denies the conclusion that in South Africa alone a white aristocracy of dwindling strength and no

external support can for all time rule a coloured nation.

There is yet a third alternative, but it involves a drastic change in the conditions which offer only the two alternatives outlined. It demands nothing less than the rebuilding of South Africa upon a different foundation. Old traditions and policies must be replaced by the rigid and sustained enforcement of the White Man ideal. Such a task is not impossible if the national faith be sufficiently strong and the national will sufficiently resolute. But success can only be attained by the overcoming of obstacles formidable enough to chill all but the highest enthusiasm and depress all save the stoutest hearts.

For the building of this new South Africa free from an ultimate coloured fate, it is essential that the idea that coloured labour is the country's greatest asset should be abandoned, and that the assumption that it is the duty of the State to ensure for every industry a supply of black workers should be denied. Such a change of attitude forms the only gateway to success. Nothing lasting can be achieved as long as it is believed that the only way to provide employment for whites is to increase the employment of blacks. That school of thought can never rebuild a South Africa not menaced by a coloured fate. What would save White South Africa would be a courageous and sustained national policy covering the following points :—

(1) The placing of selected whites on the best land of the country to grow the crops which experts decided would be most profitable for the particular soils. A large proportion of these settlers should be drawn from oversea, as the country needs new blood. If necessary really good land should be expropriated for this purpose. In these settlements coloured labour should be excluded, or very severely limited, under the terms of occupation.

(2) All taxation imposed on industries, whether for protection or revenue purposes, should be adjusted in order to foster the employment of an increasing proportion of white labour.

(3) A segregation policy encouraging the natives to develop in their own territories. There would be no general prohibition on the use of black labour outside native areas,

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but the separation of the population into distinct white areas and distinct black areas would be aimed at. In the white areas an effort should be made to get even the unskilled work done by whites. The greatest obstacle to this is the present colour mixture, and the false pride it engenders in the whites.

(4) The gradual elimination of all legislation which has the effect of placing an incentive upon employers to use coloured labour rather than white labour.

(5) The ultimate prohibition of the importation of black labour from outside the Union. What supplementary labour the country needs must after a given date be drawn from white sources, and not from black sources. Any shortage of labour resulting from this policy would naturally first give opportunities of employment to the now workless whites.

(6) The fostering of a powerful public opinion in favour of the White Man ideal.

Admittedly it would not be easy to persuade the White South Africa of to-day to embark upon such a national policy. The powerful industrial interests which demand the exploitation of the resources of the country by cheap coloured labour would oppose it. The farmers might object to it on the ground that it would produce a shortage of native labour and so raise native wages. All the ingrained prejudices of generations would be against it.

Nor could the new policy be carried out without sacrifices on the part of the white population. South Africa is not a high-grade country in which the yield either of farms or mines is so substantial that more expensive labour can be easily used. It may be true that the inefficiency of the present native labour tends to restrict output everywhere; but making due allowance for that it is probable that white labour would often have to be content with a smaller return than falls to it in America, Australia, or Canada. There is undoubtedly some truth in the assertion that South Africa is a low-grade country which is difficult to work save by cheap labour. One must not base a new policy on illusions regarding the results obtainable by using white labour more freely. White labour would have to be both hardworking and efficient in order to win even a moderately good standard of living. Still, in the country

as a whole there would continue to be employed a considerable proportion of cheap native labour which would so average down total production costs as to leave a fair margin for white wages.

The scheme outlined is not impossible. It would call for a preliminary scientific survey of all the resources of South Africa, and then the new policy would have to be gradually enforced, being applied first to the most promising activities revealed by expert examination. There must be no rash experiments, because there is very little margin in South Africa for wasteful effort. On the lines suggested it should be possible to get more of the work of South Africa done by white men, which when all is said and done is the only method by which the white race can maintain its domination and its civilisation. The result could be no more than a compromise, because it is scarcely possible now to eliminate the coloured element in the country. One could hope with some confidence, however, to check the present drift to an overwhelming majority of colour, and build up a white race sufficiently strong and entrenched to be able to hold its place.

Whether White South Africa has in it the faith and the courage necessary for the carrying through of such a task remains to be seen. The national attitude to-day is not encouraging; one can but hope that a clearer realisation of the fate toward which White South Africa is so plainly drifting may breed a new ideal. But of one thing there is no room for doubt. If there is no new aim and no change of policy—if present conditions and tendencies continue unchecked for a few more years—then South Africa will ultimately stand revealed as unmistakably a coloured man's land, with a coloured civilisation, ruled by a coloured race.

L. E. NEAME.

Art. 2.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. *The Intimate Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By Archibald Stalker. Black, 1921.
2. *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott, 1825-32.* New Edition. Edinburgh : David Douglas, 1891.
3. *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By J. G. Lockhart. One Vol. Edition. Edinburgh : Black, 1871.
4. *Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott by Mrs Hughes (of Uffington).* Edited by Horace Hutchinson. London : Smith, Elder & Co., 1904.

TWEED was roaring down in October flood* when the writer and a friend on their southward road, intending the pilgrimage to Dryburgh, persuaded each the other, against his better judgment, that it would be a pity to leave out Abbotsford, and were sorry for it afterwards. Even Dryburgh itself, than which no more perfect resting-place for a King of Faery can be imagined,† could hardly atone for their mistake. The guide books will tell you—do tell you—that ‘Abbotsford as viewed from the Ferry Station gives a fair representation of the individual taste of Sir Walter Scott.’ Whether Mr Baddeley‡ means to be ironical or no, we cannot say.

But Scott's lovers should not go there. The taste of George IV's days is not ours, and our hero's lack of artistic taste was consummate. We should rather go six miles up the water to Ashestiell even before we attempt to reconstruct in our minds the lost farmhouse of 1812 at Clarty Hole. Over the later Abbotsford will always hang a trouble engendered of something more than ‘clouds and weeping rain.’ Yet it is not to any faults of taste there may have been in Scott's life, or in his buildings, that we can attribute the comparative neglect of his writings by younger readers to-day. And, in truth, we are sorely put to it to account for this

* ‘The weather most bitchiferous, the Tweed swelled from bank to brae and roaring like thunder.’ Scott to W. Clerk, Aug. 6, 1790. Lockhart, chap. vi, p. 45.

† ‘And thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh’ (it was an old family property on his Haliburton grandmother's side) ‘although my father's maternal inheritance, but the right of stretching our bones where mine may perhaps be laid ere any eye but my own glances over these pages.’ Autobiography, in Lockhart, chap. i, p. 2.

‡ ‘Scotland,’ vol. I, p. 43, Edition 1908.

neglect. Are we to say, as he himself said of Byron, that Stevenson 'bet' him on his own ground? We might more truthfully say that electric light beats sunlight. Or that Romance is dead? That would be even more untrue; Romance still 'brings up the 9.15,' and Scott would have been the first to acknowledge this, for did he not say he 'could see as many genii in the curling smoke of a steam engine, as perfect a Persepolis in the emblems of a sea-coal fire as any man'? *

One of his misfortunes, suffered in common with Shakespeare and perhaps with no other great magician, is that of having been so frequently made the vehicle for instruction, either in Holiday Tasks or in that dismal subject which in Elementary and other Schools is called 'English.' We think Sir Walter would rather have resented this, though he might possibly have approved of the delightful stratagem by which that tenderest of cynics, Mr Bradby, persuaded his immortal *Dick* to listen to *Old Mortality*. Perhaps he would have said, as he may have said to daughter Anne, 'Oh, novels are bad for young people.' We may take up, however, any famous publisher's catalogue and we shall be surprised at the list of editions or abbreviations of the Waverley Novels.† Most of them are obviously Elementary School text-books. Sir Walter might be surprised to learn that they are exceedingly profitable productions, as they are 'paid for out of the rates.' How many times over might not the debt, which he so gallantly laboured to discharge, have been acquitted from that source! We do not exactly complain of all this, and yet are inclined to think it just a little horrible, and a rather sordid use to which to put such lofty romance. Is not 'the betting' rather against the chance of children so brought up reading Scott afterwards for sheer delight? However, on such a subject, *pauca verba*.

* 'Journal,' Jan. 1, 1827.

† We have one such catalogue before us now, and we find, besides a complete edition in twenty-four volumes with illustrations, nine separate editions of single novels; we find six editions of 'Ivanhoe,' five 'Talismans,' four 'Quentin Durwards,' two 'Rob Roys' (two of these, 'Ivanhoe' and 'Talisman,' are dramatised at 4d. each 'for School use'); we find 'Selections from the Waverley Novels with explanatory lists of Scottish words for use in schools'; and, under the heading of 'Story Readers for Home and School use, 4th series, for children aged twelve to fourteen,' we find 'Bonnie Prince Charlie from the Waverley Novels, 128 pp., 1s. 2d.'

A very different reason for the decline of Scott's popularity is given by Mr Archibald Stalker in the strangest of the books that now lie before us. It is indeed a strange book, and we would not seek to drag it from its three years of oblivion were it not marked in many places by shrewd good sense, and by a very real appreciation of some of Scott's great gifts. It is, however, a *farrago* rather than a book. One would like to put into parallel columns, first Mr Stalker's own self-contradictions on his subject, and secondly the worst of his indictments side by side with the criticisms of Lockhart (whom he acknowledges as all but the greatest of biographers, and who, after all, knew his father-in-law better than Mr Stalker knows him). And what are we to think of the judgment of a critic who says that Boswell's Johnson 'has always seemed to him rather verbiage for the bookworm than the substance of life'; that 'the Elizabethan dramatists' (he does not mean to include Shakespeare, though he does not verbally exclude him) 'were as dull a set of ranters as ever existed, the Restoration writers, with all the resources of obscenity and viciousness, could not be humorous, the Miltons,* Popes, Swifts, Fieldings, Grays, and the rest, were dull and heavy.'† We merely ask whether this is a good *initial* equipment for a gentleman who writes, often with insight and sympathy, about Scott?

The truth seems to be that Mr Stalker is torn in two opposite directions, in the one by his admiration of Scott's iron will, sociable qualities, and sweetness of temper, in the other by hatred of his political and social opinions. Into this last, we think, it is that he contrives to read an estimate of Scott's literary gifts so low as to amount to contempt. Yet every now and then he wrenches himself violently back from this contemptuous attitude. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi* as Mr Stalker. Take the following passages and compare them:

'Readers of books are yet alive who remember the time when it was still considered ridiculous to take Sir Walter's

* 'Milton's works are heavy, not a joke all through,' wrote a guileless schoolboy whom the present writer once examined.

† P. 163; from an earlier passage on p. 2 we gather that he has some tenderness for Goldsmith.

own estimate of his literary value. Year by year the world has been coming round to his way of thinking, and those who go to gaze now on the bright landscape that he created on Tweed can join with him in his profound estimate of the tasks he did—"My oaks will outlast my laurels." . . . His long poems are uninspired . . . and people, after a hundred years, have admitted the truth of his opinion that what he called his "big bow-wow" method of writing prose was apt to become intolerable.*

I do not think that Sir Walter, with all his modesty, ever said anything like 'intolerable.' Mr Stalker is probably thinking of the passage in the 'Journal' (March 14, 1826), in which Scott praises 'Pride and Prejudice' so highly—'That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch . . . is denied to me.' The words 'big Bow-wow strain' may occur elsewhere in Scott's letters, etc., but I cannot lay my hands on them.

'There was nothing romantic about Scott except his iron will, his passion for planting, and his healthy story-telling life.'†

'His life and personality were much more interesting than the writings that fascinated Europe in his day.'‡

'It is not as an intellectual nor an artistic force that Sir Walter appeals to this generation. . . . There is in his verse no more than in Byron's, or Southey's; it is not the real thing. As a novelist he is outshone by two men now living, or by more.'§

'Those broken-winded metres.'||

'It is just because there was in Scott no spiritual impulse that the main themes of his novels and poems are never successful as artistic efforts.'

And then, forgetting their long and affectionate friendship, forgetting Wordsworth's adoration of the novels, and also his habitual depreciation of all his poetical contemporaries, Mr Stalker picks up one of Wordsworth's far from rare snarls, 'As a poet, Scott cannot live, for he has never in verse written anything

* P. 1.

† P. 36.

‡ P. 63.

§ P. 77.

|| P. 106.

addressed to the immortal part of man.' (Alas! we know that W. W. thought that no poet but himself had done so; and, in our estimation, he was so much the greatest of English poets that perhaps he was right.)

Now the man who writes all this depreciatory stuff suddenly astonishes us by telling us that:

'The characteristic and vital quality of an artist, the fire within him that illumines his own generation, are too easily forgotten when fifty or a hundred years have brought his work into the cold gallery of the immortals. But we who admire Scott will never let the appraisers of fame forget that all literature was dull before him, and he made it interesting' (follows the tirade quoted above from p. 2). 'And then for the first time since Shakespeare arose a man with joyful power in the description of his fellow creatures. . . . He evoked the characteristics of Scotland, physical and national; he created magnificent pictures of old time like "Ivanhoe," the imperishable romance. . . . He changed the spirit of British History; he gave a revelation of Scottish character that has stood the test of a hundred years and is still fresh and true' (pp. 163-4).

This noble and true praise, and this comparison with Shakespeare, are diluted by the author's dictum that Scott, like Shakespeare, 'succeeded best with his minor characters.' And we, in all seriousness, ask him whether Lear is not the hero of 'King Lear,' Othello of 'Othello,' Macbeth and Lady Macbeth the hero and heroine of 'Macbeth,' as much as Falstaff and Hotspur are of 'Henry IV'? Who thinks of Touchstone or Rosalind as 'minor characters'? And is not the Baron the true hero of 'Waverley' as is the Antiquary of 'The Antiquary,' Dalgetty of 'The Legend,' Wandering Willie and Peter Peebles of 'Redgauntlet,' Di Vernon of 'Rob Roy'? It seems to us that Mr Stalker cannot have it both ways—Sir Walter cannot both be artist and no artist, cannot both 'have nothing romantic about him,' and be the creator of 'imperishable romance.'

What, then, is Romance? The New English Dictionary has several definitions of the word, e.g. 'A tale in verse, embodying the adventure of some hero of chivalry, also, later, a prose tale of a similar character': 'A fictitious narrative in prose, of which the scene and incidents are

very remote from those of ordinary life': 'An extravagant fiction, invention or story.' It is in this latter sense that Macaulay uses the word. Milton ('dull fellow') thought of

‘What resounds
In Fable or Romance of Uther’s Son:’

which gives us a better idea of the meaning of the word. But to all these we prefer that given by Mr Kipling in the invocatory ode (if *ode* be the right word) which is prefixed to his 'Many Inventions'; it is something impalpable 'whose garments' hem we may touch only in dreams'; it is the 'regent of spheres that lock our fears and hopes'; 'who holds by it has Heaven in fee to gild his dross,' and 'to possess in loneliness the joy of all the earth.' To quote yet another modern 'Romantic,' Olive Schreiner, 'to him the ideal shall be real.' After all, to whom could we go better for an explanation than to Scott himself (not, however, when he was beguiled into thinking that Abbotsford was 'a sort of romance in Architecture')?—

'My own enthusiasm was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day.' *

'I was born a Scotchman and a bare one, and was therefore born to fight my way with my left hand where my right failed me, and with my teeth if they were both cut off.' †

'I do not compare myself in point of imagination with Wordsworth—far from it; for his is naturally exquisite and highly cultivated from constant exercise. But I can see as many castles in the clouds as any man. . . . My life has been spent in such day-dreams. But I cry no roast meat. There are times a man should remember what Rousseau used to say, "Tais-toi, Jean-Jacques, car on ne t'entend pas."‡'

The fact that Scott cried his own wares so little, and so constantly spoke of them as unimportant in comparison with action and Life with a big L, does not justify Mr Stalker in snarling that 'he would rather have been Duke of Buccleuch or Duke of Blankshire than Shakespeare,' § in openly suggesting that he was

* Autobiography, Lockhart, chap. i, p. 8.

† To Morritt, 1810, Lockhart, chap. xx, p. 191.

‡ 'Journal,' Jan. 1, 1827. § P. 175.

an appalling snob and sycophant, in speaking of his 'nauseating servility to the Duke of Wellington' (whom he regarded as the Saviour of Europe after a nightmare of twenty-two years), or in hinting, throughout his sixteenth chapter, that even his political opinions were adopted in order to curry favour with Dukes and Tories. But to continue :

'The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth : when in my teens I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own.'*

'While Tom [Purdie] marks out a drain or a dyke as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world.'†

And then let us hear his interpreter, Lockhart :

'His delight and pride was to play with the genius which nevertheless mastered him at will. For, in truth, what is it that gives to all his works their unique and marking charm except the matchless effect which sudden effusions of the purest heart's blood of nature derive from their being poured out to all appearance involuntarily? . . . In the interludes and passionate parentheses of "The Lay" we have the poet's own inner soul laid bare and throbbing before us.'‡

Of 'Waverley,' says Lockhart :

'Loftier Romance was never blended with easier quainter humour by Cervantes himself ; he had combined the strength of Smollett' [too dull a fellow, one supposes, for Mr Stalker even to mention in his New Dunciad] 'with the native elegance and unaffected pathos of Goldsmith : in his darker scenes he had revived that real tragedy which appeared to have left our stage with the age of Shakespeare.'§

Strangely enough, Lockhart's praise of 'Redgauntlet,' greater than 'Waverley,' and, in our judgment, the greatest of all humour-seasoned romances, is comparatively cold. Most intimate of all perhaps is this :

'We should try to picture for ourselves what the actual intellectual life must have been of the author of such a series of romances. We should ask ourselves whether, filling and discharging so soberly and gracefully as he did the common

* 'Journal,' March 28, 1826.

† Lockhart, chap. xlii, p. 378.

‡ Ibid, chap. xiii, p. 120.

§ Ibid, chap. xxxii, p. 302.

|| Ibid, chap. ix, p. 514.

functions of social man, it was not, nevertheless, impossible but that he must have passed most of his life in other worlds than ours; and we ought hardly to think it a grievous circumstance that their bright visions should have left a dazzle sometimes on the eyes which he so gently reopened upon our prosaic realities. . . . He could not habitually fling them' [the powers of his mind] 'into the region of dreams through a long series of years, and yet be expected to find a corresponding satisfaction in bending them to the less agreeable considerations' [of this world]. . . . 'He must pay the penalty, as well as reap the glory of this life-long abstraction of reverie, this self-abandonment to Fairyland.' *

This sentence seems to us to sum up victoriously the whole case for the romantic temperament.

Will Erskine (Lord Kinneder) tells of Scott's abstraction, on the Northern voyage of 1814, when confronted with the grandeurs of Loch Coruisk, grandeurs which inspired some stanzas almost redemptory of the 'Lord of the Isles.' † Adolphus dwells on the 'surprising power of change which his countenance showed when awakened from a state of composure' . . . of 'the doubtful, melancholy, exploring, look of the eyes which appealed irresistibly to his hearers' imagination when he told some mysterious story.' ‡ Perhaps we have said enough on this subject. Even Lockhart himself, with all that 'sombre poignancy' which Mr Stalker so admirably considers to be his highest gift, hardly gets above the great *literary* side of his subject, hardly kindles his own heart into flame at the ringing magic of the words and ideas. But it is precisely that power of kindling into flame the hearts of his true lovers, in which Sir Walter excels. And it is as true now as in the day when the soldiers of Torres Vedras watched as eagerly for the arrival of the first copies of 'The Lady' as they did for Masséna to charge up hill. §

* Lockhart, chap. lxiv, p. 576.

† Ibid, chap. xxviii, p. 258.

‡ Ibid, chap. lix, p. 508.

§ 'The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude the Captain, kneeling at their head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI, and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza, whenever the French shot struck the bank close above them' (Lockhart, chap. xxii, p. 207). Mr. Stalker, whose ideal seems to be a trades-unionist agitator, has, no doubt, little use for such men as these.

We say deliberately that electric thrills of this kind may be the property of the simplest, of the most ignorant, who shall read or hear the greatest passages in Scott's poetry or in his prose. We bow down and worship at the noblest lines of the 'Prelude' or the 'Excursion,' at the greatest Sonnets of their author or of Keats, at the greatest scenes in 'Lear' or 'Paradise Lost,' and we feel that we are by these rapt into a loftier sphere of thought quite foreign to our daily life. Yet the grandeur of them is so unapproachable that few can make their own spirits a part of such majestic thought. But read the finest stanzas in the three great poems of Scott, with all their anachronisms, all (if you will) their absurdities, and you will call for your sorry garron and dash out into the midnight after William of Deloraine:

‘The warrior’s very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray.’

(‘Daggled’! what a word!) Read the sixth canto of ‘Marmion’ and you will feel yourself listening in the English ranks to the ‘stifled hum’ of the advancing Scots, to the ‘ceaseless splash’ told by Tweed’s echoes of the fugitives from the battle. If Marmion’s dying words have become hackneyed, or even ludicrous, from their very simplicity, are they any the less great? * or do we forget the even greater lines that precede them?

‘A light on Marmion’s visage spread
And fired his glazing eye,
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade.’

Pray when was the finish of a run ever so described (even though it be in what Mr Jorrocks considered the ‘positively beastly’ sport of stag-hunting), as in the first canto of ‘The Lady’? And what about the defiance of the other Lady (of Branksome—is she, by the way, a ‘minor character’?) to Lords William Howard and Dacre from her own walls?

* In Parody they have given birth to a scene, and to language, hardly less gallant than their own, and ‘Higginbottom’s last words’ in ‘Rejected Addresses’ go far to prove that perfect parody can only be written by him who perfectly appreciates the original text.

'For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine ;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if your lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high ;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.

'Proud she looked round, applause to claim'—

And well she might. But then she hadn't realised that she was using a 'broken-winded metre.'

If this be a better judgment than Mr Stalker's concerning the three simple minstrel stories in verse, how infinitely more is it true of the long-sustained greatness of a thousand passages in the Waverley Novels! We do not envy the man who can read without a lump in his throat the terrible trial scenes in 'Waverley' and 'Old Mortality,' that of the Mucklebackits after the storm in 'The Antiquary,' the meeting of Godfrey Bertram and Meg Merrilies ('Ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan,' etc.) in 'Guy Mannering,' the scene on the Cumbrian beach at the close of 'Redgauntlet,' the interview between Jeanie Deans and the Queen in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' that between Frank and 'Mr Campbell' on the bridge in 'Rob Roy,' the death-ride of the Master in 'The Bride.' Space and printers would fail if one sought to enumerate one-tenth of the most glorious passages ever penned in romance which these forty-one volumes enclose. One of our own favourites, and it is the only one we purpose to quote at length, is the death scene of Ranald MacEagh in 'A Legend of Montrose'; and it is the more wonderful because of the entirely Shakespearian foil introduced by the Fool (who, like Shakespeare's best, was very far from being foolish) in the comments of Dalgetty :

"And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy footstep—yet tarry an instant, and hear my last charge. Remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist. We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood, and drew the water to ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth,

son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone-roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock, or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of iron winter—Son of the Mist! be free as thy fore-fathers. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain;—let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons, and of the Gael who are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so; it affords the broader scope for our own revenge. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a MacIan shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan, we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darnlinvarach—the riders of Menteith—my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off! and it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its Children. Once more, begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved! and may'st thou die like thy fore-fathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age, shall break thy spirit—begone!—begone! live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race."

'The young savage stooped, and kissed the brow of his dying parent: but, accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond the limits of Montrose's camp.

'Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was present during the latter part of this scene, was very little edified by the conduct of MacEagh upon the occasion. "I cannot think, my friend Ranald," said he, "that you are in the best possible road for a dying man. Storms, onslaughts, massacres, the burning of suburbs, are a soldier's daily work, and are justified by the necessity of the case, seeing that they are done in course of duty; for burning of suburbs, in particular, it may be said that they are traitors and cut-throats to all fortified towns. Hence it is plain, that a soldier is a profession peculiarly

favoured by Heaven, seeing that we may hope for salvation, although we daily commit actions of so great violence. But then, Ranald, in all services of Europe, it is the custom of the dying soldier not to vaunt him of such doings, or to recommend them to his fellows; but, on the contrary, to express contrition for the same, and to repeat, or have repeated to him, some comfortable prayer; which, if you please, I will intercede with his Excellency's chaplain to prefer on your account. It is otherwise no point of my duty to put you in mind of those things; only it may be for the ease of your conscience to depart more like a Christian, and less like a Turk, than you seem to be in a fair way of doing."

The only answer of the dying man—(for as such Ranald MacEagh might now be considered)—was a request to be raised to such a position that he might obtain a view from the window of the Castle. The deep frost-mist, which had long settled upon the top of the mountains, was now rolling down each rugged glen and gully, where the craggy ridges showed their black and irregular outline, like desert islands rising above the ocean of vapour. "Spirit of the Mist!" said Ranald MacEagh, "called by our race our father, and our preserver—receive into thy tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered." So saying, he sank back into the arms of those who upheld him, spoke no further word, but turned his face to the wall for a short space.

"I believe," said Dalgetty, "my friend Ranald will be found in his heart to be little better than a heathen." And he renewed his proposal to procure him the assistance of Dr Wishart, Montrose's military chaplain; "A man," said Sir Dugald, "very clever in his exercise, and who will do execution on your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Saxon," cried the dying man, "speak to me no more of thy priest—I die contented."

Nor must we forget, whether we call Scott poet or merely minstrel, the marvellous songs, and snatches of song, which turn up in the most unexpected places, both in the Poems and the Novels. The rather ponderous 'Rokeby,' for instance, includes some of the best; it has the unforgettable 'A weary lot is thine, fair maid.' The mottoes and chapter-headings are alive with such magic things, often attributed to the 'Old Play' or 'Old Ballad,' just as Scott's own head was full of them. No

doubt he hardly knew which of them were original, which just shifting echoes and recollections. His talent for forgetting what he had written was equal to his talent for forgetting where or how he had picked up a stave. From Daft Davie Gellatly to Wandering Willie there is hardly one humorous or pathetic character of Sir Walter's creation who does not make our ears tingle with some lilted lines of song :

‘Leave thee—leave thee, lad—
I'll never leave thee;
The stars shall gae withershins
Ere I will leave thee.’

Those of us who are as ‘unmusical’ as Scott was reputed to be must yet go on inventing airs for such lines as these, and they linger in our memories even when the personality of the singer may have become blurred.

And when one sets to work to collect or ‘anthologise’ from the finished songs, in the Novels or elsewhere, what riches one finds! ‘Bonnie Dundee’ alone would have made a Minstrel’s fortune. What of ‘County Guy’ in ‘Quentin Durward,’ of ‘Farewell to Northmaven’ in ‘The Pirate,’ of ‘Birds of Omen’ in ‘Montrose,’ of ‘Proud Maisie’ in ‘Midlothian,’ of Meg’s three great songs in ‘Guy Mannering’; ‘Ivanhoe,’ by itself, has ‘When Israel of the Lord beloved,’ ‘The Barefooted Friar,’ and ‘The Widow of Wycombe.’ The tiresome White Lady in ‘The Monastery’ has two melodies as eerie and haunting as ever were written. And then, ‘Jock o’ Hazeldean,’ ‘Oh, hush thee, my baby,’ ‘The Pibroch of Black Donald,’ ‘The Sun upon the Weirlaw Hill’—are these the work of a man without any romance in his nature?

Nay, if such songs as these, and such scenes as those quoted above, whether in prose or verse, are not the quintessence of Romance, we may well ask, concerning that concept, the question which Johnson asked concerning the poetry of Pope (‘dull fellows’ both, no doubt); yet when we think of them we have no need to rely merely on the admiration of the simple-minded soldiers in Wellington’s army or on schoolboys like *Dick*. We suppose that no one, hardly even Mr Stalker, would accuse Jane Austen or Thackeray of being ‘Romantic’ or exactly ‘of the Romantic School,’ and we suppose that

few would undervalue their judgment as critics of fine literature. And yet it is tolerably well known that they put Sir Walter on the 'inaccessible pinnacle' of Romance. Jane, whose favourite reading had hitherto been Cowper and Crabbe, lived to take delight in little beyond the Poems, but within two months of the appearance of '*Waverley*' she declared that only Scott could have written it, and humorously complained that it 'was not fair that he should write novels, especially good ones, as well as poetry . . . I do not mean to like "*Waverley*" if I can help it, but I fear I must.'* The last two published before her death in July 1817 were '*The Black Dwarf*' and '*Old Mortality*', and all her last year she was bravely struggling, against illness, with the sweet creations of her own delicate brain.

Thackeray paid Scott the compliment of writing on '*Ivanhoe*' the most humorous and subtle of his own burlesques, picking up the idea of uniting the hero rather to Rebecca than to Rowena from that passage in Scott's own Introduction in which he defends his own conclusion of the tale. The sturdy Hazlitt, little given to swimming with any popular stream, and a Whiggish abhorrer of Scott's own political views, lavished all his acute critical powers in praise of the Novels. To come nearer our own time, Andrew Lang, being a borderer, may be supposed to have been partial, but it would be difficult to find a professional critic whose judgments have been more generally accepted by the wise; and this is what he wrote in his '*History of English Literature*':† 'The eyes are dimmed as these words are penned; so potent is the spell of that rich, kind genius, that noble character, over the hearts of those who love and honour the great and good Sir Walter.'

As the boy of Branksome threatened to call on the three champions of his House to come to his rescue, let us call on those we have mentioned, from both sides of the Tweed and now, alas, from the safer side of the Styx also, to break a lance for the honour of the father of British Romance. Nay, let us reinforce them by yet another lance, one who passed the river but the other

* '*Life and Letters of J. A.*' by W. and R. A. Austen Leigh, 1913,
p. 359. † Pp. 540-4.

day, W. P. Ker, sternest if tenderest of critics, greatest among the Scott-lovers of our own time. His favourite was 'Rob Roy,' and he thought the Glasgow scenes the greatest in that story, but when he gave his matchless lecture on Sir Walter at the Sorbonne in Paris, in May 1919, the scene which he selected to quote at length was that between Dandie and Pleydell in 'Guy Mannering.' And we doubt not that these are champions enough, and that they will shamefully shuffle this infidel, this mis-creant (the words must be understood wholly in an Ivanhovian sense), and, at the end of the joust, will cry, 'Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat.'

It will not be expected of us that we should show up, much less that we should apologise for, Sir Walter's frequent mistakes, anachronisms, and absurdities, or for his clumsy use of the machinery of the supernatural: 'the German devices,' says Ker, 'of terror and wonder were a temptation to him, they hung about his path with their monotonous and mechanical jugglery'; but we must remember that Scott was a man of his own day, and that these imps of darkness imposed themselves also upon Goethe and Shelley. Of the Poems the greatest is easily the fullest both of amazing anachronisms and of absurdities. Gilpin Horner is worse than the oft-castigated White Lady of Avenel. Scott himself realised how badly Gilpin fitted in, and apologised, in a letter to Miss Seward, for the 'devious and desultory' course of 'The Lay,'* but he failed to see that Gilpin is also rather 'repulsive.' Yet the management of the supernatural in the scene at Michael's tomb is exceedingly fine, even as an example of pity and terror, and the poem closes with the simplest, as well as the greatest, rendering of the 'Dies Irae' that poet ever conceived:

'When shivering like a parched scroll
The flaming heavens together roll.'

And when Scott blended humour with his terror, as in 'Wandering Willie's Tale' in 'Redgauntlet,' where will you find his equal? No doubt we think it a pity that he did not trouble himself to correct really bad blunders, but left it to the ridiculous Ballantynes, who were as

* Lockhart, chap. xiii, p. 121.

incapable as they were hasty and greedy. If Homer sometimes dozed and

‘Here and there disclos’d a brave neglect,’ *

Scott positively snores. In one passage Lockhart hints, though he hardly expresses the idea, that the influence on Scott of his own edition of Dryden was operative in leading him to neglect meticulous labour, correction, and finish; that in fact he leaped into his literary eminence with the same ease as Dryden, and was conscious and unashamed of his indifference to details.† We give, however, much credit to Mr Stalker’s judgment (he being ‘out for blood’) that he makes so little of this point. He is, in fact, impatient to get to his last and fiercest set of indictments, the religious, the political, the social. The man whose oft-quoted last words to Lockhart were, ‘My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious. Nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here,’ who in the last long fading of mind and body was heard continually muttering words from Isaiah and Job and the ‘Dies Irae,’ the man who had drawn David and Jeanie Deans, ‘had no particular belief in anything except prosperity and position.’‡ Mr Stalker forgets that a hundred pages before he had qualified this amazing proposition as follows: ‘It has been said of him § that he had no conception of God, and it is partly true; but no man ever had so little need of moral or spiritual support. In his own soul were infinite peace, infinite endurance, all the resource wherewith man has met the primæval and twilight terrors of life.’ This is fine, and, to support Mr Stalker, the last three lines are wholly true. But who can read the ‘Diary,’ or the closing chapters of Lockhart, without feeling how utterly untrue is the first line? Mr Stalker is in fact reading his own political views (which we conceive to be akin to those of Clydebank and Mr Kirkwood) into his opinion of Scott’s religious views, as into that of his literary qualifications. Forgetful how, in speaking of Scott’s generosity to, and affection for, servants, for labourers, and for all poor and suffering creatures who crossed his path, he had written ‘This humane and

* Pope, ‘Temple of Fame.’

† Lockhart, chap. xvii, p. 158.

‡ P. 83.

§ P. 190.

large-souled man, who was yet a stickler for rank and position, was in the nobler parts of his nature a true democrat,* Mr Stalker sits down to compose his famous sixteenth chapter, which is intended to blast what Shakespeare called *degree* off the earth. In seventeen fierce pages (of which we thoroughly acknowledge that *perfervidum ingenium* which Sir Walter so much and so rightly dreaded in the coming generation of his countrymen) he pours scorn and hatred upon all who think in politics or religion as their ancestors did:

'The heroes of the nations are nearly all scoundrels, the traditions of the peoples are one long series of misguided passions, while the call to raise up the spirit and the life of mankind sounds in the ears of men continually, and is in every generation stifled and extinguished. . . . In this orthodox frame of mind Scott lived and died . . . his soul flamed with hatred of the spiritual impulse of his day. . . . He had neither pity nor understanding of the sorrows of the industrial life that was fermenting in his day . . . he pursued with real malice' (Mr Stalker forgets that Sir Walter's duty as Sheriff was to put in force the existing laws) 'the earliest trade-unionists, and made every effort to destroy them. . . . We who perceive from this distance see that the social impulses and actions of Sir Walter Scott were vicious, altogether at enmity with the only righteousness of his age, the spirit of Shelley in literature, of the reforming party in politics, and of the earliest trade-unionists.' †

Finally, 'he was an epitome of mankind as it exists, and therefore a good illustration of why mankind remains as it is.'

Scott's political judgment of persons was, we think, very far from infallible; and it is strange to read that among the ministry of 1808, he thought that, 'Canning excepted, there was too much self-seeking.' ‡ He never seems to have seen through Canning at all, and the name of the greatest statesman of the age, Castlereagh, does not, we think, occur in one of Lockhart's pages.

* P. 107.

† They were very far from being the earliest; unions were at least a century old, 'strikes' were known before the close of the 17th century. Sir Walter suffered in 1803 from a strike of printers' devils and paper-makers, and humorously suggested to Miss Seward the notion that authors should strike against the publishers.

‡ Lockhart, chap. xviii, p. 168.

But what Scott did see, in the year of Castlereagh's death, was that

'of the three kingdoms the English alone are qualified to mix in politics safely and without fatal results; the fierce and hasty resentments of the Irish, and the sullen, long-enduring, revengeful temper of my countrymen make such agitations have a much wider and more dreadful effect among them.' *

And in 1826, he wrote to Croker the terrible and true prophecy, which may well be compared with Grattan's prophecy of the probable results of the Union of 1801:

'Scotland completely liberalised, as she is in a fair way of being, will be the most dangerous neighbour to England that she has had since 1639. There is yet time to make a stand, for there is yet a great deal of good and genuine feeling left in the country. But if you *unscotch* us you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen. The restless, and yet laborious and constantly watchful character of the people, their desire for speculation in politics or anything else, only restrained by some proud feeling about their own country, now become antiquated and which late measures will tend much to destroy, will make them, under a wrong direction, the most formidable revolutionists who ever took the field of innovation.'

Well might the Whig Cockburn say that Scott's *sense* was still more wonderful than his genius.† Burns, indeed, in 'The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer' (1786) had, on a much smaller provocation, a similar opinion of what would happen if Scotland were 'unscotched.'

'An' Lord! if ance they pit her till 't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' the first she meets!'

This lack of political restraint and judgment was never more glaringly displayed than during Mr Gladstone's famous 'Midlothian campaign' of 1880. The late Sir Thomas Raleigh once told the writer that, at one of the Edinburgh elections late in the last century, the most popular election speech he heard was from a man

* Lockhart, chap. lvi, p. 477.

† Ibid, chap. xli, p. 370.

who climbed up a lamp-post, waved his hat, and roared out, 'To Hell wi' th' auld Kirk.' Sir Walter could, indeed, foresee many of the dangers ahead from the temper of his countrymen, but they were dangers mainly to be feared from their too great virility; he was spared the fear of seeing their decline in proud family independence and thrift. Any one who has had to do in the most recent times with Scottish Universities must be aware of the disastrous results of the bequest of the egregious Mr Carnegie for the payment of University fees to poor students. It used to be the pride of a peasant or artisan family to save and scrape the last bawbee in order to educate the ablest of its sons; now there is no such need, and all children alike of both sexes are sent to flood the Universities and to incur all the dangers of city life, whether or no they have character to withstand these, or incentive to profit by the experience. Nothing, in our judgment, has done so much to sap the character of the most virile race on earth.

We have to thank Mr Stalker very heartily for some admirable scenes, some admirable vignettes of the people connected with Sir Walter, although a captious critic might fairly point to the inconsistency of saying that Scott found John Ballantyne's originality 'an oasis in the desert of social life,' whereas most of the book is occupied in showing Scott's social life as the very antithesis of a 'desert.' But he has the eye of the true artist for seizing simple and picturesque details, e.g. in chaps. x and xii, and he approaches with discretion and fairness the vexed question of the personality of Lady Scott. Her sharp French wit, her laziness (the laziness, indeed, of the whole family in respect of letter-writing or even in answering Sir Walter's own lovely and loving letters to them), her lack of sympathy with her husband's misfortunes, yet her own stoicism in bearing the illness of which she was then dying, are excellently shown. Yet when he accuses Sir Walter of mercenary and snobbish views in regard to his first love, Williamina, and of complete indifference to her after she had refused him, he forgets that his subject was a very fine gentleman, and had to repress his feelings. That these were lasting and only severely kept under, both the portrait of 'Greenmantle' in 'Redgauntlet,' and the tragic story

of his interviews with Lady Jane Stuart (Williamina's aged mother) in 1827, sufficiently prove.* Scott was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. When Mr Stalker goes on to laugh at him for not knowing how to woo, he becomes merely vulgar. Nothing indeed seems to us finer in Scott's life than his tenderness towards 'Mamma,' though it looks very much as if she were hardly a help-meet for him. There is an excellent analysis of their situation in a letter of the late Prof. Dicey's to W. P. Ker (March 11, 1919), which his biographer, Prof. Rait, allows me to quote here:

'I remember thinking Matilda and her lover (in "Rokeby") equally uninteresting characters. If, as some people seem to intimate, their relation in any way represents Scott's failure as a lover, I should conclude what I have always suspected, that the lady he fell in love with must have been about as poor a judge of greatness or real attractiveness as I think Matilda certainly was. It is really hard to conceive that the woman whom Scott was passionately fond of should have been such a fool as to reject his love. I cannot help wishing that Scott's marriage had never taken place. It seems to me that, from beginning to end of life, you see that Lady Scott was a person far inferior to the wife he ought to have found. I cannot but suspect that he violated a sharp piece of advice set down somewhere by Archbishop Whately. . . . The counsel is, in effect, "no man who has been rejected by one lady (A) should make a proposal to any other lady (B) in less than one full year after the rejection. If he does make the second proposal sooner, he will certainly propose to B either because he thinks her like A, or because he thinks her unlike A; and neither of these is a good reason for proposing to marry B."

A careless, pleasure-loving Frenchwoman whom Scott had known for a week was suddenly substituted for an ideal. The ideal may have been (as Mr Stalker somewhat rashly judges from her portrait) 'a very calculating lady indeed,' though we have absolutely no means of estimating this: she might have failed him as badly as, or worse than, Charlotte perhaps failed him (it is only guess-work to say that Charlotte did). But if she had proved to be, or if Scott had wedded, a woman of truly

* 'Journal,' Oct. 25, Nov. 6, 7, 10, 1827. The name is there written L. J. S.' Lockhart also omits the name (chap. lxxiv, p. 673). The friendly 'but sad intercourse continued till Lady Jane's death in 1829.

noble and lofty character, her influence might have been exerted to restrain him from his three great mistakes. Whether even the noblest could have had any *active* force to stimulate his genius, to urge it continually along its own natural paths, is far more doubtful. The experience of human nature is against such a probability; the stranger, even the dearest wife, intermeddleth not with the joy of the dreamer of fairy dreams. Nay, it is quite possible that a great master of Romance may be driven inwards to his own brightest visions just because those with whom he lives most intimately during his waking life are, however sweet and kindly, quite out of touch with Fairyland. There is yet another possibility: Scott may have 'set his lance above mischance,' careless whether he hit or missed, because 'his Lady was not there.'

In conclusion, in all the wide range of the might-have-beens, how can we fail to regret three things in Sir Walter's career? The poorness of his own later poems might have been forgiven, or, at worst, it might have but slightly overballasted the ship. But the mass of absurd literary projects which he fathered, out of sheer good-nature, out of sheer closing of his eyes, and deliberate blinding of his own excellent literary judgment, and with which he positively sank the crazy bark of the Ballantynes, simply because he could not say no to some incredible ass like Weber, some ridiculous blue stocking like Anna Seward—this must constitute the first count against him; and by it he unconsciously wronged the Ballantynes almost as much as they wronged him. The second count is the land-hunger which began with the fatal move from Ashiestiel to Abbotsford, and went on to involve all the tangled financial distresses to which he kept his eyes equally shut till it was too late. Mr Stalker claims, at the beginning of his book, that 'it is the first time any one has taken the trouble to master the details of Scott's involved connexion with the business firms and their failure,' and he devotes, indeed, two chapters to the subject—with the result, so far as the present writer is concerned, that he leaves it more unintelligible than ever. The third mistake was the most serious of all and, though it arose partly from Scott's own indifference to literary fame, it was far more due to the deliberately interested counsels of his evil geniuses

themselves, again the Ballantynes. It was the leaving of the Scottish scenes and Scottish characters, in which he was perfectly at home, for tales of other lands and other times, which, indeed, he illuminated, by sheer force of genius and splendour of imagination, as no one had done before him, and as no one, unless it be Thackeray in '*Esmond*', has done since—all because, as Andrew Lang says, the Ballantynes 'raired for chivalry.' Would that our hero could have had the subtlety to answer their demands as Jane Austen answered the Reverend J. S. Clarke, librarian to the Prince Regent, when in 1816 he suggested that she should try her hand on 'any historical romance illustrative of the history of the august House of Cobourg': 'I could not sit down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself and other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No, I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way.* With all respect to the judgment of Thackeray himself, we prefer that of Lockhart, even on '*Ivanhoe*': 'But I believe that no reader who is capable of thoroughly comprehending the author's Scottish characters and Scottish dialogue will ever place "*Ivanhoe*" as a work of genius on the same level with "*Waverley*," "*Guy Mannering*," or "*The Heart of Midlothian*."'† We go further and say that every step on to the English, or the continental stage, yes, even '*Nigel*', even '*Quentin Durward*' and '*Woodstock*', were steps downwards towards '*Count Robert*'. It was not that Scott's eye was dim, nor his natural force abated after the serious illness of 1819, else how could '*The Pirate*, or '*St Ronan's Well*', above all, how could the imperishable splendours of '*Redgauntlet*', have been produced, how in the last agonising period, '*The Highland Widow*'? It was rather that he was drawn aside, partly no doubt by the unfortunate need for gold, more because, by misleading counsel, he was induced to underestimate the appetite of his public for that which he knew, and his best critics knew, to be his best; but most of all because he felt that he could set no limits to his own rich powers of imagination.

C. R. L. FLETCHER.

* Life and Letters, 323-4.

† Lockhart, chap. lxvi, p. 419.

Art. 3.—BUREAUCRACY AGAIN.

The English Constitution in Transition, 1910-1924. By Sir J. A. R. Marriott, M.P. Clarendon Press, 1924.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT's study of 'English Political Institutions' has long been a valuable guide to historians, publicists, and lawyers. We wish we could add that it has also been the *vade necum* of our politicians. The first edition appeared in 1910. Since that date very important constitutional changes have been going on, sometimes in the full glare of political controversy, more often by gradual processes scarcely perceived by the majority of the public. A number of these changes were indicated by the late Prof. Dicey in the more recent editions of his widely-known 'Law of the Constitution.' Sir John Marriott now finds the time ripe to summarise them in a new introduction to his work, published separately as a pamphlet. Its forty pages are packed with matter highly instructive to all—and they should be many—who are interested in the present transformations of the English constitutional system. Our only criticism of this succinct thesis, apart from some considerations which we venture to offer below, is not of its quality, but of its quantity. We trust it may be regarded as prolegomena to a fuller study which in due time will be incorporated in the parent work. But perhaps the author is wise to postpone this task. The transitional processes are still palpably going on. It cannot, however, be long before a clear necessity arises for some publicist, as familiar as Sir John Marriott with the actual conditions of political life, to rewrite the law of our Constitution. When that time comes, it will be surprising if we do not find that a great many of our traditional principles have become so attenuated that it will be mere pedantic affectation to retain them in theory when they are so remote from practice.

We are concerned here with one only of the many questions with which Sir John Marriott deals. He writes as follows concerning the tendencies of legislation and bureaucracy :

' Menaced by the multiplication of external organisations, Parliament has itself not merely connived at, but contributed

to the infringement of its legislative monopoly. In former days Englishmen were said to be distinguished from their Continental neighbours by their "instinctive scepticism about bureaucratic wisdom." Consequently Parliament attempted, in making laws, to provide beforehand, by precise statutory enactment, for every contingency which might reasonably be expected to arise. This naturally rendered the form of English statutes exceptionally elaborate and detailed. Parliament has recently shown a marked tendency to abandon this tradition. In our legislative forms we have moved towards Continental methods. Partly owing to the increasing complexity of industrial and social conditions, partly under the subtle influence of Fabian Socialism, partly from the general abandonment of the principle of *laissez-faire* and the growing demand for governmental guidance and control in all the affairs of life, partly from sheer despair of coping with the insistent cry for legislation, Parliament has manifested a disposition to leave more and more to the administrative department. Many modern statutes are mere *cadres*, giving no adequate indication of their ultimate scope. They lay down general rules and leave it to the Departments concerned to give substance to the legislative skeleton by the issue of Administrative Orders. . . . It is true that *Provisional Orders* require statutory confirmation, but *Statutory Orders* become operative after "lying on the table" for a given number of days. In both cases, therefore, Parliament retains formal control; in the latter case, it is little more than a form.'

One of the consequences is, inevitably, a formidable increase in the expenditure of public money. The recommendations of the Select Committee on National Expenditure in 1918 have been duly pigeon-holed and ignored. Those who have been taught to cherish the principle 'No taxation without representation' will be shocked to learn that, according to this Committee, they have been 'suckled in a creed outworn': 'so far as the direct effective (Parliamentary) control of proposals for expenditure is concerned, it would be true to say that if the estimates were never presented, and the Committee of Supply never set up, there would be no noticeable difference.' Sir John Marriott goes on to discuss the various solutions, all of them somewhat startling to a mere old-fashioned constitutionalist—Referendum, Syndicalism, and Direct Action—which are offered by different 'young' schools of thought. Of any less revolutionary

effort to solve a pressing problem Sir John is unfortunately unable to inform us. The millions of Englishmen who find no bright promise in any of the three desperate expedients mentioned above are apparently content with the principle *solvitur ambulando*—always a somewhat thin and comfortless creed.

On the whole, Sir John Marriott is not alarmed. On the Rule of Law and the growth of Administrative Law he makes the following observations :

'The multiplication of statutes almost inevitably tends to the curtailment of individual liberty, but liberty has been curtailed even more perhaps by the character than by the volume of legislation. . . . Bacon observed that there is "no worse torture than the torture of laws." If he was right the modern citizen is evidently obnoxious to that form of torture to a degree undreamed of by the victims of mediæval tyranny. Apart from this, however, there has been in recent years an equally marked tendency to confer by statute judicial or quasi-judicial authority upon permanent officials. . . . To confer judicial authority upon the officials of administrative Departments, and at the same time to invest them with the power to make Orders which have the force of law, is plainly to confound the Legislative power with the Executive and the Judicial power with both. Moreover, it tends to blur the important distinction between what is and what ought to be. If those who are responsible for laying down the law are charged also with the duty of applying it, the menace to personal liberty must become acute, and the English citizen is likely again to incur risks from which the great contest of the 17th century was thought finally to have relieved him. The Judges may still be lions, but they are likely to become, as Bacon would have gladly made them, lions under the throne, though the throne is no longer occupied by a single monarch who can, at worst, be removed, but by the many-headed bureaucracy which can be dislodged, if at all, only by a sustained and gigantic effort.'

Notwithstanding these grave animadversions, we have, in Sir John's opinion, 'passed through the ordeal of a great war with the minimum infringement of those safeguards for personal liberty of which Englishmen have been justly tenacious.' In support of this view, the Art O'Brien case is cited, with its energetic vindication of the principle of Habeas Corpus. This optimism, coming as it does from one who has a first-hand know-

ledge of the political machine, will be gratifying to the many citizens who have begun to feel serious alarm at recent developments. A lawyer, contemplating the decay of age-long first principles of justice, cannot feel the same measure of confidence.

In the 'Quarterly Review' for October 1923 the present writer called attention to a number of recent examples from the Courts which seemed to him to show, first, that the principle of the Rule of Law needs candid and careful revision, and second, that the temper of the present bureaucracy is to press unmeritorious claims to the profit of the Crown and the unjust detriment of the subject. It was recognised that this was partly the result of necessary emergency legislation. But we are getting further and further away from the war, and the mischievous tendency should be diminishing. It shows no signs of doing so. The Art O'Brien case, in which the judges fortunately had a free hand, has been more than counterbalanced by a number of cases which further illustrate the helplessness of the individual amid the sleights and subtleties of administrative litigation.

Nobody has a better opportunity of enjoying departmental ingenuity than the house-owner; indeed, it is matter for wonder that anybody with money to invest will choose this form of property, which immediately involves him in a complex net of obligations to local authorities and to the Ministry of Health. In particular, the provisions applying to working-class dwellings are a masterpiece of muddledom. The relevant enactments are the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, and the Housing, Town-Planning, etc., Acts, 1909-1919. These statutes are an amorphous mass of references and cross-references casually thrown together, and their general effect has been well described as a 'mosaic of legislation.' More than one judge has confessed his despair of finding any consistent intelligible meaning in them. The house-owner himself cannot hope to understand their effect: he is between the upper and the nether millstones of the Courts and the Departments, who have to grind out between them the true or supposed meaning of the enactments. We may take one important provision as illustrating the difficulties of the landlord and the highly Protean performances of the Crown and its satellites,

the local authorities. It is provided by the Act of 1919 that in the case of dwellings suitable for housing the working classes, the local authority may serve upon the owner a notice requiring him to carry out certain repairs in order to render the dwellings fit for habitation. A reasonable time for carrying out the work must be specified in the notice, and this must not in any case be less than twenty-one days. If the work is not done within the specified time, the local authority is empowered to carry out the repairs itself and to charge the owner with the expenses incurred. If they are not paid on demand, action may be brought to recover them before a magistrate. In the first case with which we are concerned (*Ryall v. Cubitt Heath* [1922] 1 K. B. 276) owners of extensive property in Bermondsey were served with a notice by the Borough Council calling on them to carry out repairs on a number of houses within twenty-one days. They failed to do so; the Council did the work itself and sued the owners for expenses amounting to more than 600*l.* It is obvious that in the present conditions of labour, twenty-one days is in many cases a wholly inadequate time in which to get building work executed; and the magistrate held that by no possible effort or diligence could the owners have done the work within that period. He therefore held that the Council's claim failed, inasmuch as the notices did not specify a reasonable time, as required by the Act. But the Council contended that so long as the *minimum* period of twenty-one days was specified, the magistrate had no jurisdiction to inquire into the general question of reasonableness; and on this ground appealed. A Divisional Court of the King's Bench dismissed the appeal, holding that the twenty-one days was merely a minimum and that the Court of Summary Jurisdiction had power to examine the whole question of reasonableness, with due regard to all the circumstances of the case.

The next phase (*The King v. The Minister of Health* [1922] 2 K. B. 28) is that an owner in similar circumstances carries out (as he contends) repairs which he has been required to do, under the same Act, by the Paddington Borough Council. Six months after the work has been completed, the Council suddenly discovers that the repairs are not satisfactory; and the owner is thereupon

informed that he has 'failed to comply' with the notice issued to him, and that an order has that day been given to the Council's own contractor to carry out the work. The owner protests and claims that he has done all that he was required to do. The only answer he receives is that nine months later he is presented with a bill for £134*l.* Relying on a provision in the Act of 1909, he appeals to the Ministry of Health. But the Ministry of Health is not disposed to stand any nonsense of that kind. The landlord cannot appeal. He has quite mistaken his rights. There *used* to be a right of appeal to the Minister about these trifling matters of expense, but it has now been 'impliedly repealed' by the Act of 1919, which gives a right of appeal only when the house cannot *without reconstruction* be rendered fit for habitation. The owner, therefore, who claims that this £134*l.* need never have been spent, cannot get a hearing either before the local authority or the Minister. He has to go to the King's Bench for a mandamus compelling the Minister to hear his appeal. This he has no difficulty in getting; but having got it, he has only succeeded in 'cranking up' the administrative machine. Whether it will eventually move in the direction he desires, no man, the house-owner least of all, can tell.

In this case, then, the Crown's contention, which never had any merit but ingenuity, failed. But that does not discourage your true bureaucrat. We next find the very contention in which the Crown failed being employed by a local authority to checkmate a claimant (*Ryall v. Hart* [1923] 2 K. B. 464). This time the landlord is sued before a magistrate for expenses incurred by the Bermondsey Council in making his house fit for habitation: his defence is that he did not have reasonable notice of the repairs. Again the magistrate finds in his favour, holding that the work could not possibly have been done within the twenty-one days specified in the notice.

But, says the bureaucrat, you cannot raise that defence now; the King's Bench has said in the previous Bermondsey case that you have an appeal to the Minister, and you ought to have availed yourself of it; it is inconceivable that you can have two rights of appeal in a matter so unimportant as alteration of or expenditure

on your house property. Again the King's Bench must be invoked, and asked to hold, as it does hold, that it is neither unreasonable nor illegal that a man should have two rights of appeal in a matter touching his pocket to an indefinite extent. There the matter rests for the present; but it is possible that the protracted intellectual pleasures of the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords still lie before the landlord.

In another case with similar circumstances (*Adams v. Tuer* [1923] W. N. 278) a Rural District Council, having served the usual notice and then done the work itself, sued for 342*l.* expenses incurred. The justices found that the amount charged for labour was excessive, that all the work charged for was not done, and that part of the work was not necessary; and they fixed 250*l.* as a proper sum to cover the expenses. Again the Council contended that the justices had no power to inquire into the reasonableness of the amount, and that their duty apparently was to award either the whole amount or nothing at all; and again the house-owner, already admittedly overcharged 100*l.*, is haled before the King's Bench to have it settled whether the overcharge is or is not in the best interests of justice. The King's Bench had no difficulty in answering the question. Such are the problems of logic and casuistry which the *disjecta membra* of hasty administrative legislation constantly force on our Courts.

Compensation for war losses has been a much-agitated question, and it is impossible to sympathise with all those who make claims against the public for pecuniary loss incurred through Government interference at a time when all the well-affected were losing something either in person or estate. But some of the distinctions which have been drawn between admissible and inadmissible claims are not easy to follow, and appear to work serious injustice in not a few cases. The subject is for the most part governed by the Indemnity Act, 1920, which, as is well known, indemnifies servants of the Crown for acts done to the detriment of individuals in the emergency of war conditions. In such cases, the person aggrieved cannot pursue his ordinary remedy at law, but must apply for compensation to a special tribunal set up by the Act. Further, there are many cases in which, owing

to the peculiarities of our Crown law, the person damaged would have no *legal* recourse against the Government; in such circumstances the Indemnity Act provides that the claim shall be considered according to certain principles laid down in Part II of the Schedule of the Statute. One of these principles is that a claim can be entertained only 'for direct loss . . . suffered by the claimant by reason of direct and particular interference with his business.' The object is to prevent claims for all kinds of remote and speculative damage which might be alleged to flow from Departmental interference; and it is clear that some limitation of this kind is necessary to restrain frivolous, vexatious, and grasping claims. But what is 'direct' damage? It threatens to become restricted to such narrow limits that quite honest and reasonable claims fail on purely technical grounds. A company, during the war, has chartered a ship for Mediterranean trade. The ship is about to sail for Egypt with a full outward and return cargo, when it is ordered by the Shipping Controller to proceed to Cuba and bring a cargo of sugar to England. The loss to the company as a result of this order is estimated at 20,000*l.* Is this *direct* damage? The House of Lords says not (*Moss S.S. Co. v. Board of Trade* [1923] A. C. 133); and probably, in the special circumstances of the case, the result is not unjust, though the dissent of two members of the House and the extraordinarily different reasons given by the other three will prove a source of embarrassment whenever the point rises again. Indeed, difficulty has already been caused; and in a later case (*Black v. Admiralty Commissioners* [1924] 1 K. B. 661) a meritorious claim seems to have failed through the vagueness of the Indemnity Act. In May 1916, B., a steam-trawler owner, ordered from a firm of ship-builders eight trawlers intended to be used by him in his business. They were to be delivered on specified dates in 1917 and 1918; but in October 1916, before the building had begun, the Admiralty exercised its powers under D.O.R.A. and ordered the builders to abandon any work for private owners and build for the Admiralty instead. B. therefore—doubtless for excellent public reasons—must go without his ships. But he must have new ships sooner or later if his business is not to

perish. If he gets them in 1917 or 1918, they will cost him 39,000*l.* more than in 1916, when he originally ordered them. Actually, he could not have bought them at all or got them built till 1919, when they would have cost him 66,000*l.* more than in 1916. Has he not suffered a 'direct' loss through the interference of the Admiralty, which was quite well aware when it issued its order to the builders that they were under contract to build trawlers for B.? The Court of Appeal has decided that B. cannot maintain his claim, and he must get his ships built at whatever fancy price the present conditions of the market may demand. He must content himself with the reflexion that the loss of 66,000*l.* is merely 'indirect,' and we hope that he may have sufficient philosophy to persuade himself that it is not really a loss at all.

A considerable amount of inconvenience and unnecessary litigation has been caused by the reshuffling of Departments and Ministries since the war. Thus the Shipping Controller's rights and liabilities have passed to the Board of Trade, the Board of Trade has in some important matters been supplanted by the Ministry of Transport, and under the very complicated provisions of the enactments relating to the Irish Free State a number of Departmental functions have been transferred to the Government of that Dominion. Each Department is anxious, it need hardly be said, to shift its responsibility elsewhere; and the result often is that a litigant has to spend a great deal of money in determining which particular Department (if any) he can sue for an admittedly substantial claim. Each Department is ready if necessary to appeal as far as the House of Lords in order to disclaim its responsibility, and thus the unhappy litigant may be involved in months or even years of preliminary law-suits before he can even begin to prosecute his claim. Thus in 1917 and 1918 an Irish railway company enters into an agreement with the Board of Trade by which the company promises to take up certain rails and sleepers and transfer them to the Board; the Board promises in return to pay for the cost of replacing the rails and sleepers, of constructing a double instead of a single line, and of making consequential alterations to certain stations. The company carries out its part of the bargain; six years later it is still attempting to find

out which part of the mystical body of the Crown is prepared to keep faith with it. The Board of Trade says its liabilities have passed to the Ministry of Transport: the Ministry of Transport refers the plaintiff to the Government of the Irish Free State. Mr Justice Rowlatt holds that the Ministry of Transport is liable: the Court of Appeal reversed his decision; and the House of Lords, after the usual interval of time, has recently reversed the Court of Appeal. Now that the final tribunal has delivered itself, the company (if it is not by this time in liquidation) has the satisfaction of knowing that it can at last proceed to sue somebody.

It is fresh in the memory of the public that various Ministries set up during the war were empowered to grant licences for numerous purposes, such as export, import, and distribution of goods, and transactions concerning ships. Both in morality and in law the duty of a person entrusted with the power of granting licences is solely to exercise his judicial discretion on the merits of each application. But it occurred to the Food Ministry, which was invested with large powers in this respect, that this was an admirable opportunity for turning a dishonest penny for the public revenue. It proceeded to charge considerable sums for granting its licences. If this were done by an official for his private gain, it would, of course, amount to the grossest corruption; and the irregularity of the procedure was not altered by the fact that it was not an individual, but the public, which took the ill-gotten profit. Nor was the imposition improved in essence, though given a hypocritical exterior, by being disguised under the semblance of a voluntary agreement. Thus, in the test case (*Attorney-General v. Wilts United Dairies, Ltd.* [1922] 38 T. L. R. 781), a company was refused a licence by the Food Controller to import milk and to deal in milk products unless and until it had 'agreed' to pay the Food Controller a toll of 2d. per gallon on the milk imported. The money was paid, but, in the words of Lord Justice Bankes in another case, paid 'grudgingly and of necessity, but without open protest, because protest was felt to be useless.' It was, in fact, according to any plain use of language, paid under compulsion; and money so paid can be recovered at law. The Dairy Company's claim to recover this blood-money

was contested as far as the House of Lords. The House was not moved by pathetic appeals from the Attorney-General that officials should not be 'interfered with' in the beneficent discharge of their duties. It was held that the imposition was illegal and contrary to as fundamental a constitutional document as the Bill of Rights, inasmuch as it amounted to taxation imposed on the subject without the authority of Parliament. This case was decided in 1922. Now, the Shipping Controller had followed the example of his colleague, and had exacted very large sums for the issue of licences to sell British ships to foreign purchasers. In 1923, the Court of Appeal had clearly indicated that the exaction of such sums was equally illegal in regard to ships as in regard to milk (*Marshall Shipping Co. v. Board of Trade* [1923] 2 K. B. 343); but this was only an opinion, not a decision, since the case in which it was given, like so many others, was merely part of the preliminary skirmish as to which Department the claimant was to sue. In the next case (*Brocklebank v. The King* [1924] 1 K. B. 647 and 40 T. L. R. 869), the Crown boldly takes advantage of its own wrong-doing and teaches us for the first time that the Sovereign is the only person exempted from the familiar principle, *nemo suam turpitudinem allegans est audiendus*. The ship-owners here obtained from the Shipping Controller in November and December 1919 (and therefore no longer during actual war conditions) a licence to sell one of their obsolete ships to an Italian firm; but only on condition of paying 35,000*l.* to the Ministry of Shipping, being 15 per cent. of the sale price. They now sue for the recovery of this money, on the authority of the principle laid down by the House of Lords in the Wilts Dairy Case. It must be noted that an action to recover money exacted under compulsion is a form of action *in contract*; and it is specially provided by the Indemnity Act, 1920, that actions *in contract*, arising out of acts done during the war, continue to be maintainable against the Crown, by way of Petition of Right, if brought within a certain time. But the Crown is ready for all emergencies. It says: 'You must not sue us in contract, because we have committed a *civil wrong*; the exaction of money by compulsion, sometimes vulgarly known as blackmail, is as much a *tort* as libel or assault or trespass:

we have sinned, and we glory in our shame, because the Indemnity Act says that no action shall lie for a *wrong* done by an official during the war in good faith in the exercise of his duties : in short, *just because* the exaction was illegal at Common Law and contrary to the Bill of Rights, we defy you to get back a penny.' The Court of Appeal has no option but to admit the legal validity of this attractive argument ; but not without protest. Lord Justice Scrutton 'expressed regret that the suppliants, who, in his view, had suffered a wrong at law, should be deprived of their remedy by a misunderstanding of the Indemnity Act, 1920, and he might be permitted to regret that the Government in those circumstances should keep money illegally obtained, but he could do no more than regret it.' The epilogue is that while this litigation is going on, the claimants have lost even the right to apply to the War Compensation Court, being barred by the expiry of the time specified by the Indemnity Act for bringing such claims.

Should any reader suppose that too unfavourable a light has been thrown on the above cases, we hope that one final illustration will show that our highest Court of Justice is becoming a little tired of the fantastic lengths to which the Crown will sometimes push its claims. The recent case of *Postmaster-General v. Liverpool Corporation* [1923] A. C. 587, supplies a kind of legal argument and a degree of cynicism for which it would be hard to find a parallel in our law reports. The facts were simple. The Corporation were the undertakers for the supply of electricity to the City of Liverpool, and owned the electric main which was here in question. The Postmaster-General owned a telephone-pipe which he had taken over, under statutory powers, from the National Telephone Co. An explosion occurred through the escape of electricity from the Corporation's main to the telephone-pipe, and the latter was damaged. It was found as a fact, and was not disputed, that the escape was caused not through any defect in the Corporation's main, but through the negligent and incompetent laying of the telephone-pipe. It is provided by an Act of 1878 that any person who injures or destroys a line belonging to the Postmaster-General must make good the damage to that official. As we have said, the injury was caused

entirely through a defect in the Postmaster-General's own telephone-pipe. *He proceeded to sue the Corporation for the damage.*

The House of Lords had difficulty in maintaining judicial restraint of language. Those Lords who did not speak in anger spoke in sorrow; for indeed they could not but feel that such litigation brings the whole system of justice into contempt. Lord Carson accurately summarised the Postmaster-General's contention when he said :

'My Lords, it seems to me that the appellant desires to lay down that not only is the Postmaster-General, by which I mean of course his department, incapable of doing wrong, but that if he does commit a wrong, whereby damage occurs, he ought to ask somebody else to pay for it.'

Lord Shaw said that 'in the ordinary relations of men, the proposal would be monstrous, and if carried into practice would of course plainly be a tyrannical and unjustifiable act.' The Earl of Birkenhead described the whole proceedings as 'an absolutely hopeless appeal without merit in fact or foundation in law.' The total amount of damage done by the escape of electricity was 40*l.* The proceedings were taken through the whole hierarchy of the Courts, from County Court to House of Lords. Before the final tribunal three King's Counsel and two Juniors appeared. The case, from first to last, cannot have cost less than several thousand pounds. It need hardly be said that ultimately the public pays for the Crown's share of these totally unnecessary costs. The Attorney-General solemnly suggested that if the decision went against the Postmaster-General, it would be necessary to introduce legislation. Undaunted by the veiled threat, the Earl of Birkenhead waxed satirical :

'It is indicated that legislation may become necessary if the view of the Postmaster-General fails of acceptance in this House. I have amused myself by speculating as to its probable ambit. The first section of such a Bill will, I suppose, provide that when the Postmaster-General by his own negligence occasions damage to a telegraphic line other persons (including perhaps the owners) non-contributory to that damage and negligence shall pay for it; and the second,

no doubt, will provide that when the Postmaster-General inherits from a company a laid pipe which neither they nor he could have laid down without the consent of X., the Postmaster-General shall nevertheless be absolved from the condition without which his predecessors in title would never have been allowed by X. to lay the pipe at all. My Lords, I shall watch with interest the Parliamentary progress of such a proposal.'

All the Lords were unanimous that the case, assuming that it should ever have been brought at all, should never have been carried beyond the County Court. For example, Lord Shaw observes :

'I have read with much care the decision of the Court of Appeal; it is one of great analytical accuracy. It emphatically negatived the suggestion that s. 8 of the Telegraph Act of 1868 gave any cover or warrant for conduct of the kind described, or for the claim put forward. I think the Postmaster-General's department might have been well content to stop there and to consider itself relieved from what must have been the odious duty of endeavouring to support by statute what would otherwise be, as I have stated, tyrannical and unjustifiable conduct. They have not chosen that course, my Lords, and they come here because it is a test case. My answer, in full agreement with the County Court judge and the Court of Appeal, is that the claim and all other claims of which this is a test or sample have no support whatever under s. 8 properly construed.'

Lord WRENBURY : 'My Lords, I agree, and I desire to add that I entirely concur in that which has been said by the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack as to the action of the Postmaster-General in bringing this appeal before your Lordships' House.'

Lord CARSON : 'My Lords, I also concur, and I should like to add that, in my opinion, when once the County Court judge had found the facts, which are not challenged, in these proceedings, I think it is regrettable that the Postmaster-General proceeded with the litigation.'

Is it credible, in view of these pronouncements, that the Crown ever believed that it had any real chance of success in its monstrous claim? We venture to think that any lawyer who knew his business would, as soon as the County Court judge's findings were known, have answered the legal question as the House of Lords

answered it. Why, then, is the case litigated with such pertinacity? There can be only one reply. The method is one of terrorisation. The Corporation is being punished for its obduracy in not yielding at once to the Postmaster-General's piratical demand. The choice is as simple as 'your money or your life'—pay us 40*l.* now, or pay your counsel some thousands of pounds after, say, two years of litigation. Invariably these cases, after their first stages, resolve themselves into a fight for costs. Fortunately, the intended victim in this case was a powerful corporation with money as well as spirit; but in the long run, the tax-paying inhabitants both of Liverpool and of England will pay for the production of this tragicomedy. A private individual, who did not wish to enjoy the luxury of martyrdom, would pay his 40*l.* at once with what fortitude he could muster; and nobody could blame him if he falsified his next income-tax return for a like amount.

On a previous occasion, we have attempted to point the moral of cases like these, and will refrain from doing so again—even if it were necessary to do so; for the facts themselves are eloquent enough without comment. Those who wish to study in detail the curious methods and effects of departmental-judicial jurisdiction will find a typical and, many will think, a startling example in the powers exercised by the Minister of Health under the National Insurance Act, 1911, in regard to removing the names of medical practitioners from 'panels.'* It is gratifying to learn that a Bill is, as we understand, now being drafted to reform the whole question of remedies against the Crown. Until the provisions of this enactment are known, we beg leave to remain respectfully sceptical of the enthusiasm, qualified though it be, with which some of our publicists, such as Sir John Marriott, appear to regard the present glories of our Constitution.

CARLETON KEMP ALLEN.

* See Ministry of Health, Reports of Enquiries and Appeals, etc., Vol. III, H.M. Stationery Office, 1924.

Art. 4.—NATURE'S WARFARE.

1. *The Animal and its Environment: a Text-book on the Natural History of Animals.* By L. A. Borradaile. Henry Froude and Hodder & Stoughton, 1923.
2. *The Factors of Safety in Animal Structure and Animal Economy.* By S. J. Meltzer. The Harvey Lectures. New York : Lippincott, 1908.
3. *Life. An Introduction to the Study of Biology.* By A. E. Shipley. Cambridge University Press, 1923.
4. *The Cambridge Natural History.* Edited by S. F. Harmer and A. E. Shipley. 10 vols. Macmillan, 1895–1909.
5. *The Factor of Safety in Research.* By A. Franklin Shull. ‘Science,’ vol. LX, no. 1428. 1922.
6. *The Botany of the Living Plant.* By F. O. Bower. Macmillan, 1923.
7. *Animaux Venimeux et Venins.* By Marie Phisalix. Paris: Masson, 1922.

A RECENT writer on the desert fauna has stated: ‘Perhaps there never was a life so nurtured in violence, so tutored in attack and defence as this. Their warfare is continuous from the birth to the death.’ But he took too narrow a view of the situation. What he says of the desert is equally true of the depths of the seas, of the surface of the earth, and of the air above the earth. The warfare of animal with animal, of plant with plant, of animal with plant, and vice versa, is incessant and internecine. But, as the history of our Navy shows, every fresh means of attack provokes fresh means of defence, for the devices of living organisms are almost incalculable.

Both plants and animals have a wonderful power of regeneration and of surviving injuries and mutilations. Even if a small cutting be taken from most plants it is capable of reproducing its kind, and in the course of time a fully grown plant of the same sort arises from the slender slip. The cut surface forms a raw spot, a danger spot on the stem, and to save the plant a ring of cells on the circumference of the wound grows rapidly, closing in, until it has completely covered the exposed surface. This ingrowing rim is called a callus, and its growth

prevents the access of spores of fungi and bacteria to the living tissues of the stem.

When a leaf falls and its stalk breaks away from the twig that bears it, one would expect to find an open wound on the twig, through which harmful bacteria and fungi might enter the plant. But it is not found. When the leaf is ready to fall two layers or plates of cork cells are formed, at first in contact with each other but soon to part company. The outermost plate of cork falls with the falling leaf, the inmost remains on the twig as an impermeable 'dressing' sealing up what without it would have been an open wound.

It is perfectly easy to divide with a sharp scalpel some of the larger of the unicellular animals (Protozoa), and as long as each half contains part of the nucleus, each half regenerates all the lost parts, and after a short time no one could tell that they represent one animal cleft in twain. Everybody knows that bath-sponges are propagated artificially by cutting one of them up into many portions and planting each portion out in a favourable spot, where it soon grows to the size of the parent sponge. Should an earth-worm be cut in two by the gardener's spade, the hinder portion will regenerate a head and the front portion will regenerate a tail, and by this unmeditated action of the gardener we find two earth-worms where hitherto but one had existed. Sometimes, however, things go wrong and the hinder portion develops a tail instead of a head, and then we have a worm with two tails, one 'fore' and one 'aft.' The worms with many bristles, which are so common in the sea, have even greater regenerative powers than the earth-worm. If but a process of *Syllis ramosa* be knocked off, an entire new individual will arise at the point of injury. This method of regeneration after division disappears, however, in the higher animals, and even amongst the Invertebrates there are certain groups where it does not exist.

The body of the round worms and of that curious torpedo-shaped, floating, transparent *Sagittas* which at some times of the year abounds in such quantities that the sea is almost stiff with them, shows no trace of such a power of reconstruction; nor do the Brachiopods or Gephyrea, but a starfish can lose one or even two arms

and regenerate one or both, and the same is true of other groups of Echinodermata such as the sea-lilies. Many of the sea-worms are as capable of reconstructing their bodies after cleavage as the earth-worm or more so, but this is not true of leeches. Crustacea, such as the lobster, crayfish, or crab, and hundreds of other genera, will in time regenerate a limb which has been broken off, and there is a mechanism in their body for closing the severed blood vessels, otherwise they would bleed to death. If a joint of the limb of a crayfish be injured, the animal generally casts off the whole of that joint, sundering it at the next articulation above the wound. At the articulation which has now been broken a clot is at once formed which soon becomes covered with a cuticle or hardened coat. Under this cuticle a small bud arises which in time forms a miniature of the lost portion of the limb. Next time the crayfish casts its skin the miniature limb will emerge and straighten out, and though at first small, it has all the organisation appropriate to the lost part. At each successive moult it reappears larger, but it takes a long time to attain its full growth. That is why you frequently find Crustacea with limbs of unequal size on each side of the body. This habit of throwing off a limb when seized by an enemy is a great source of safety to a crayfish or other Crustacean, for although the enemy goes off with the limb the crayfish goes off with its life. Insects and spiders also can regenerate lost limbs, and cuttle-fish their arms.

When we come to the power of recovery from injuries of this kind amongst the Vertebrata we find that fishes show little power of regeneration. Although capable of surviving severe injuries they do not reproduce substantial parts of their bodies which may be injured. A pike will live after it has lost its tail. A sea-perch will survive the loss of a portion of the same organ; and a carp will live with but half a snout. Other fishes are, however, much more sensitive. The Lung-fish (*Dipnoi*) will regenerate the end of the tail, but it does not reform the representative that exists there of the backbone. In bony fishes the ends of the fin rays and various filaments such as barbles are, if nipped off, regrown. Sometimes these filaments become frayed out and mimic the waving

seaweeds amongst which they hide. Not only accident but mere wear and tear help to destroy these structures; and as they are essential for the life of the fish they are reproduced when necessary. It looks almost as if those organs which are most essential for the well-being of the animal in question are most easily regenerated. Those parts which are most liable to be lost in the ordinary rough-and-tumble of life, and those parts which are essential to the life of the organism, are more readily regenerated than are, for instance, the internal organs which are to a less extent subject to non-fatal injury. Amongst the amphibia the weak and little used limbs of *Siren* and *Proteus* are not replaced, though their gills are, and so are the strong and active limbs of the *Triton*. The newt readily regenerates a lost eye. A recent writer in the 'Times' has pointed out that 'there is a close connexion between the possibility of transplantation and the power of regeneration. Newts, for example, can regenerate both limbs and tail, and in their case transplantation of limbs or tail is easy to accomplish. Reptiles can only regenerate their tails, and in their case transplantation of limbs has not been successful. The eyeball of the larval common newt has a high power of regeneration, and when, as frequently happens, it is lost in fighting, it is replaced, although, so far as is known, sight is not restored. The optical vesicle of the larva of a newt has been removed and transplanted further back in the tissues of the animal; a new lens is then produced from the area of skin opposite the vesicle, although under normal circumstances no lens would have been formed there. But the eye is sightless.'

Amongst reptiles the power is less, but lizards which lose their tail are capable of regenerating it, and as the tail is a likely part of the body to be seized by the enemy, they have a special provision in the vertebræ of that appendix for breaking off just above the region that has been seized, say, by a raptorial bird. This apparatus consists of a thin unossified disk of cartilage which cuts vertically across the vertebra, and it is in the plane of this disk that the fracture takes place. The new tail, which may be double should the fracture be incomplete, has but an imperfect skeleton, and the scales on it often differ from those of the lost part.

Any one, and I suppose this means every one, who has seen the moulting of a bird finds it perfectly obvious that birds can at any rate replace their feathers. Feathers arise from certain skin papillæ which become active at the moulting season. The new feather pushes the old one out of its place, and in the Cassowaries and Emus the new feather grows up into the hollow of its predecessor, so that the feathers of these birds for a time wear their old coat over their new one. The regenerative power of the papilla and its surrounding follicle seems to be almost unlimited under healthy conditions unless mechanically injured. The accidental loss of a feather sets the papilla in action, and, regardless of the moulting season, a new feather replaces the lost one. This, of course, is a matter of considerable importance to a bird whose powers of flight may depend upon the presence or absence of a certain feather. The Japanese know a lot of things that we are ignorant of, and they are able in some mysterious way to prevent the cock-birds of their poultry from moulting. Consequently the quill feathers of these cocks continue to grow instead of being shed from time to time, and may reach the astounding length of ten or twelve feet. Certain birds such as the stork, can also regenerate a lost beak.

Mammals have little power of regenerating. Hairs may be replaced, but not noses or ears, arms or legs, fingers or toes. St Patrick is said to have swum across a river—I think it was the Shannon—‘carrying his head in his teeth,’ but that of course was a miracle, and there is no record that he regenerated his lost head.

The whole problem of regeneration reveals how great is the tendency of live animal tissues to react on isolation by an attempt to form an entire animal. It is as though any one tissue were only stable in the presence of all the other tissues of the body: if one tissue is absent or incomplete equilibrium can only be restored by its regeneration. This shows that the fundamental Physiological Unit is neither tissue nor cell, but the whole animal.

The chief enemies of plants are animals that feed upon them. Many plants are grown by mankind merely to be consumed—a very painful proceeding to the people who are averse to the destruction of any life—and certain

tropical ants have regular vegetable gardens, consisting of certain moulds or fungi which they cultivate and harvest for the consumption of themselves and their offspring. As many of these fungi are injurious to plants, the ants unconsciously help to spread disease. An innumerable number of insects feed on plants, burrowing into their surface, and at times the whole vegetation may be swept away by the incursion of locusts and their young, which eat it up. The burrowing larvæ of insects can destroy whole forests. This is specially true in countries like the United States, Russia, and Canada, where the area of forest used to be almost limitless.

Many plant diseases, like so many animal diseases, are caused by fungi, and although in the animal world it is usually, but by no means always, bacteria that do the damage, plants are attacked by much more highly developed moulds. They fill up the cavities between the cells of the leaves, which are so important for transpiration, and in many ways do incalculable harm. The temperature of a sick orange or lemon attacked by a common fungus such as *Penicillium digitatum* rises a degree and a half to two degrees.

Comparatively few protozoa (unicellular animals) are found living in plants, but a species of *Trypanosoma*, an animal allied to that which causes sleeping sickness in Africa, and syphilis all over the world, has been found lately to live in the pungent latex of certain herbaceous Euphorbias, which, when badly infected, become blanched and eventually wither. A plant can be artificially inoculated with this unicellular animal, but the natural infection is brought about by a certain genus of bug named *Stenocephalus* which lives on and amongst the spurge. Allied species of *Trypanosoma* occur in the latex of other plants. Further, there is an infection which causes one of the most serious diseases in sugar-beet in America, known as curly-leaf. The leaves crumple and are put out of action. This disease is invariably associated with a small insect known as *Eutettix*, or the beet-leaf-hopper. They also are true bugs. All of them are minute, but what they lack in size they make up in numbers. It has been shown that an acre of pasture will support a million of these pests, and that they

consume as much pasture as the cattle feeding on it. Like locusts, they suddenly emerge in countless numbers and a very heavy invasion may take place in a single night. This little bug when it bites an infected beetroot becomes infected with some organism which is ultra-microscopic. A leaf-hopper which has punctured an infected plant is not capable of infecting another at once; 36 to 48 hours must elapse before it becomes poisonous. The disease in the plant does not become apparent for at least two weeks. These facts indicate a life-history analogous to that of the malarial organism, or to that of yellow fever. It has been claimed that this was the first plant disease definitely shown to be dependent upon a specific insect for transmission, but there is now every reason to believe a similar trouble is set up in potatoes and many other plants by other species of insect.

Nature evidently believes that there is safety in numbers, and, indeed, it is only by numbers, which it would need an astronomer or a Soviet Bank Manager to appreciate, that the appalling powers of destruction which await all living beings can be overcome. Darwin, following Malthus, states: 'There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair.' The numbers of seeds produced by plants are very high. The radish within a single season averages 12,000, the plantain 14,000, the tobacco plant 360,000, and the flixweed nearly a quarter of a million. But Darwin found the extremest cases of productivity in the vegetable world amongst the orchids, where a single capsule of *Maxillaria* produced 1,750,000 seeds per capsule and *Acropora* 74,000,000 per plant. Bower has pointed out the extraordinary productivity existing amongst ferns. The common Shield Fern in a single season will produce from 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 spores, and a single leaf of the genus *Aratia* 2,800,000,000, whilst *Angiopteris* has been shown to produce 4,000,000,000 spores from one leaf. A single specimen of the *Bacillus subtilis* takes about twenty minutes to divide into two, and if this process be uninterrupted the product of a single microbe would produce 134,000,000 in the course of a single night. As Bower assures us, 'A glance at the

figures quoted for orchids, ferns, moulds, and bacteria shows that the flixweed is by no means an extreme case of fecundity.'

The philosopher who said 'The moment you're born you're done for' was in the great majority of cases right; 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together,' and is beset by dangers night and day on every side. The fact that a cod will lay 4,500,000 eggs, and yet on the whole the number of cod in the sea does not increase, shows that only two of these millions of eggs survive. The destruction of ova must be appalling. There is always some animal or plant trying to 'do the others in.' Bacteria try to get into the tissues of both plants and animals. Insect pests attack every kind of living thing. Since the time when flowering plants came into being, insects have had a great 'uplift,' and they are now undoubtedly the dominant group in the world. There is more protoplasm tucked away in the bodies of insects than in all the rest of the animal kingdom put together. They surpass all other groups in the number of their species. Whereas there are some 1000 species of birds recorded in America, there are over 300,000 named insects.

Against this ceaseless warfare animals and plants strive to protect themselves. Trees develop a hard bark difficult to penetrate. Many plants are poisonous; others protect themselves by spines and spikes of various kinds, such as the thorns of roses and the spines on the Indian-fig and thistles. Others, such as the common nettle, possess stinging organs, but in spite of all these defensive devices a very large majority of plants are destroyed by other plants or animals.

The lowest grade of animals, the unicellular organisms, possess in the outer layer of their protoplasm organs known as trichocysts, and if the animal be attacked or if it wants to attack others, these trichocysts shoot out a fine filament which after it 'gets home' produces a numbing or poisoning effect on the attacking organism or the prey. The whole of the sea-anemone and jellyfish group possess similar but more elaborate stinging hairs which cause very great trouble to those intrepid people who insist on trying to swim over the Channel in the summer months. These stinging hairs or nematocysts

are capable of producing an extreme irritation in the human skin, and act undoubtedly to some extent as a protection against attack. They have also been found in certain soft-bodied worms and molluscs, but it appears that they do not belong to the worm or the mollusc but to some jelly-fish or anemone food they have eaten. As the stinging hairs are indigestible they have remained in the tissues of the animal that has eaten them. In a lowly fresh-water worm (*Polycelis*) which lives on those animals which have nematocysts, the indigestible organs of offence are taken from the alimentary canal by certain wandering cells and placed by them in the outer skin, and thence doubtless leave the body.

Although zoologically poles asunder from the sea-anemone and the jellyfish, there are certain primitive fishes, such as the lamprey, whose skin is very rich in mucus-secreting gland cells. The exclusively marine allies of the lamprey (*Myxine* and *Bdellostoma*) also have in their skin pockets which secrete thread-cells very much like the nematocysts we have described above. These creatures when stimulated, say in a bucket of sea water, shoot out these coiled threads, which unwind to a great length. In fact, so great is the product of the threads and the mucus, that in a short time the water in the bucket becomes a thick mass of threads and jelly.

But fishes have other organs which do not occur in any other group of the animal kingdom. These are the electric organs which are found chiefly in the skate and dogfish group and in a few of the bony fish. The cat-fish of tropical regions is so electric that the Arabs term it the 'Thunder Fish.' The electric eel of the South American rivers may grow to be eight feet in length and as thick as a man's thigh. It is a serious menace not only to travellers but to their beasts of burden which attempt to ford the rivers. Torpedos or Electric Rays inhabit the warmer waters of the globe, and their electric discharges not only numb the animals on which they wish to feed, but also protect their own from their enemies. Amongst the bony fishes the Mormyridæ have an almost unparalleled growth of the brain, its total being equal to $\frac{5}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of the total body weight. They also have an electric battery each side of the tail, but it is only capable of giving somewhat feeble shocks.

The sea-urchins and starfish have dotted all over their skin certain pincer-like structures which help to keep the skin clean. The pincers have as a rule three limbs, each of which may be studded with teeth. At the base of the pincer is a gland secreting a poisonous substance which paralyses or kills any small worm, etc., that is caught in the clutches of the pincers.

Many of the intestinal and other parasites of the body harm their host and produce many pathological reactions, some due to mechanical causes, some to poisons, but these poisons can hardly be called protective.

When we come to the arthropods, animals with jointed feet, we find numerous examples of poison glands. For instance, millepedes (*Chilognatha*) have paired poison glands on certain segments, whereas the centipedes (*Chilipoda*) have poison glands in their piercing jaws, and are capable of inflicting a severe wound on man. The posterior segment of a scorpion is well known to contain two large poison glands, and the sting is extremely painful, and even dangerous. Several spiders again have poison glands in their jaws, and their bite may be a serious matter. The sting of many animals, such as the gnat or the mosquito, and the bed bug or the flea, is not so much protective against an enemy as useful to draw a good supply of blood, upon which these insects feed, within the sphere of action of their proboscis. Insects, however, which sting at the other end, such as the bee and the wasp, undoubtedly use their sting as a means of defence and offence. Many insect larvae are poisonous, and are rejected by their natural enemies, and being poisonous they are conspicuous and easily recognised, for it pays them to advertise their unpalatability, so that they may be easily recognised and avoided. Other woolly caterpillars protect themselves by a number of most irritating hairs, as any one knows who has ever handled one.

Few molluscs have poison glands, but in certain of the cuttle-fish and the gasteropods such glands exist in the gullet, and the poisonous secretion is conveyed to the victims by the gnawing radula with its many teeth or by the beak. Certain other molluscs secrete in their liver and their reproductive organs poisonous substances which produce damage when these molluscs are eaten,

but they are not definite poison glands. As every one knows, oysters and mussels sometimes have typhoid fever. They are then themselves infected by the typhoid bacillus, and if eaten uncooked may be fatal to man, and they are no respecters of persons; some years ago in an outbreak of typhoid, following on the consumption of sick oysters, even a Dean was attacked.

Certain large groups of animals do not produce poisons. Notable amongst them are the Sponges, which are protected against destruction by their skeleton or their unpleasant taste. The Polyzoa, both fresh and sea water, which form moss-like coverings on rocks, stones, etc., are also devoid of active poison glands, and so are the Brachiopoda and the Tunicata, the degenerate fore-runners of the vertebrata.

When we reach the vertebrates we find quite a number of sea fishes provided with venom glands and an apparatus for injecting their poison. They are mostly glands of the skin whose secretion reaches the exterior through special spike-like scales. These fish poison by inoculation, and if the poison be taken into the stomach it does little harm. There are, however, fishes whose blood is poisonous. Some 75 distinct species of fish produce poison of one kind or another, and in the tropics they are a danger to the bather and the diver. The amphibia also have poison glands which make them very distasteful to birds and mammals. There is a series of glands in the skin which are very widely distributed throughout the group. Many of them are arranged in rings, and there is no particular apparatus for injecting the poison. But it makes the animals thoroughly distasteful, and undoubtedly assists them in avoiding being eaten. Handling certain newts and toads causes inflammation of the nose and eyes, and by mere contact in a collector's bag these amphibia prove fatal to allied genera. The injection of this poison if in sufficient doses will kill reptiles, birds, mammals, etc., the poison acting on the heart and nervous system. The poison of certain species of frog is used to give a yellow colour to certain of the feathers of the green Amazon parrots, and they are also used by the natives for poisoning arrows.

But when we get to the reptilia we find that

comparatively few lizards are poisonous, though some are markedly so, and like many other poisonous animals they are generally conspicuously coloured. The poison in *Heloderma*, which will kill a man, is conveyed by the bite of the fang-like teeth of that lizard. The teeth are recurved and grooved before and behind, and the poison glands lie between them in the gums. No poison apparatus seems to exist amongst the crocodiles or the turtles, though they are capable of inflicting severe wounds by their jaws or teeth.

But the group which amongst the vertebrates is predominantly poisonous is that of the snakes. 'Cada uno es como Dios le hizo y aun peor muchas veces,' as Sancho Panza tells us. The danger lies in the head. Here are massed together the poison glands, and here are the poison fangs which puncture the skin. There is no certain external character by means of which the poisonous snake can be differentiated from the non-poisonous snake, but, as a rule, poison glands are associated with a broad and flattened head. The glands may be certain labial glands, or correspond with the parotid-salivary glands of other animals. From them a duct leads forward along the upper jaw. This ends in a tooth which either has a furrow or has a canal opening at its tip. When the poison is injected it thus reaches the very deepest part of the wound. Poisons of different kinds are produced by different snakes, and their effect on the prey varies according to what kind of animal is bitten and also on what kind of poison is injected.

(1) The dominant toxin of the poisons of members of the family Colubridæ—which includes the extremely venomous sea-snake and others like the cobra—is known as Neurotoxin. This poison is very resistant to heat. It kills by paralysing the nerve endings, thus producing respiratory and circulatory failure. Animals that have been bitten by these snakes can be kept alive for some time by artificial respiration, but they finally die from a progressive lowering of the arterial blood pressure. The poison produces no local effect.

(2) In the Vipers the poison is known as Hæmorrhagin. It is destroyed by heating to 75° C. It has a very powerful local action, breaking up the tissues, and it seems to destroy the lining of the blood-vessels, thus

causing extensive bleeding ; but it coagulates the blood even whilst still in the veins and arteries.

(3) The third, Anticoagulin, is frequently associated with number (1). It prevents the coagulation of the blood, and thus aids the action of the Neurotoxin. It is also found in many poisonous Colubridæ, and has little or no local effect.

(4) The fourth, Hæmolysin, is found in the same group, especially in the Cobras. It is in effect a ferment which acts on certain phosphoric fats in the nervous system, and produces a substance which causes the destruction of the red corpuscles.

Snake poisons thus produce destruction in the cells of the nervous system, liver, kidneys, lungs, and blood-vessels ; but death is so rapid that unless an anti-toxin is applied at once certain of the above-mentioned organs may be barely affected. Snakes themselves possess a strong immunity from the poison of their own species only, and this immunity is shared to a greater or less extent by the mongoose, the pig, the peccary, the secretary-bird, and other animals that eat snakes.

Various antidotes have been prepared, and some of these are of such power that when injected into the body of an animal the immunity is such that the animal will survive as much as a hundred fatal doses of poison. The great anti-venom laboratory is a snake farm in Brazil, not very far from Rio de Janeiro.

No bird has any kind of poisonous apparatus, and only one mammal, and that one of the most primitive. This is the egg-laying *Ornithorhyncus* or Duck-billed Platypus which is to some extent intermediate between the reptiles and the mammals. The apparatus in the Duck-billed Platypus consists of two glands giving off a duct which terminates in a spur borne on the side of the hinder legs. This spur is traversed by a canal and ends in a sharp point. It is capable of producing very serious effects on man and other mammals which it wounds. Curiously enough, the symptoms which this poison gives rise to are very similar to those produced by the venom of two Australian snakes.

Hitherto we have considered chiefly the methods which animals have developed for offence though most of them are alike offensive and defensive. But there are

modes of defence which seem protective only and in no way aggressive. The struggle for life is such that every living creature is constantly in danger. Many seek to protect themselves by external skeletons such as the chalky armour of the crustaceans, and the chitinous cover of insects and spiders. Sometimes the shells of molluscs are extraordinarily massive. A large mollusc known as *Tridacna* has a shell more than an inch thick, and two valves of it in the British Museum weigh respectively 154 and 156 pounds. The muscular strength of this mollusc is immense, and should a man's hand or foot be caught between the valves it may easily be snapped off. I have just measured the thickness of the shell of a *Spondylus* about a foot in length. In the thickest part it measures $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches across. But even the shell is not safe, for it forms a home for boring worms and sponges which bore throughout its substance and diminish its protective power. The thick shell of the oyster does not protect it from the oyster-eating fishes with their crushing jaws. Rats devour limpets, jerking them from their hold on the ground with a sudden blow of their powerful jaws. The walrus eats hardly anything but species of *Mya*, digging them out of the sand in which they live with its powerful tusks. Whales swallow an incredible number of floating molluscs, and the tooth-whales consume a very large number of cuttle-fish. One example had in its stomach no less than eighteen pounds weight of the parrot-like beaks of a certain family of cuttle-fish.

Many unicellular animals and the sponges seek to protect themselves by secreting chalky or flinty shells or spicules which one would think would render them inedible, but nothing in creation seems to be inedible. Many mammals try to escape attention by hiding or burrowing. The cases of mimicry are too well-known to be dwelt on in detail in this short article—mimicry which enables an animal to resemble its surroundings so as to be all but invisible. Flat-fish can change the colour of their complexion so as to adapt themselves to any new background. In spite of the fact that the admiral said that the seas around Malta were 'scarlet with lobsters,' the lobster is rather difficult to detect in its native home. Many animals without being exactly poisonous are extremely distasteful, and in that case

they are generally rather conspicuous. They advertise their disabilities as food fairly successfully. Perhaps one of the most ingenious methods of escaping from an enemy is the flood of inky-like fluid which the *Sepia* discharges when likely to be attacked.

A great many animals seek safety in flight. That is especially true of certain fishes, birds, and mammals. But there always seems to be some superior ravening creature which ultimately overpowers and consumes even the swiftest. 'The jaws that bite, the claws that catch' generally in the long run get the better of swiftness.

When one reflects how very rarely one sees a dead animal, Mr Samuel Weller's statement that no one has ever seen a dead donkey seems to be more or less true. Very few animals die a natural death, and when they do, they show that amazing decency which characterises animals, and creep away to die unintended and unseen, and often alas! unmourned. As Mr Geoffrey Dearmer has sung:

'Man that is born of woman, why
Can you not crawl away and die
Like animals who unaware
The dignity of Autumn share,
Proudly in death unknowing these
Grim Calvinistic obsequies?'

Another factor in safety is the extraordinary power that living organisms have of recovery after injury or disease. To use an engineering term, their 'factor of safety' is high. The fact that so many organs are bilateral, that is, they exist in pairs, is a great safeguard. As Mr Kipling in 'The Two-Sided Man' writes:

'Much I owe to the Land that grew—
More to the Life that fed—
But most to Allah Who gave me two
Separate sides to my head.'

I would go without shirt or shoe,
Friend, tobacco or bread,
Sooner than lose for a minute the two
Separate sides of my head.'

Human beings can lose a lung or kidney, an eye or an arm or a leg, without dying. The single eye or single lung or single kidney takes on the work of its opposite member which has been removed. Many a useful life has been lived by people who have lost one of these

paired organs. The removal of one ovary or one testis interferes in no way with the reproductive power of the individual. Certain ductless glands if removed entirely produce most terrible results on the patient. On the other hand, you can remove as much as four-fifths or five-sixths of the thyroids without perceptible consequences. That is to say, a thyroid gland possesses four or five times more tissue than is necessary for the maintenance of health and the continuance of life, and the same is practically true of the suprarenal capsules. One of the most important nerves of the body is the pneumogastric nerve, and if both right and left nerve be severed the animal dies. On the other hand, should only one be severed the animal manages to live.

In order to secure the life of the individual nature is very lavish. Nearly all the human organs—and the same is true of most vertebrates—are on the lavish side, and were their tissues to be very markedly decreased little difference would be made in the life of the individual. Although it is unusual for a woman to bear more than a very limited number of children, the ovary of a newly born female baby possesses between 100,000 and 400,000 eggs; and when the time of bearing arrives the ovary still contains very many times more ova than can possibly be ever used. There is even more prodigality in the spermatozoa or male cells. It has been calculated that each time a male and a female pair 226,000,000 spermatozoa or male cells are transferred from the male to the female; and yet only one or at the outside two or three can possibly be used. The same is true of the bee. The queen bee returns to her hive with no less than 200,000,000 spermatozoa, many times more than enough for even her indefatigable egg-laying. During the first year the queen at the height of the season may lay from 2000 to 3500 eggs every twenty-four hours. Without rest and without ceasing she is perpetually producing eggs. She is like a kind of animated recurring decimal, and in the course of her four or five years of life she may produce hundreds of thousands of fertile eggs.

A Regius Professor of Oxford University—in a book—tells us, '*And there you have the meaning of life focused to a point. Life, Mr Hooker, consists in facing risks.*' And like other Regius Professors of Oxford he wasn't far wrong.

A. E. SHIPLEY.

Art. 5.—THE ETHICS OF GAMBLING.

Report from the Select Committee on Betting Duty (Blue Book 139), 1924.

THE proposal to tax bets has started afresh the old controversy as to the morality of betting and gambling. Betting is so widespread a practice, and so many high-minded people indulge in it as an occasional amusement, that general opinion hesitates to pronounce it wrong in itself, although the danger of acquiring the gambling habit is obvious and is admitted. The Report of the Select Committee, which was appointed in 1923 to consider the practicability and desirability of imposing a tax on betting, is incomplete, the dissolution of Parliament preventing a full consideration of the two draft reports that were presented respectively by Mr Cautley and Mr Foot. The Committee have agreed that a betting duty is practicable, but by a majority they have declined to say whether it is desirable or no. It would seem that, while the Free Church witnesses pressed the view that betting is immoral in itself, those who represented the Church of England were not prepared to go so far, confining themselves to pointing out the dangers which attend the practice of betting. Probably a majority of the Committee were inclined to the latter opinion, but they have not expressed themselves definitely upon the question of ethics that is involved. I propose in the following pages to examine some of the ethical problems which present themselves when we ask how and why gambling is wrong, if it is wrong, for these problems are more intricate than the Report of the Select Committee would suggest.

In his draft memorandum, Mr Cautley observes that a distinction is to be drawn between betting, properly so called, and the playing of roulette or the taking of lottery tickets. This is an important observation, and it may conveniently be expressed in a somewhat different form. We must distinguish sharply between betting on chance, and betting on skill or knowledge. There is a wide difference between backing a horse which we think we have reason for believing to be superior to his competitors, and betting that a coin will turn up 'heads'

when it is tossed. In the one case we are acting on knowledge and calculation—or we think we are—but in the other, losing or winning is a matter of pure chance.

Simple forms of betting on chance are to take a ticket in a lottery (always supposing that it is honestly conducted), or to put a sovereign into a sweep on the Derby. No element of skill or knowledge can help us here. We take the ticket, or draw the number that falls to us, and we can do no more. The most elementary method of betting of this kind is to toss a coin. If it fall 'heads,' I win; if it fall 'tails,' I lose. Or to match dice thrown out of a dice box with those thrown by another is, again, a competition the issue of which is pure chance. The question before us is whether there be anything wrong in betting that takes any of these forms. I am not considering, for the moment, the consequences that may result from the habit of betting extravagantly in such ways. To draw a Derby winner in a sweep may encourage a man or woman to continue to put money into sweeps far too often. The winner of a State Lottery may gain an enormous sum, but money got so easily may bring disaster at last. And so on. But that is not the point before us. To put it nakedly, it is this. Supposing that I am in enjoyment of an income of 5000*l.* a year, is there anything wrong in amusing myself by tossing for sovereigns with a friend? No doubt it may be said (and truly said) that I might lose 50*l.* in half an hour, and that such extravagant expenditure on amusement is wrong. But, put the stake lower, and limit the total loss. If it amuses me to toss for shillings in my hours of relaxation, why should I not do so?

No doubt, it may be replied that if I play any game of pure chance, like tossing shillings, with regularity for a considerable period, my gains and losses will counterbalance each other, and I shall have had my fun for nothing. This goes on the assumption that I have a large reserve of shillings, so that I can afford to lose heavily for several consecutive weeks, and also that I have complete self-control, so that I shall not be tempted to raise the stakes in the hope of recouping myself quickly. These are large assumptions not to be presupposed in every individual case. It is fair to say that

I must be prepared in the pursuit of such games of chance to lose something annually.

Now, is there any unethical element in this way of dealing with money which is not present, for instance, when money is spent on luxuries of an unnecessary kind? Money is a trust, and to spend it carelessly, whether on betting or on extravagant amusement, is always wrong. But I am not now dealing with that aspect of the matter. What we are trying to discover is whether there is anything peculiarly wrong in betting on the fall of a coin, even if I am prudent enough to keep my losses within due bounds. When the case is so stated, it is plain that the unethical element in betting is that the man who bets is deliberately introducing chance into his life. If I pay, say 1s. an hour, for the pleasure of tossing coins, then I know what I am doing and how much my amusement is going to cost me. I am quite entitled to make such payments, having regard to other and prior claims on my income. But I am acting as no rational being ought to act, if the price of my amusement is not fixed at all, so that it may cost me 1*l.* an hour, or, on the other hand, if I win, may gain me 1*l.* an hour.

This is a consideration which is not always recognised. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, people say. Chance adds a peculiar zest to many forms of amusement. Its presence excites us, and it ministers agreeably to the distraction of our thoughts for a time from the serious business of life. Why should we not throw away insignificant sums of money on a harmless pleasure, such as an hour at the roulette table may bring? In other words, the plea that is urged is that it is not unethical at times to abandon the rational ordering of life, and to deliver ourselves up to chances over which we have no control. That is what a man does who takes a lottery ticket or stakes a sovereign at roulette. The defence that it amuses him is not a sound defence, although a very natural one in some cases. People who pass their lives in uninteresting routine, e.g. in factories, ought not to be severely blamed if they endeavour to escape from the intolerable monotony of their lives, by staking a shilling now and then on an issue of pure chance.

Mr Ramsay MacDonald once wrote an essay on

'Gambling and Citizenship'* in which he rightly laid stress on the indubitable fact that the bleakness and drudgery of working-class life in too many instances account for the attractiveness of gambling. When he proceeded, however (in his manner of twenty years ago), to suggest that the fault was really that of 'the worthless upper classes' who set the example to 'outcast plebeians,' he entered on a path where I am unable to follow him. The gambling craze is not a class disease; it grows out of the desire to escape from monotony, which is common to every class. And in every class, to use Mr MacDonald's words, the 'vice develops the self-regarding instincts into hideous and criminal proportions.' So, too, while it is true that 'the gambling spirit is a menace to any form of labour party' (words which the promoters of the Russian treaty might wisely have laid to heart), it is equally a menace to the success of any Government, of whatever political complexion, which does not look ahead before it leaps.

The plea, then, that to play games of hazard, or to bet on an issue wholly or mainly determined by chance is a legitimate way of escaping from the dullness of routine, is not sound. This line of escape is not only dangerous; it is wrong. It is not in keeping with the dignity of a rational being deliberately to introduce chance into his life. Kant's 'categorical imperative' is not a bad test to apply in a case of casuistry like this. Could we justify the universalising of the principle which lies behind betting on chance? The question answers itself. It is quite true that the presence of chance adds charm to many innocent amusements, but that is because, far from introducing it voluntarily, we are fighting against it and trying to eliminate its influence by the exercise of our keenest wits.

Every one has often to take chances, that is, to act without any certain prevision what the issue of our action may be. But it is not rational to act on chance when we can help it. If I am wandering in a strange country, it may be impossible for me to form any reasoned opinion as to which of two diverging paths will bring me to my destination, and then I have to

* In 'Betting and Gambling,' ed. by B. Seebohm Rowntree (1905).

'chance' it. But I should be acting like a fool if I 'chanced' it before I had examined the lie of the country and tried to form a judgment as to which was the most likely path. And not only should I be acting like a fool, but I should be acting unethically. Reason is man's prerogative, his highest faculty, and to neglect to use it is wrong. Every one recognises this in the management of large affairs. He who would leave the choice of an investment for money to chance would be justly condemned as acting not only foolishly, but immorally. And the principle remains unaltered even when the stake is trifling, although the consequences may not be so serious. The prudent conduct of life requires a continuous effort to eliminate chance, so far as possible, and to provide for all contingencies that may arise. Probability is the guide of life, as Bishop Butler said, but we must examine the probabilities pro and con. It is not only in politics that the saying is true, '*gouverner c'est prévoir*': it is true of the government of the personal life. The old moralists used to express this by including prudence among the virtues, no doubt rightly. But no form of imprudence is so reckless or so unethical as that which invites the intervention of chance in the ordering of life.

This explains why the comparison, that is sometimes drawn, between life insurance and betting, is misleading. It has been said that when I insure my life, I make a bet with the insurance company that I will die within a year. They, on the other hand, back my chances of living. The transaction is not accurately described when it is spoken of in this way. My action in insuring my life is exactly contrary to betting on chance. I undertake to pay a certain sum of money annually as premium, precisely in order that I may eliminate the effect of chance on my financial position at death. I settle deliberately how much I am to pay per annum, and how much my heirs are eventually to receive. If I were not to insure my life, but to trust that I could and would save as much annually as would in the end make suitable provision for those to come after me, then I would be trusting to chance. I may not live more than a year or two; then my heirs will have nothing. Or I may, of course, live for fifty years, in which case, if I go on saving

they will have a good legacy. But as I cannot tell how long I have to live, the only way of securing a definite sum for my successors and of eliminating chance from the matter, is to insure my life. Life insurance is the very opposite of gambling ; for it reduces the element of chance to a minimum for the person who is insured. Nor is it a gambling transaction for the company, inasmuch as when they are dealing with thousands of lives, the average duration of life is all that they need consider in calculating the rates of premium. That which would be a gamble if the company were dealing with a single life becomes a reasoned and secure investment when the number of lives is multiplied sufficiently.

These considerations, however, bring us but a short way towards the solution of our problem, for very little betting is, consciously, betting on 'chance.' In many games the element of chance enters in, but the object of the player is to eliminate its possible consequence by means of his skill ; and the better the player, the more completely does he get the better of chance. For instance, to the ordinary amateur there is a good deal of luck at billiards ; but for the professional player, who can control the balls scientifically, the game is one of pure skill. Every player, bad or good, tries to win by skill ; he tries to place the balls so that his next shot shall be an easy one. That is, every one tries to get rid of chance in his game, although it is only the expert who succeeds in this. If a player backs himself to win, he is not betting on chance at all ; he is staking a certain sum on the result of his skill and dexterity. And so it is in other games, such as the card game of bridge. In bridge, chance is a factor which cannot be entirely eliminated ; but all the time the players are calculating the probabilities as to where the cards lie. They back, if they play for money, not their luck, but their foresight and their memory. It is plain that this represents a wholly different mental attitude from that of the man who bets on the fall of a coin, and it ought to be differently judged.

Let us go on to the commonest, and the most demoralising, form of betting practised in these countries, I mean the betting on horse races. Here, again, we

must distinguish. A lover of horses, with an expert knowledge of the pedigree and of the 'form' of the competing animals, as he sees them before the race, may form his own judgment as to the probable winner. That judgment is not formed at haphazard; he knows the look of a good horse; he picks the horse of his choice and backs him, if he can get what he considers reasonable odds. That is not betting on chance; it is backing his judgment as to the probabilities of the case, although there can be no certainty. And many good sportsmen are accustomed to bet on the course after this fashion. Such betting is comparable to investment in speculative stock. A man studies the stock markets and comes to the conclusion that a particular stock is likely to improve in value, whether because of what he knows of the ability and honesty of the directors (if it is the stock of a commercial company), or of the trade conditions prevailing, or of the international situation and so forth. He concludes it to be probable that the stock will rise and he buys some. I am not considering the case where a man buys so much that a mistake would be his ruin on settling day. Let us confine our investor to straightforward, ordinary investment. It is, undoubtedly, determined by a balancing of probabilities; and, in this point of view, it is the same kind of transaction as that of betting on a horse by one who knows all about horses and the capacities of the individual horses competing in a particular race.

Unhappily, most of the bets on races are made by people who know nothing whatever about horses. Some are so foolish as to suppose that tipsters can supply them with valuable information, and that in following the guidance of their tipster they are acting more prudently than their neighbour who superstitiously trusts to 'luck.' Others trust their study of 'form' as recorded in the newspapers. And so forth. The unfortunate thing is that these people do not realise that they are really betting on pure chance. They are no more able to form a judgment as to a likely winner, than they are to form a judgment as to whether the ball will turn up red or black at roulette. These are the people who make the fortune of the bookmakers. *They* leave as little as possible to chance, for making a book is not done at

haphazard but by the exercise of much astute calculation. But the backers, who put their money on a horse which they have never seen, and of which they would not understand the points if they did see it, are like the man who tosses a coin and bets on the result. Yet the habit, once formed, of gambling or betting on luck, is hard to eradicate. Many years ago, Bishop Westcott of Durham told me a story of a woman in a mining district in his diocese. She was in dire poverty, and begged a little help for herself and her baby from a district visitor. She was given two shillings to keep her going until inquiries could be made. She came again the next day, but was asked why she had spent the two shillings so quickly. 'I did not waste it,' she said with tears in her eyes; 'I spent a shilling on bread and milk for the child, and I put the other shilling on a horse!' So inveterate was the idea that gambling on chance was a proper way of spending money, that she saw nothing to blame herself for. Had she spent the extra shilling on drink, that would have been blameworthy; but to put it on a horse was an ordinary investment from her point of view. Lord Beaconsfield is said to have described the turf as 'a vast engine of national demoralisation,' and those who study the Report of the Select Committee will not be inclined to think his language too strong, despite all that may truly be said of horse-racing as a fine form of sport.

We return to the point that there is a peculiarly unethical element in betting on chance, and a great deal of betting on horses is nothing else, which is not present when men back their superior skill or knowledge. All the business of buying and selling resolves itself into backing one's opinion. There is no certainty, but a high probability that the purchase of a commodity at a particular moment will result in a profit to the buyer. He cannot be quite sure of this, but he uses his knowledge and experience so as to reduce the factor of chance as much as possible. *Caveat emptor.* He must take his chances, but he is careful that nothing which he can avoid is left to chance. No doubt, there are business transactions of this sort which are very immoral. There is such a thing as 'sharp practice' both in business and on the Stock Exchange as well as in horse-racing. But

he immorality in such cases is wholly different from the specific immorality inherent in betting on chance. Probably there are forms of betting, as there are business practices, which are wrong because they are dishonest. The other party to the deal does not get fair play. But it is not always easy to say when this point has been reached. Would I be justified in buying on a bookstall a first edition of Burns for sixpence, which I knew I could sell for 100*l.*? Or would I be justified in taking advantage on a racecourse of a private 'tip' that a particular horse is in bad condition, and in placing my bets accordingly? Would a statesman be justified in using his knowledge of Cabinet secrets when making his private investments? People will answer these questions differently, according to their habits and their prejudices. I do not offer any answer here. But whether such transactions be right or wrong, none of them is wrong on the ground that chance has been invoked. And to gamble on one's luck, that is, to leave the disposition of money to chance, is always wrong, be the method of the gamble never so honest.

It may be replied to this that to bet increases the interest in a game, and that one gets more enjoyment out of a game of golf if one has half a crown on the result. But this is not to bet on chance: it is to back skill. It seems a pity to foster the habit of always playing for money, because it robs a game of the enjoyment it ought to provide without the introduction of the idea of money. The practice of betting has degraded football, and it may yet degrade cricket unless it is checked. But in any case this is not betting on luck; it is of the nature of providing a prize for the winner at the loser's expense, and there is nothing specifically immoral about that.

Take another case which has been mentioned already, that of betting at bridge. This is held (I have to trust to hearsay) to enliven the game greatly, and to make the players more careful. Again, it seems a pity to bring in the idea of money when one is only playing a game. But it is to be observed that, although there is an element of chance in bridge, it is not this factor to which the players are trusting. They are trusting to their own knowledge and astuteness, and the partners who succeed

best in appraising the probabilities of the hands dealt to them are likely to be the winners in the end. Provided that the stakes are limited, there is no moral difference between such betting and a transaction announced in the papers after President Harding's death. It was to the advantage of some persons in America to insure against Mr Henry Ford's becoming President of the United States at the next election, and the odds were settled by an English firm of underwriters at 100 to 6. No one entered into that transaction trusting to pure luck, but each party thought the probabilities good enough to justify its completion. Speculative investments (and betting at bridge is always speculative because of the chances that cannot be eliminated) are very imprudent if one cannot afford to lose; but they are not ethically wrong *per se* in all cases.

In so far, then, as one bets on luck, or chance, without knowledge or skill or calculation, one is acting immorally for that very reason. Where knowledge and chance are both factors, which is the more difficult case to estimate each transaction must be judged on its merits, provided always that as little as possible is left to chance. To bet on a horse of which we know only what we read in the newspapers is not far removed from betting on chance.

Nothing has yet been said about the policy of the State in regard to gambling. In this country lotteries are illegal, although they are legal in France or Austria and perhaps in Ireland. I believe that it was not any high ethical considerations that produced our Lottery Acts, but the circumstance that the Government of the day wished to keep lotteries as a State monopoly. However that may be, lotteries are now with us illegal; and if the argument—or part of it—put forward in this paper be accepted they are also immoral, because they invite people to invoke chance in the ordering of their lives. It is greatly to be hoped that any form of State lottery or issue of Premium Bonds will be discouraged in the future as well as in the past, and that roulette tables will as heretofore be treated as illegal.

The case of Premium Bonds may be thought to stand in a different category. If an investor of small means

is so fortunate as to draw a prize, the investment habit will probably be encouraged, and he is more likely in the future to invest his savings than to spend them unnecessarily. If he does not draw a prize, no harm is done, and he gets his dividend all the same. Surely, then, it is urged, the issue of Premium Bonds may be beneficial to the State rather than hurtful. But the point I have tried to make is that to *invoke* chance is always wrong, because it is to dethrone reason; and that it is extremely dangerous for the State to suggest that in the conduct of life the intervention of chance may legitimately be invoked. If this is right in the purchase of Premium Bonds, it is difficult to see why it should be wrong to purchase tickets for a lottery. These forms of gambling are immoral *per se*, as I have tried to show, and the State ought not to make money out of them.

Then comes the question as to taxing bets on racing. These cannot be condemned absolutely, unless one is prepared also to condemn speculative investments, in which, while knowledge and experience are helpful to the investor, luck plays the larger part. And how the law is fairly to distinguish between backing one's judgment in matters of sport and backing one's judgment in business is not very easy to say. But the similarity between the two kinds of transaction suggests that there is no ethical reason against the taxing of betting. Every stock certificate has to bear a stamp. This is a tax which is paid by the investor, of which no one complains, no matter how wild or speculative the investment may be. Certainly it does not encourage investment, for it adds, although but slightly, to its cost. Nor would a tax on betting encourage betting. It would come in the end out of the pockets of the backers, for bookmakers would take good care that their profits were not reduced. If it were a heavy tax, it would perceptibly shorten the odds, and so would reduce in a small degree the profits of the successful backer.

Mr Cautley's draft memorandum gives good reason for holding that the registration of bookmakers and their offices would not only add a considerable sum to the national revenue, but would discourage and probably cause the disappearance of the street bookmakers who

at present carry on their illicit business in every centre of industry. 'Street betting must be put an end to.' That is the conclusion which the Chairman of the Select Committee reached, and here he will have the general public with him. The matter has not yet been decided by Parliament, but it is one of grave urgency, upon which I have no space to dwell. The purpose of this article has been to distinguish between betting on chance which is always immoral, in a greater or less degree, and betting on skill or knowledge, whether real or presumed, which cannot be condemned as immoral *per se* without condemning many business transactions which no one would describe either as unethical or as anti-social.

On this view, State lotteries or lotteries for any purpose, the issue of premium bonds and the like, are indefensible. No matter how excellent a purpose may be furthered by their means, lotteries, whether for hospitals or for church extension, should be sternly suppressed, and the law put in action against them. They are demoralising, and it would be wrong for the State to recognise them by taxing them. But it is just as competent for the State to tax bookmakers as to tax stockbrokers, and the registration fees would be a legitimate source of national revenue. The Anglo-Saxon peoples will bet, despite all legislation, and it would be very unwise to attempt such an enlargement of the area of crime as would be necessary if all betting were illegal. The existing law is full of inconsistencies which ought to be adjusted; and it will be a service to the community if the more reputable forms of betting are 'recognised' by being taxed. Nor will there be anything unethical in the imposition of such a tax, for betting is not always immoral in itself, although highly dangerous and vicious in too many instances.

J. H. BERNARD.

Art. 6.—THE DECAY OF EUROPE.

SINCE the Peace of Versailles the face of Europe has undergone a change so radical that one who, like myself, has been absent for a couple of years feels on his return as though he had landed in some new continent or lighted upon a different epoch. Time-hallowed landmarks of history have gone, secular institutions have become obsolete, empires and kingdoms that had weathered the most violent political storms have been carried away by the sweep of ungauged forces, and the maps of ten years ago are become almost as useless as those of the 16th century. This break is further-reaching than most people are able to discern or willing to admit. Its causes, still operative, entail sinister consequences which cannot be staved off or modified without heroic efforts, and these the people interested seem unwilling to put forth. Meanwhile, the nations, like the Byzantines of Constantinople who went on wrangling and jabbering and snarling at each other when the enemy was at their gates, are blithely drifting towards a yawning gulf. We are witnessing the close of Europe's hegemony, and it may well be also of her civilisation.

Nor is it merely the outer symbols of the familiar culture which one misses to-day : the mental workings, the spiritual conformation of the leading peoples have been recast in new moulds and are hardly recognisable. Fresh ideals have been set up, and into the bewildered minds and souls of men strange beliefs and sentiments have been stamped which bewray the maelstrom of fierce passions wherein they took their rise. Individually and collectively the world's foremost races have dropped astern in the fairway of progress. True, their actual achievements had always fallen far short of their professions. Never, at the best of times, have the most refined peoples been able to dispense with two distinct codes of ethics, one for home use and the other for the shaping and maintenance of intercourse with foreign States ; the former a distant approach to morality, and the latter a charter of obliquity permitted within certain limits and under a conventional mask of decorum. To-day the political code has been further broadened until it contains hardly any recognised prohibitions,

while the private rule of conduct has been largely assimilated to the political. Formerly, for example, individuals were obliged, exhorted, or permitted to lie, rob, and murder only when the supposed good of the community—religious or political—was at stake. To-day the right to kill depends upon alleged motive, and cheek by jowl with political and social leaders of the old type one is hail-fellow-well-met with conscientious assassins and conceited bomb-throwers. Everywhere, except in Russia, the responsibility of private murderers is being gradually whittled away in the name of science or humanity. In short, never before has human history been spread out on such a vast scale, nor have any two of its divisions been sundered from each other by such a broad abyss as during the decennium 1915–1924.*

Some of the little-heeded differences between the states-system of ten years ago and that of to-day are, to my thinking, fraught with lasting consequences. One of these is the shrinkage of political Europe from a loosely cemented community of 449 millions to a potential entity of 300 millions. This falling off is due chiefly to the secession of Russia on the one hand and the assumed elimination of Great Britain on the other. As yet neither of these phenomena has met with the attention it deserves at the hands of governments or individuals. Moreover, few people realise the fact that previous to the world-war political Europe, which included both these realms from Valentia in Ireland to the Urals in Asia, was at bottom an informal federation whose members were linked together by common interests which were protected in a general way by public sentiment, and sporadically by treaties, leagues, and alliances. The members of this shadowy States-Union voluntarily recognised certain written and unwritten laws and complied with the corresponding obligations which regulated their intercourse among themselves. And, now and

* Cf. the writings of Francisco Nitti since the Peace of Versailles; the 2nd edition of Joseph Caillaux' book, 'Où va la France? Où va l'Europe?' Paris, 1924; 'L'Avenir de l'Entente Franco-Anglaise,' par René Pinon, Paris, 1924; 'Pan-Europa,' von R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, Wien, 1923; 'Europa 1914 und 1924,' von Dr Carl Brockhausen, Wien, 1924; 'The European States-System,' by R. B. Mowat, London, 1923.

again, a more than usually sagacious statesman, conscious of this quasi-organic relationship, boldly claimed, on the strength of it, generous or altruistic treatment for his erring but repentant country and had his claim allowed. But the peace-makers of the year 1919 were not of that calibre. With an eye only for the centrifugal forces of Europe they intensified the nationalist and suppressed the federative movements everywhere, throwing open the sluice gates to the flood of international anarchy. Therein lurks one of the main causes of Europe's decline.

It is worth noting that Europeanism as an ideal never wholly vanished from the political horizon. The common heritage handed down to the peoples of our Continent by their forbears included the tradition of their ideal solidarity. Of yore Europe had been unified as a congregation, the compacting principle in mediæval times being identity of religious beliefs. There were no other common interests then capable of cementing a union among its races and peoples. Membership of the universal Church was the sole line of cleavage and the one principle of cohesion. In those days, and for many subsequent generations, an armed conflict between two countries would automatically remain localised because it did not perceptibly affect the weal of their neighbours.

The European states-system of modern times was the outcome of a number of treaties construed in the light of an imaginary federation of countries anxious to uphold their own independence and ready to respect that of their neighbours. The groundwork was laid in the year 1648 * at an ambassadorial board at which each State was represented by a delegate. It was about that time too that the various political communities visibly awoke to consciousness of their common interests and responsibilities. The practical result was an embryonic commonwealth cemented by rules of comity, the validity and binding force of which depended upon voluntary recognition on the part of the members. This recognition was liable to be withdrawn whenever one State had the will, and believed that it also possessed the power, to extend its frontiers by dint of violence. Louis XIV, Frederic the Great, and Napoleon organised

* By the Treaty of Westphalia.

such sallies which, reacting upon the various communities, goaded Europe as a whole into concerted self-defence, and it was always in the name of Europe as a whole that the larger breaches in the system were ultimately repaired. The general bent of the governments was to respect the *status quo*, and in case of need to protect it against the inroads of would-be overlords; and this tendency took palpable shape in military coalitions, congresses for the liquidation of wars and peace-treaties. In these ways the States of the old Continent were slowly moving in the direction of a formal federation, and in the meanwhile the shadowy over-State seemed strong enough and conscious enough to repel any effort to found a hegemony. On these principles and contingencies war and peace have hinged since the year 1648.

Thus, on the one hand, there was the natural process of cohesion already begun which, left to itself, would conceivably have culminated in a formal federation, and, on the other, a series of fitful attempts by ambitious statesmen to divert this international current into a national canal and found a sort of super-State like that dreamed of by Napoleon under the name of the Continental System. Each of these drifts kept the other in check, whereby progress was hampered and the stability of the European State-structure impaired. But the same fundamental idea underlay each—the growing necessity of compacting the various communities into a formal federation which should further common interests and present a united front to foreign enemies.

That idea was continuously in the air. It was accentuated by the shrinkage of distances occasioned by scientific inventions, by the increase of population,* and the inevitable trend towards co-operative action. Individualism had had its day and spent its force. Great and greater entities were being spontaneously formed in all walks of life. In short, the turn of association had come in the series of the terms of human progress. Long before, Peter the Great, irresistibly drawn towards Western civilisation, had applied for the European fran-

* Since the year 1800 the population of Europe has increased two and a half times.

chise. And he had no qualms on the score of political differences, inasmuch as democracies were not yet in sight. It was the Tsardom, therefore, not Russia, that joined the continental autocracy. As a matter of fact the people resisted the innovation tooth and nail, and were martyred in consequence. Theretofore Russia had been an Asiatic despotism. Peter, by way of qualifying for admission to the areopagus of cultured potentates, set himself to pluck up the Asiatic roots of Russian wont and training, but only succeeded in creating a Europeanised layer, an artificial class psychologically interesting but severed from the masses by an impassable chasm. Russia's *intelligentsia* was more alien from the bulk of the nation than was the latter from its Bulgarian, Serbian, or Slovenian kindred.

That process of Europeanisation has been reversed by the Bolsheviks with terrible thoroughness. By way of re-enlisting their country in the ranks of Asiatic races they removed their capital from the banks of the Neva to those of the Moskva, and slaughtered practically the entire Europeanised class created by Peter as its members fell into their hands. Nothing like this work of extermination had been witnessed since the time when Samuel said to Saul: "Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass. . ." For the Bolsheviks are thorough in their methods.

Down to the year 1917 Russia was expanding eastward and westward. This process was the effect of natural causes which have since been raised to their highest power by a fresh energising spirit which bursts all ordinary bounds. For Bolshevism is a religion by its fanaticism, intolerance, and belief in the impossible. It has been aptly likened to Islam, which was a terror to its non-conformist neighbours so long as it had the wherewithal to wage war on them. The mission of latter-day Russia is to Bolshevise the world, and especially the peoples of Europe, by fair means or foul. For how long will this task exceed its powers? Europe's western bulwark, hitherto formed by Teutonic States, has been razed by the Peace-makers, and a weaker human wall of Poles and Roumanians now stands guard

over the road to the West. But Russia is thirty times greater than Poland and Roumania combined, and four times greater than the rest of Continental Europe. Moreover, economically she is one and indivisible, militarily she has no match, ethically she has no scruples, and territorially she may be said to be immune from invasion. Russia is the spectre which some statesmen perceive looming in the offing, when they have leisure to look ahead.

If European peoples remain mutually hostile or isolated from each other, what chance have they of withstanding Russia and her Oriental neophytes? And should Germany be driven to her arms as a client and ally, then woe betide the West! As a member of the European sodality Russia was temporarily harmless. As a vast militarist federation of politico-social fanatics she is more than a match for any European people. If, therefore, a European sodality was desirable in pre-war times it is become a peremptory necessity to-day.

The Congress of Vienna had mooted the matter, proclaimed an association of the States of Europe, and, with the pretence of applying the doctrine, three Continental Governments actually undertook in a treaty* to be guided in their home and foreign policies by the principles of Christianity; and, on the strength of this joint resolution, claimed to act as the guardians of the European community. And there certainly followed a rough approximation to a Continental organisation. It might be described as a theocracy in which the place of the divinity was usurped by crowned, apotheosised, and modernised Vikings. After its establishment the leading statesmen met from time to time in the name of all Europe to compose differences among bickering States and determine their attitude towards rebellious nations. Thus, down to the outbreak of the Crimean War, the Great Powers looked upon themselves, and acted, as the spokesmen and trustees of this political concern. And they began fairly well, setting their faces against undue

* Russia, Austria, and Prussia, September 1815. Their association was known and brandmarked as the Holy Alliance, of which Castlereagh said that it was 'a piece of sublime mysticism and nonsense.'

territorial expansion, and actually prevented war once or twice by exercising and enforcing moderation.* But that Christian covenant, having been made by absolute monarchs and not by free peoples, was but a baited trap. Quite soon those self-constituted guardians of the European federation trod roughshod over their lofty principles and pulled down their own political structure.

After the Treaty of Paris of 1856, the various nations of Europe formed a loose community held together by implicit consent and as a mere matter of expediency. This relative cohesion, which showed itself only on critical occasions, was one of the factors of Europe's greatness and also of the material prosperity of its individual peoples. In spite of the diversity of races and tongues, the clashing of aims, and the deep-seated propensity to quarrel, the character, enterprise, and adaptability of its peoples won for them the virtual mastery of the globe.

A peninsula rather than a continent, Europe, which is the smallest of the great geographical division of the planet,† thus became the overlord of the best part of it, influenced the inhabitants profoundly, and bade fair to remould them for good or evil. It swayed a territory seven times greater than its own, held the keys to the sciences, and sent its engineers, physicians, and teachers to reclaim jungles, fight deadly diseases, and dispel crass human ignorance. European workshops and factories were supplied with the most perfect machinery, and had the pick and choice of raw stuffs and the control of the markets of the world.

Relative cohesion was an indispensable condition of those advantages. To-day it is become an indispensable condition of the political and economical independence of each of the Continental States of Europe. Yet no practical steps are being taken to fulfil that condition. Before the war the need of union was discerned by one or two statesmen. The late Count Witte, who kept ever turning it over in his mind, discussed it on one or two occasions with the German Kaiser and Tsar Nicholas II

* For instance, Tsar Nicholas I waived his right to intervene in Turkey single-handed, although it had been conferred upon him by treaty.

† It contains ten million square miles, as against forty millions in Africa and forty-three in America.

and oftentimes with me.* His scheme was essentially economical, and consisted in the grouping together of all the Continental Powers in a federative customs union. Its peculiarity lay in the elimination of Britain unless and until the Channel Tunnel, for the construction of which Baron d'Erlanger has since worked so hard, should be built and opened. Witte held that England's geographical position which separates her from the mainland also disqualifies her for membership of the European Federation. She was then a European kingdom with overseas colonies and dominions. To-day she is deemed to be an intercontinental States Union, not a European Great Power. Moreover, she no longer, it is said, dominates her overseas empire—she but presides over it. But her interest in the peace of Europe is greater now than ever, because the security which her insularity once bestowed upon her has been shattered since the advent of the airship. This loss may still be made good politically by means of a friendly understanding with the European Federation, but not militarily by air defences against it. The elimination of the British Empire from the European States Union, it is urged, is inspired by no unfriendly motives. Its complement would be a treaty of friendship and commerce, in the interests of both. All that, however, is by the way. The insurmountable obstacle that Witte encountered lay in the rooted ill-feeling between Germany and France, and to-day that obstacle is more formidable than ever.

The barriers which thus continually keep the nations apart are primarily political. If Europe were a federation, as is the North American Republic, with no internal lets to trade or traffic and therefore no temptation to expansion, the danger of a sanguinary conflict must shrink so considerably that disarmament would impose itself as a peremptory corollary. The gain accruing from this measure in money, men, and cultural acquisitions, to each member of the federation and to the entire Continent, would be incalculable. And this consummation, marking the penultimate step towards a veritable league of nations, would usher in the dawn of a new

* A most interesting talk which he had with Kaiser Wilhelm II is given on pp. 342-347 of the 'Eclipse of Russia,' by E. J. Dillon. Dent, 1918.

era. Thus to combine in a political synthesis national sovereignty with close international co-operation, is the one and only efficacious cure for the ills from which the human race is suffering.

Some of the far-resonant events of the reign of Tsar Nicholas II—the two Hague Conferences, for instance—were mistakenly deemed to foretoken the advent of a much larger federation than that projected by Witte. Enthusiasts fancied that by a single bound a system of world-States might be established without passing through the intermediate stage of a united Europe. To-day the same delusion is harboured by the apostles and officials of the League of Nations—mass-suggestion being one of the characteristics of our epoch. Belief in that well-meaning body is fraught with danger to Europe, by conferring a false sense of security.

If the welding together of the principal European peoples was at once urgent and difficult in pre-war days, it has become more necessary and less feasible since peace on earth was proclaimed at Versailles, Lausanne, and elsewhere. Before the world-war Europe was made up of twenty-six sovereign States. The Peace-makers raised the number to thirty-eight, twelve of which are rickety entities, lacking vital sap and dependent for their existence on the tolerance and good nature of their neighbours. It has been computed that two-thirds of our Continent consist of independent countries each one containing fewer inhabitants than New York. Yet most of these and nearly all the others are arrogant, greedy, jealous, and vindictive, and what with their customs-barriers, passport regulations, and police byelaws they have turned international commerce into a fiery ordeal and private travel into a series of mishaps and humiliations.

This multiplication of sovereign realms means a large addition to the forces working to bring about another world-conflict. Chauvinism and its virulent spirit—rife among most of them—overmatch the bent towards federation. Suspicion, jealousy, hatred, and intrigue poison intercourse between people and people. A large section of the press is on the side of militarism. History itself deliberately furthers and spreads the causes of disintegration and fortifies political prejudice;

and at present the people of Europe are further removed from neighbourly coalition and nearer to an irreparable catastrophe than twenty years ago. True, the autocracies have been weeded out, and to-day all strictly European * States rejoice in a common democratic denominator. But although the War and the Peace thus suppressed one of the chief obstacles to European federation they also made short work of many of the conditions which had furthered the process of cohesion. Take Austria as an instance. Down to the year 1914 that monarchy held together without undue violence eleven different nationalities. Throughout that vast extent of territory trade, commerce, and private journeys were untrammelled. To-day the hindrances, fees, and formalities are numerous, irritating, and needless. For that country of 12,000 square miles is now parcelled out into seven independent republics, each one proud of its history, buoyed up by faith in its mission, jealous of its neighbours, impatient of criticism, and conscientiously making ready for the coming war.

One might aptly describe the present situation by saying that whereas world conditions render the immediate federation of European peoples imperatively indispensable, the internal relations produced by the Peace Treaty make it virtually impossible. Co-operation and association are, as we saw, the general characteristics of progressive humanity as a whole. Competition and self-defence under the harsh conditions which a much larger population, the conquest of space, rapidity of communications, and the accumulation of capital have brought about, require more powerful groups of federated peoples, settled peace, confidence in its stability, and deliverance from the crushing burden of taxation for armaments. Those are the terms of the problem that confronts us. Whether or no it be possible to solve it satisfactorily is a different matter: the task set by circumstance is just that and no other. If Europe is willing—there is no doubt that she is able—to fulfil those conditions, all may yet be well. If not, then the outcome is more certain and will be hardly less tragical than was the fate of Belshazzar's kingdom after the

* Russia is no longer one.

fiery writing had appeared on the wall of his banqueting chamber.

No nation can stand by itself and hold its own in the present Titanic struggle for existence any more than a private individual can lead the 'simple life' and dispense with the services of his fellows. Latter-day civilisation like Briareus has a hundred hands by which it seizes and fastens on persons and nations. We work through syndicates and trusts, and think in continents and billions. The contemporary European community has to compete not with another like community on terms of approximate equality, but with a whole continent such as the United States or with an international group of realms in different continents like the British Empire. Those huge concerns find capital, labour, and raw stuffs within their own boundaries and therefore enjoy enormous advantages which the solitary European republic does not possess. A single continental State, therefore, stands no chance against an aggressor say of the size, situation, and quasi-religious fanaticism of Bolshevik Russia or against a financial rival like the United States. In a word, Europe, as the War and the Peace have made it, offers to outside adversaries a spectacle and a temptation similar to those which Poland presented to her greedy neighbours in the last third of the 18th century.

To-day the European States-system rests on the quicksands of national selfishness and personal ambitions. That is the negative side of the Versailles arrangement. Responsibility for the world-war is still under discussion. Responsibility for the peace is clear and unquestionable. But it would be unfair to blame the Peace Delegates too severely. They are answerable only for a single lapse: having been taught that experience, knowledge, tact, and sound judgment are of the essence of statesmanship, they set themselves to prove the contrary—and failed. They held that if Germany and Austria, whom they set down as the authors of the world-war, were reduced to impotence an era of settled peace and lighter financial burdens would begin. Accordingly they gave those two Powers their quietus. And now? Is peace settled? Have war preparations relaxed? Is taxation lighter? None of these anticipations has been fulfilled.

Why? Because the Peace Treaties have engendered more grievances in the shape of the unfair allotment of territories and greater hardship and injustice in the treatment of minorities, and therefore made the States and nationalities more restless and peace more precarious than before.

It is admitted on all hands that the present frontiers of several States are eminently unfair. Those of Germany, Hungary, Austria are striking examples. In fixing them the reconstructors of new Europe blundered woefully. It is but right, however, to add that they had a Gordian knot to untie and they cut it. For Solomon with all his wisdom would have found it beyond his powers to assign satisfactory frontiers to the Eastern States of Europe. Several of those communities have had geographical, historical, economic, linguistic, and strategic frontiers which differ from each other considerably, some of them encroaching iniquitously on the territory of other Powers. And the latter are the frontiers to which they generally lay claim. Consequently, whichever kind of boundary the areopagus might choose would be certain to aggrieve mortally one or even both the interested rivals. The Peace Treaties abound in illustrations. They have assigned to one State a foreign population of nearly fifty per cent., to a second one of over fifty per cent., and to others lesser but large refractory foreign elements. Those acts of injustice cannot be righted peacefully: only a war can alter national boundaries, and the next war will do more—it will decimate nations as well.

But the baleful effects of European policies do not end there. Formerly the State which gathered within its precincts two or more nationalities left them free to cultivate their respective language, history, press, educational systems, customs, and traditions. Austria and Switzerland are examples. The denationalisation of their various nationalities formed no part of their programme. To-day such foreign elements have fallen upon evil times. They are denied all those rights, and are being systematically denationalised as a step preliminary to their assimilation by the ruling race. The bitter complaints of the Southern Tyrolese, for instance, who

are now being systematically deprived of their very souls, enable one to form an idea of what victims of that category endure, and why it is that, wroth and powerless as they are, they set their hopes of redress in a new war, the awful consequences of which they are unable to conjure up. And of such nationalities, many of them malcontents who are restive under the galling yoke of a foreign State, which they cannot hope to shake off peacefully, there are now in Europe forty-seven millions!

One of the assassins of Tsar Alexander II, Kibaltchitch by name, whose lawyer I knew personally, was working hard at a scientific invention when he was condemned to die, and his only wish was to obtain a respite of a few days in which to complete it. According to his counsel, who explained it to me at the time, it was a mechanism for navigating airships by means of powerful explosives. The idea of explosives as a means of propelling airships is calculated to make the present generation shudder. Well, the policy of Europe's leaders is analogous to that. Progress by means of bloody wars and revolutions deserves another name.

Among the citizens of the various democracies, as well as between people and people, the effects of this selfish nationalism are corrosive. It is one of the principal causes of the high cost of living, of the drop in the standard of culture, of the savage class-war, the fierce unrest, and the growth of anarchism everywhere in Europe. Individuals and classes are profoundly dissatisfied with economic conditions, and minorities, cut from their familiar moorings and annexed to grasping foreign States, are keen to snap the ties that bind them. Moral buoys and beacons have been displaced. Thus weakened internally and at daggers drawn with each other, the Continental democracies must fall an easy prey to the first formidable aggressor.

Of race degeneracy to which the decay of Europe is usually ascribed there is nowhere any trace. The same races on North American soil, aided by some suitable political institutions which they themselves fashioned at the cost of heavy sacrifices, have harvested in a larger measure of material success than their European kinsmen whose most redoubtable trade-rivals they have

already become. To the commercial fanaticism of those transplanted Europeans is largely due the new set of world-conditions to which the dwellers on this shore of the Atlantic have hitherto shrunk from adapting themselves. It is precisely in this matter of adaptation that the crux of the problem lies.

While the imperialist democracies of the Old World are preparing to tear each other to pieces, the forty-eight Republics of North America form a single harmonious community. The initial advantages which they enjoyed over their European cousins were unity of language, and freedom from the drags of legendary history and fantastic tradition. For half a century they have had no war on their territory, which is double the size of Continental Europe. Obligatory military service does not exist there, nor do customs barriers or passport hindrances. Industry and commerce are consequently thriving and all the mechanical arts progressing. Indeed, in the work of mechanisation the Yankees have a Midas-like touch easily recognisable when they apply it—as is their wont—to the ideal world. They have won markets everywhere, and are become the creditors as well as the presumptive heirs of decadent Europe which, with a population three times greater, a territory twice as small, and, therefore, a much keener stimulus to exertion, is producing considerably less than in pre-war days.

In the old Continent class is ruining class, and in some places labour-control is become the bane of productivity. Honest toil is taxed to the uttermost. Wild speculation and double dealing are privileged. Customs trammels sunder ore from coal-mines, raw materials from workshops, agricultural produce from industrial centres. The consequences of these incongruities threaten to become catastrophic as soon as the struggle for the markets of Russia and the Far East becomes acute. Of those fruits we are already having a foretaste. European nations are beggared. Millions of wretched individuals who were, and might still be, contented and useful have no work to do, and are either living listlessly on the earnings of their toiling fellows or else striving to break away from the ill-starred Continent and settle elsewhere under a luckier star. Large numbers of Europeans have

perished miserably of hunger or of the epidemics it engenders.

There is but one way of mending all that, of equalising the conditions of the life-battle and rendering them less ruthless—federation. Although this lesson of history is obvious only a few public workers like M. Benes and the late Take Jonescu have hitherto taken it to heart. The Little Entente is at once a splendid testimony to their faith in the remedy and a terrible demonstration of the difficulty of applying it. The peoples have the power, but not the will, to join hands and forge a United States of Europe. Were their will once exerted nothing could stand in their way. The Yankees made this clear. When they perceived that one half of their Continent, being outside their federation, might one day by hostility or friendship bring in the Europeans and enmesh their Republic in foreign wars, they boldly merged all America into a single community and decreed it to be one and indivisible for the purpose of repelling invaders from without. In issuing that document President Monroe exceeded his powers, put forward an untenable claim, and usurped a historic rôle; but he guaranteed the Union against unwarranted foreign meddling for all time. And later on when Beauregard fired the first shot which announced the decision of the Southern States to secede, the North did not shrink from civil war in order to compel them to stay in. And to-day politicians and moralists alike belaud the wisdom and the ethics of those makers of the North American Republic.

European peoples display neither the intelligent anticipation nor the wise imprudence of their American kinsmen. Is it because they are incapable of either? History depicts them as vainglorious and quarrelsome entities, for whom peace is but an episode—a period of rest and preparation between two wars. And their leaders have not forgotten the description. Full-fronted with the alternatives of union or downfall, they are seeking to dodge both by striking out a roundabout course. But this ambitious scheme, known as the League of Nations, is but a torso of holy simplicity. Nations too quarrelsome and unsocial to combine among themselves for the protection of their own vital interests

can hardly be expected to combine for the furtherance of the remoter interests of humanity. Obviously that is the view taken by the United States which fights shy of Europe except as a sphere of influence and a field for financial operations.

Already Europe has sunk to the level of a sphere of influence and has not yet touched bottom. It is on the cards that it may yet become the battleground of coloured races. Writing about Morgan's loan to France the 'New York World' informed its readers that 'Wall Street dictated the terms to the French Government, obliging it to follow a conservative financial policy much as it obliged the London Reparation Conference to accept its conception as to how the Dawes Plan should be put into operation.' In Austria and Germany the reconstruction plans are also become canons of internal policy.

Thus the League of Nations with its concomitant League of Bankers far from removing the causes of war adds to them and is a source of grave entanglements to Europe's democracies. Lacking the arms to compel obedience and the moral authority to determine assent, it unwittingly inflicts wounds that linger and fester. Thus it failed to hinder the invasion of Anatolia by the Greeks, and that of Southern Russia by the Poles, and against its better judgment it abandoned just causes to the latter in the contests for Eastern Galicia, Upper Silesia, and Vilna. Those causes are sure to be reasserted one day on the battlefield. This military and moral unfitness for its functions explains why the League has been nicknamed 'a powerless caucus of Powers,' and 'an unjust arrangement for meting out justice.'

To sum up : State individualism is the ruin of Europe. It is fostered alike by nationalism, which has a selfish foreign policy, and by socialism, which has none. The peace-makers of Versailles merely accentuated the forces of disintegration by establishing frontiers which cry out for rectification, yet cannot be modified by peaceful procedure. Hence the present policy of European States is to assume the certainty of another war and to make ready for that. The money laid out for the necessary preparations raises the cost of living, lessens production of all kinds, swells the number of the unemployed, and

lowers the level of culture. This noxious process can be stopped only by a European League which would accomplish what the League of Nations will never achieve: it would abolish internecine wars by doing away with frontiers. Europe must become a unified economic domain before a genuine League of peace welds together the peoples of the world.

The patriots of all nations will protest against this doctrine as heretical, but the thinker will call to mind the Jewish story of a bloody fight for the temple which was once besieged by the partisans of one pretender and defended by those of another. Among the former was a pious man whose prayers were credited with marvellous efficacy, and who for that reason was ordered to kneel down and pray for the defeat of the besieged. But he prayed: 'Lord of the world. Father in Heaven! Within the temple are sons of Thy people. Without too are Thy people's sons. They are wroth with one another. Hearken not, O Lord, unto the prayers of the one nor unto the curses of the others.' The people stoned him to death.

E. J. DILLON.

Art. 7.—RELIGION AND THE LIFE OF CIVILISATION

EVER since the rise of modern scientific movement in the 18th century there has been a tendency among sociologists and historians of culture to neglect the study of religion in its fundamental social aspects. The apostles of the 18th-century Enlightenment were, above all, intent on deducing the laws of social life and progress from a small number of simple rational principles. They hacked through the luxuriant and deep-rooted growth of traditional belief with the ruthlessness of pioneers in a tropical jungle. They had felt no need to understand the development of the historic religions and their influence on the course of human history, for to them historic religion was essentially negative, it was the clogging and obscurantist power ever dragging back the human spirit in its path towards progress and enlightenment. With Condorcet they traced religious origins no further than to the duplicity of the first knave and the simplicity of the first fool.

And in the 19th century, apart from the St Simonian circle, the same attitude, expressed with less frankness and brutality, it is true, still dominated scientific thought and found classical expression in England in the Culture History of Buckle and in the Sociology of Herbert Spencer. Indeed, to-day, in spite of the reaction of the last thirty years, it has largely become a part of our intellectual heritage, and is taken for granted in much current sociology and anthropology. Religion was conceived of as a complex of ideas and speculations concerning the Unknowable, and thus belonged to a different world to that which was the province of sociology. The social progress, which the latter science studies, is the result of the direct response of man to his material environment and to the growth of positive knowledge concerning the material world. Thus social evolution is a unity which can be studied without reference to the numerous changing systems of religious belief and practice that have risen and fallen during its course. The latter may reflect in some degree the cultural circumstances in which they have arisen, but they are secondary, and in no sense a formative element in the production of culture.

And undoubtedly these ideas held good for the age in which they were formed. During the 18th and 19th centuries the world of secular culture was an autonomous kingdom, where progress owed nothing to the beliefs and sanctions of the existing authoritative religion. But it is dangerous to argue back from the highly specialised conditions of an advanced and complicated civilisation to the elementary principles of social development. Indeed, it needs but a moment's thought to realise that that extraordinary age of intellectual, political and economic revolution is comparable with no other period in the history of the world. It was at once creative and destructive, but essentially transitional and impermanent, and this instability was due to no other cause than to that very separation and dislocation of the inner and outer worlds of human experience, which the thinkers of the age accepted as a normal condition of existence.

For a social culture, even of the most primitive kind, is never simply a material unity. It involves not only a certain uniformity in social organisation and in the way of life, but also a continuous and conscious psychic discipline. Even a common language, one of the first requirements of civilised life, can only be produced by ages of co-operative effort—common thinking as well as common action. From the very dawn of primitive culture men have attempted, in however crude and symbolic a form, to understand the laws of life, and to adapt their social activity to their workings. Primitive man never looked on the world in the modern way, as a passive or at most mechanistic system, a background for human energies, mere matter for the human mind to mould. He saw the world as a living world of mysterious forces, greater than his own, in the placation and service of which his life consisted. And the first need for a people, no less vital than food or weapons, was the psychic equipment or armament, by which they fortified themselves against the powerful and mysterious forces that surrounded them. It is impossible for us to draw the line between religion and magic, between law and morals, so intimately is the whole social life of a primitive people bound up with its religion.

And the same is true of the earliest civilisation. The

first development of a higher culture in the Near East, the beginnings of agriculture and irrigation and the rise of city life, were profoundly religious in their conception. Men did not learn to control the forces of Nature, to make the earth fruitful, and to raise flocks and herds, as a practical task of economic organisation in which they relied on their own enterprise and hard work. They viewed it rather as a religious rite by which they co-operated as priests or hierophants in the great cosmic mystery of the fertilisation and growth of Nature. The mystical drama, annually renewed, of the Mother Goddess and her dying and reviving son and spouse was, at the same time, the economic cycle of ploughing and seed-time and harvest, by which the people lived. And the King was not so much the organising ruler of a political community as the priest and religious head of his people, who represented the god himself and stood between the Goddess and her people, interpreting to them the divine will, and eventually even offering up his own life for them in solemn ritual ceremony. Thus there was a profound sense that every man lived not by his own strength and knowledge, but by his acting in harmony with the divine cosmic powers, and this harmony could only be attained by sacrifice and at the price of blood, whether the sacrifice of virility, as in Asia Minor ; of the first-born children, as in Syria ; or of the life of the King himself, as we seem to see dimly in the very dawn of history throughout the Near East.

It is even possible that agriculture and the domestication of animals were exclusively religious in their beginnings, and had their origin in the ritual observation and imitation of the processes of Nature which is so characteristic of this type of religion. Certainly the mimicry of Nature was carried to very great lengths, as we can see in the religion of Asia Minor in historic times. Sir William Ramsay has even suggested that the whole organisation of the shrine of the Great Goddess at Ephesus and at other places in Lydia and Phrygia was an elaborate imitation of the life of the Bees and the hive, the priestesses being named Mellissæ—the working bees—the priests or ‘Essenes’ representing the drones, while the goddess herself was the Queen Bee, whose behaviour to her temporary partner certainly

bears a striking analogy to that of the Goddess to Atthis in the Phrygian legend.

It is, however, only in highly conservative regions like Asia Minor that we can see this primitive religion in comparative simplicity. In Babylonia at the very dawn of history in the fourth millennium B.C., it had already developed a highly specialised theology and temple ritual. The God and Goddess of each city had acquired special characteristics and personalities, and had taken their place in a Sumerian pantheon. But Sumerian civilisation still remained entirely religious in character. The God and the Goddess were the acknowledged rulers of their city, the king was but their high priest and steward. The temple, the house of the God, was the centre of the life of the community, for the God was the chief landowner, trader, and banker, and kept a great staff of servants and administrators. The whole city territory was, moreover, the territory of the God, and the Sumerians spoke, not of the boundaries of the city of Kish or the city of Lagash, but of the boundaries of the God Enlil or the god Ningirsu. All that the king did for his city was undertaken at the command of the God and for the God. Thus we read how Entemena of Lagash 'made the mighty canal at the boundary of Enlil for Ningirsu, the king whom he loved.' At the command of Enlil, Nina, and Ningirsu he cut the great canal from the Tigris to the Euphrates—the Shatt el Hai—which was one of the greatest feats of ancient engineering. All the remains of the ancient literature that have come down to us prove that this is not merely the phraseology of the state religion, it represented a profound popular belief in the interdependence and communion of the city and its divinity.

Turning to Egypt, we find a no less intensely religious spirit impregnating the archaic culture. The Egyptian religion is, however, less homogeneous than that of Mesopotamia or of Asia Minor. In the first place, there is the worship of the animal gods of the nomes, which is the primitive religion of the natives of the Nile valley; secondly, there is the cult of Osiris, which is essentially similar to that of the Asiatic nature-god Tammuz and Adonis, of whom we have just spoken, and which was no doubt introduced into the Delta in

predynastic times from Syria or Palestine; finally, there is the religion of the Sun God, which became the official cult of the Pharaohs and inspired the whole development of the archaic Egyptian civilisation.

Never, perhaps, before or since has a high civilisation attained to the centralisation and unification that characterised the Egyptian state in the age of the Pyramid Builders. It was more than state socialism, for it meant the entire absorption of the whole life of the individual in a cause outside himself. The whole vast bureaucratic and economic organisation of the Empire was directed to a single end, the glorification of the Sun God and his child the God-King.

'It is He (the Sun God) who has adorned thee (Egypt).

It is He who has built thee.

It is He who has founded thee.

Thou dost for Him everything that He says to thee
In every place where He goes.

Thou carriest to Him every tree that is in thee.

Thou carriest to Him all food that is in thee.

Thou carriest to Him the gifts that are in thee.

Thou carriest to Him everything that is in thee.

Thou carriest to Him everything that shall be in thee.

Thou bringest them to Him

To every place where His heart desires to be.*

It is indeed one of the most remarkable spectacles in history to see all the resources of a great culture and a powerful state organised, not for war and conquest, not for the enrichment of a dominant class, but simply to provide the sepulchre and to endow the chantries and tomb-temples of the dead kings. And yet it was this very concentration on death and the after-life that gave Egyptian civilisation its amazing stability. The Sun and the Nile, Re and Osiris, the Pyramid and the Mummy, as long as these remained, it seemed that Egypt must stand fast, her life bound up in the unending round of prayer and ritual observance. All the great development of Egyptian art and learning—astronomy and mathematics and engineering—grew up in service of this central religious idea, and when in the age of final

* Breasted, 'The Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt,' pp. 13-14.

decadence, foreign powers took possession of the sacred kingdom, Libyans and Persians, Greeks and Romans, all found it necessary to 'take the gifts of Horus' and to disguise their upstart imperialism under the forms of the ancient solar theocracy, in order that the machinery of Egyptian civilisation should continue to function.

Yet both in Egypt and in Western Asia, the primitive theocratic culture had begun to decline by the second half of the third millennium B.C. The rise of the great states in Egypt and Babylonia had, on the one hand, made man less dependent on the forces of Nature, and on the other hand, had brought him face to face with a new series of problems—moral and intellectual—which appear in a striking form in the early Egyptian literature of the Middle Kingdom. The song of King Intef, the Admonition of Ipuwer, the complaint of Khekheperre-Sonbu, and above all the so-called Dialogue of One Weary of Life with his own Soul, all bear witness to a profound criticism of life, and an intense spiritual ferment. And at the same period in Babylonia we find a similar attitude expressed in the poem of the Righteous Sufferer, the so-called Babylonian Job. Man no longer accepted the world and the state as they were, as the manifestation of the divine powers. They compared the world they knew with the social and moral order that they believed in, and condemned the former. Consequently, for the first time we get a sense of dualism between what is and what ought to be, between the way of men and the way of the gods. The state and the kingship are no longer entirely religious in the kings of the new type—those 12th Dynasty monarchs who are among the greatest and most virile monarchs that have ever reigned. We are conscious of a clear realisation of human, personal power and responsibility and at the same time of a profound disillusionment. We see this in the famous inscription which Senusret III set up at the southern boundary of Egypt bidding his subjects not to worship his statue, but to fight for it, and yet more intimately in the warning that the founder of the dynasty, Amenemhet I, gave to his son and successor. 'Fill not thy heart with a brother, know not a friend, make not for thyself intimates wherein there is no end, harden thyself against subordinates, that thou mayest

be king of the earth, that thou mayest be ruler of the lands, that thou mayest increase good! *

The same spirit of pride and self-reliance breathes in the fierce leonine faces of Senusret III and Amenemhet III, and distinguishes the sculpture of the 12th Dynasty from that of the Old Kingdom, which, for all its realism, was interpenetrated by a profoundly religious spirit. Hence perhaps the premature ending of this brilliant epoch, and the return after the Hyksos invasions to the traditional religiosity of the past, which was inseparable from the survival of the Egyptian state. That the new spirit of criticism and thought continued to be active is, however, proved by the appearance under the 18th Dynasty in the 14th century B.C. of Akenaten's bold attempt to institute a new solar monotheism as the state religion of Egypt and Syria. Here already in the 14th century B.C. we find the essentials of a world religion—a religion that is universal in its claims, and which attempts to find the source and first principle which lies behind all the changing phenomena of Nature. But the traditional theocratic religion-culture of the Nile valley was too strong for any such innovation, and the author of the reform went down to history as 'the criminal of Akhetaton.'

But in the course of the following millennium a spiritual change of the most profound significance passed over the world, a change which was not confined to any one people or culture, but which made itself felt from India to the Mediterranean, and from China to Persia. And it brought with it a complete revolution in culture, since it involved the destruction of the old religious civilisation that was based on a co-operation with the divinised forces of Nature, and the discovery of a new world of absolute and unchanging reality beside which the natural world—the world of appearance and of earthly life—paled into a shadow and became dream-like and illusory.

Alike in India and in Greece, we can trace a striving towards the conception of an invisible underlying cosmic cause or essence—Atman, Logos, the One—and of the

* 'Cambridge Ancient History,' I, p. 303; Breasted, op. cit., p. 303: Ibid. 'Ancient Records of Egypt,' I, pp. 474-483.

unreality of the continual flux which makes up the phenomenal world, but it was in India that the decisive step was first taken, and it was in India that the new view of reality was followed out unwaveringly in all its practical implications.

'He who dwelling in the earth,' says Yajnavalkya, 'is other than the earth, whom the earth knows not, whose body the earth is, who inwardly rules the earth, is thy Self (Atman), the Inward Ruler, the deathless. He who dwelling in all beings, is other than all beings, whom all beings know not, whose body all beings are, who inwardly rules all beings, is thy Self, the Inward Ruler, the deathless. He unseen sees, unheard hears, unthought thinks, uncomprehended comprehends. There is no other than he who sees—hears—thinks—comprehends. He is thy Self, the Inward Ruler, the deathless. All else is fraught with sorrow.' *

'This Self (Atman) is the dyke holding asunder the worlds that they fall not one into another. Over this dyke pass not day and night, nor old age, nor death, nor sorrow, nor good deeds, nor bad deeds. All ills turn away thence; for this Brahma-world is void of ill. Therefore in sooth the blind after passing over this dyke is no more blind, the wounded no more wounded, the sick no more sick. Therefore in sooth even Night after passing over this dyke issues forth as Day; for in this Brahma world is everlasting light.' †

Hence the one end of life, the one task for the wise man, is Deliverance—to cross the bridge, to pass the ford, from death to life, from appearance to Reality, from time to Eternity—all the goods of human life in the family or the state are vanity compared with this. 'Possessed by delusion, a man toils for wife and child; but whether he fulfil his purpose or not, he must surrender the enjoyment thereof. When one is blessed with children and flocks and his heart is clinging to them, Death carries him away as doth a tiger a sleeping deer. . . . The town-dweller's love of wife is a door of death, but the forest (i.e. the home of the hermit) is a meeting-place of the gods, says holy writ. The town-dweller's love of wife is a fettering snare. The good break it and escape, the bad break it not.' 'All men are

* 'Brihadaranyaka Upanishad,' III, vii, tr. L. D. Barnett.

† 'Chhāndogya Upanishad,' VII, i, tr. L. D. Barnett.

attached to children, wives and kin ; they sink down in the slimy sea of sorrows like age-worn forest elephants.*

How far removed is this attitude from the simple acquiescence in the good things of this world, that is shown by the nature religions and by the archaic culture that was founded on them ! The whole spirit of the new teaching is ascetic, whether it is the intellectual asceticism of the Brahman purging his soul by a kind of Socratic discipline, or the bodily asceticism of the sannyasi, who seeks deliverance by the gate of ' *tapas*'—bodily penance. And so there arose in India, especially in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., a whole series of ' disciplines of salvation,' that of the Jains, that of the Yoga, and many more, culminating in the greatest of them all, the Way of the Buddha. Buddhism is perhaps the most characteristic of all the religions of new universalist and absolute type, since it makes the fewest metaphysical and theological assumptions and yet presents the anti-natural world-denying conception of life in its extreme form. Life is evil, the body is evil, matter is evil. All existence is bound to the wheel of birth and death, of suffering and desire. Not only is this human life an illusion, but the life of the gods is an illusion too, and behind the whole cosmic process there is no underlying reality—neither Brahman nor Atman nor the Gunas. There is only the torture wheel of sentient existence and the path of deliverance, the *via negativa* of the extinction of desire which leads to Nirvana—the Eternal Beatific Silence.

At first sight nothing could be further removed from the world-refusal of the Indian ascetic than the Hellenic attitude to life. Yet the Greeks of Ionia and Italy during the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. were bent, no less than the Indians, on piercing the veil of appearances and reaching the underlying reality. It is true that the Greeks set out in their quest for the ultimate cosmic principle in a spirit of youthful curiosity and free rational inquiry, and thereby became the creators of natural science. But there was also the purely religious current of Orphic mysticism, with its doctrines of re-birth and immortality, and of the progressive enlightenment and

* ' Mahābhārata,' XII, ch. 175 and ch. 174, tr. L. D. Barnett.

emancipation of the soul from the defilements of corporal existence, which had a powerful influence on the Greek mind and even on Greek philosophy, until at last the vision of eternity, which had so long absorbed the mind of India, burst on the Greek world with dazzling power.

It was through the 'golden mouth' of Plato that the vision of the two worlds—the world of appearance, and shadows, and the world of timeless changeless Reality—found classic expression in the West. The Greek mind turned, with Plato, away from the many-coloured changing world of appearance and unreality to that other world of the eternal Forms, 'where abides the very Being with which true knowledge is concerned, the colourless, formless, intangible essence, visible only to the mind, the pilot of the soul': 'a nature which is everlasting, not growing or decaying or waxing or waning, but Beauty only, absolute, separate, simple and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase or any change in itself is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things.' 'What if man had eyes to see this True Beauty, pure and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life,' would not all human and terrestrial things become mean and unimportant to such a one? And is not the true end of life to return whence we came, 'to fly away from earth to heaven,' to recover the divine and deific vision which once 'we beheld shining in pure light, pure ourselves and not yet enshrined in the living tomb which we carry about, now that we are imprisoned in the body, like the oyster in his shell.'

This note, so characteristic and so unforgettable, is never afterwards wholly lost in the ancient world, and it is renewed with redoubled emphasis in that final harvest of the Hellenic tradition, which is Neoplatonism.

It is easy for us to understand a few exceptional men, philosophers and mystics, adopting this attitude to life, but it is harder to realise how it could become the common possession of a whole society or civilisation. Yet in the course of a few centuries it became the common possession of practically all the great cultures of the Ancient World. It is true that Confucian China was a

partial exception, but even China was almost submerged for a time by the invasion of Indian mysticism and monasticism, for which the way had already been prepared by the native Taoist tradition.

And each of these cultures had to deal with essentially the same problem—how to reconcile the new attitude to life with the old civilisation that they had inherited, a civilisation that had been built up so laboriously by the worship and cultivation of the powers of Nature. It is obvious that the new religions were not themselves productive of a new material civilisation; their whole tendency was away from the material and economic side of life towards the life of pure spirit. It is indeed difficult to see how the most extreme examples of this type of religion, such as Manichæanism, were reconcilable with any material social culture whatever. In other cases, however, especially in India, the archaic culture was able to maintain itself almost intact in spite of the dominance of the new religions. As Prof. Slater has well said, it is in the great temple cities of Dravidian India that we can still see before us to-day the vanished civilisations of Egypt and Babylonia.*

To the teacher or ascetic of the new religion the ancient rites have acquired an esoteric and symbolic significance, while the common people still find in them their ancient meaning, and seek contact through them with the beneficent or destructive powers of Nature that rule the peasant's life. In yet other cases, above all in Islam, this dualism is impossible, and the whole of life is brought into direct relation with the new religious conception. Terrestrial life loses its intrinsic importance, it is but as 'the beat of a gnat's wing' in comparison with the Eternal. But it acquires importance as a preparation, a time of training and warfare, of which the discipline and suffering are repaid by the eternal joys of Paradise.

Thus the new religions in these three main types are on the whole not favourable to material progress:

* 'In other parts of India, one feels oneself sometimes carried back into the Middle Ages . . . ; in such a temple as that of Menakshi and Siva in Madura, one can only dream of having revisited some great shrine of Isis, and Osiris in Egypt, or of Marduk in Babylon.' Slater, 'The Dravidian Element in Indian Culture,' p. 187.

in some cases they are even retrograde. Sir William Ramsay has shown, in the case of Asia Minor, how the passing of the old Nature Religions had a depressing effect on agriculture, on economic prosperity, and even perhaps on hygiene; and the same thing is no doubt true in some degree of many different regions. The great achievements of the new culture lie in the domain of literature and art. From the fourth to the eighth centuries A.D., which was the flowering time of the new culture throughout Asia, we see a marvellous development of religious art in Sassanian Persia, in Gupta India and in Ceylon, in T'ang China, and in Korea and Japan. But from the material point of view there is expansion rather than progress.

The new culture simply gave a new form and a new spirit to the materials that it had received from the archaic civilisation. In all essentials Babylonia in the time of Hammurabi, and even earlier, had reached a pitch of material civilisation which has never since been surpassed in Asia. After the artistic flowering of the early Middle Ages in Asia, the great religion-cultures became stationary and even decadent. Eternity was changeless, and why should man, who lived for Eternity, change? This is the secret of the 'Unchanging East,' which has impressed so many Western observers, and which gives to a civilisation, such as that of Burma, its remarkable attractiveness and charm. But such societies are living on the past; they do not advance in power and knowledge; it even seems as though they were retreating step by step before the powers of primitive nature, until at last they disappear, as the marvellous achievements of Ankhur and Anuradapura have been swallowed up by the jungle.

A ferment of change, a new principle of movement and progress, has, however, entered the world with the civilisation of modern Europe. The development of the European culture was, of course, largely conditioned by religious traditions, the consideration of which lie outside the limits of this inquiry. It was not until the 15th and 16th centuries that the new principle, which characterised the rise of modern civilisation, made its appearance. It was then that there arose—first in Italy and afterwards throughout Western Europe—

the new attitude to life that has been well named Humanism. It was, in fact, a reaction against the whole transcendent spiritualist view of existence, a return from the Divine and the Absolute to the Human and the Finite. Man turned away from the pure white light of Eternity to the warmth and colour of the earth. He rediscovered Nature, not, indeed, as the divine and mysterious power that men had served and worshipped in the first ages of civilisation, but as a reasonable order which he could know by Science and Art, and which he could use to serve his own purpose. 'Experiment,' says Leonardo da Vinci, the great precursor, 'is the true interpreter between Nature and Man.' 'Experience is never at fault.' What is at fault is man's laziness and ignorance. 'Thou, O God, dost sell us all good things for the price of work.'

This is the essential note of the new European movement, it was applied science, not abstract speculative knowledge, as with the Greeks. 'Mechanics,' says Leonardo again, 'are the paradise of the mathematical sciences, for in them the fruits of the latter are reaped.' And the same principles of realism and practical reason were applied in political life. The state was no longer an ideal hierarchy that symbolised and reflected the order of the spiritual world. It was the embodiment of human power, whose only law was Necessity.

Yet no complete break was made with the past. The people remained faithful to the religious tradition. Here and there a Giordano Bruno in philosophy, or a Machiavelli in statecraft, gave their whole-hearted adhesion to Naturalism, but for the most part both statesmen and philosophers endeavoured to serve two masters, like Descartes or Richelieu. They remained fervent Christians, but at the same time they separated the sphere of religion from the sphere of reason, and made the latter an independent autonomous kingdom in which the greater part of their lives was spent.

It was only in the 18th century that this compromise which so long dominated European culture, broke down before the assaults of the new Humanists, the Encyclopedists, and the men of the 'Enlightenment' in France, England, and Germany. We have already described the attitude of that age to Religion—its attempt to

sweep away the old accumulation of tradition and to refound civilisation on a rational and naturalistic basis. And the negative side of this programme was, indeed, successfully carried out. European civilisation was thoroughly secularised. The traditional European polity with its semi-divine royalty, its State Churches, and its hereditary aristocratic hierarchy, was swept away, and its place was taken by the liberal bourgeois state of the 19th century, which aimed above all at industrial prosperity and commercial expansion. But the positive side of the achievement was much less secure. It is true that Western Europe and the United States of America advanced enormously in wealth and population, and in control over the forces of Nature. But there was not a corresponding progress in spiritual things. As Comte had foreseen, the progressive civilisation of the West, without any unifying spiritual force and without an intellectual synthesis, tended to fall back into social anarchy. The abandonment of the old religious traditions did not bring humanity together in a natural and moral unity as the 18th-century philosophers had hoped. On the contrary, it allowed the fundamental differences of race and nationality, of class and private interest, to appear in their naked antagonism. The progress in wealth and power did nothing to appease these rivalries, rather it added fuel to them by accentuating the contrasts of wealth and poverty, and widening the field of international competition. The new economic imperialism, as it developed in the last generation of the 19th century, was as grasping, as unmoral, and as full of dangers of war, as any of the imperialisms of the old order. And while under the old order the state had recognised its limits as against a spiritual power, and had only extended its claims over a part of human life, the modern state admitted no limitations, and embraced the whole life of the individual citizen in its economic and military organisation.

Hence the rise of a new type of social unrest. Political disturbances are as old as human nature. In every age misgovernance and oppression have been met by violence and disorder, but it is a new thing and perhaps a phenomenon peculiar to our modern Western civilisation, that men should work and think and agitate

for the complete re-modelling of society according to some ideal of social perfection. It belongs to the order of religion, rather than to that of politics, as politics were formerly understood. It finds its only parallel in the past in movements of the most extreme religious type, like that of the Anabaptists in 16th-century Germany and the Levellers and Fifth Monarchy Men of Puritan England. And when we study the lives of the founders of modern Socialism, the great Anarchists, and even some of the apostles of Nationalist Liberalism, like Mazzini, we feel at once that we are in the presence of religious leaders, whether prophets or heresiarchs, saints or fanatics. Behind the hard rational surface of Karl Marx's materialist and socialist interpretation of history, there burns the flame of an apocalyptic vision. For what was that social revolution, in which he put his hope, but a 19th-century version of the Day of the Lord, in which the rich and the powerful of the earth should be consumed and the princes of the Gentiles brought low, and the poor and disinherited should reign in a regenerated universe? So, too, Marx, in spite of his professed atheism, looked for the realisation of this hope, not, like St Simon and his fellow 'idealist' socialists, to the conversion of the individual and to human efforts towards the attainment of a new social ideal, but to 'the arm of the Lord,' the necessary, ineluctable working out of the Eternal Law, which human will and human effort are alike powerless to change or stay.

But the religious impulse behind these social movements is not a constructive one. It is as absolute in its demands as that of the old religions, and it admits of no compromise with reality. As soon as the victory is gained and the phase of destruction and revolution is ended, the inspiration fades away before the tasks of practical realisation. We look in vain in the history of United Italy for the religious enthusiasm that sustained Mazzini and his fellows, and it took very few years to transform the Rousseauian idealism of revolutionary France, the Religion of Humanity, into Napoleonic and even Machiavellian realism.

The revolutionary attitude—and it is perhaps the characteristic religious attitude of Modern Europe—is in fact but another symptom of the divorce between Religion

and social life. The 19th-century revolutionaries—the Anarchists, the Socialists, and to some extent the Liberals—were driven to their destructive activities by the sense that actual European society was a mere embodiment of material force and fraud—*magnum latrocinium*, as St Augustine says—that it was based on no principle of justice, and organised for no spiritual or ideal end; and the more the simpler and more obvious remedies—Republicanism, Universal Suffrage, National Self-Determination—proved disappointing to the reformers, the deeper became their dissatisfaction with the whole structure of existing society. And so, finally, when the process of disillusionment is complete, this religious impulse that lies behind the revolutionary attitude may turn itself against social life altogether, or at least against the whole system of civilisation that has been built up in the last two centuries. This attitude of mind seems endemic in Russia, partly perhaps as an inheritance of the Byzantine religious tradition. We see it appearing in different forms in Tolstoi, in Dostoievski, and in the Nihilists, and it is present as a psychic undercurrent in most of the Russian revolutionary movements. It is the spirit, which seeks not political reform, not the improvement of social conditions, but escape, liberation—Nirvana. In the words of a modern poet (Francis Adams), it is ‘To wreck the great guilty temple, and give us Rest.’

And in the years since the war, when the failure of the vast machinery of modern civilisation has seemed so imminent, this view of life has become more common even in the West. It has inspired the work of the Austrian poet, Albert Ehrenstein,* and many others. Mr D. H. Lawrence has well expressed it in Count Psanek’s profession of faith, in ‘The Ladybird’ (pp. 43–44):

‘I have found my God. The god of destruction—The god of anger, who throws down the steeples and factory chimneys.

‘Not the trees, these chestnuts for example—not these—nor the chattering sorcerers, the squirrels—nor the hawk that comes. Not those.

* For instance, the following verse :—

‘Ich beschwöre euch, zerstamfet die Stadt.
Ich beschwöre euch, zertrümmert die Städte,
Ich beschwöre euch, zerstört die Maschine.
Ich beschwöre euch, zerstöret den Staat.’

'What grudge have I against a world, where even the hedges are full of berries, branches of black berries that hang down and red berries that thrust up? Never would I hate the world. But the world of man. *I hate it.*

'I believe in the power of my dark red heart. God has put the hammer in my breast—the little eternal hammer. Hit—hit—hit. It hits on the world of man. It hits, it hits. And it hears the thin sound of cracking.'

'Oh, may I live long. May I live long, so that my hammer may strike and strike, and the cracks go deeper, deeper. Ah, the world of man. Ah, the joy, the passion in every heart beat. Strike home, strike true, strike sure. Strike to destroy it. Strike! Strike! To destroy the world of man. Ah God, Ah God, prisoner of peace.'

It may seem to some that these instances are negligible, mere morbid extravagances, but it is impossible to exaggerate the dangers that must inevitably arise when once social life has become separated from the religious impulse.

We have only to look at the history of the ancient world and we shall see how tremendous are these consequences. The Roman Empire, and the Hellenistic civilisation of which it was the vehicle, became separated in this way from any living religious basis, which all the efforts of Augustus and his helpers were powerless to restore, and thereby, in spite of its high material and intellectual culture, the dominant civilisation became hateful in the eyes of the subject Oriental world. Rome was to them not the ideal world-city of Virgil's dream, but the incarnation of all that was anti-spiritual, Babylon the great, the mother of Abominations, who bewitched and enslaved all the peoples of the earth, and on whom at last the slaughter of the saints and the oppression of the poor would be terribly avenged. And so all that was strongest and most living in the moral life of the time separated itself from the life of society and from the service of the state, as from something unworthy and even morally evil. Thus we see in Egypt in the fourth century, over against the great Hellenistic city of Alexandria filled with art and learning and all that made life delightful, a new power growing up, the power of the men of the desert, the naked fasting monks and ascetics, in whom, however, the new world recognised its masters.

When in the fifth century the greatest of the late Latin writers summed up the history of the great Roman tradition, it is in a spirit of profound hostility and disillusionment:—‘acceperunt mercedem suam,’ says he in an unforgettable sentence, ‘vani vanam.’

This spiritual alienation of its own greatest minds is the price that every civilisation has to pay, when it loses its religious foundations, and is contented with a purely material success. We are only just beginning to understand how intimately and profoundly the vitality of a society is bound up with its religion. It is the religious impulse which supplies the cohesive force which unifies a society and a culture. The great civilisations of the world do not produce the great religions as a kind of cultural by-product; in a very real sense, the great religions are the foundations on which the great civilisations rest. A society which has lost its religion becomes sooner or later a society which has lost its culture.

What, then, is to be the fate of this great modern civilisation of ours? a civilisation which has gained an extension, and a wealth of power and knowledge which the world has never known before. Is it to waste its forces in the pursuit of selfish and mutually destructive aims, and to perish for lack of vision? or can we hope that society will once again become animated by a common faith and hope, which will have the power to order our material and intellectual achievements in an enduring spiritual unity?

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON.

Art. 8.—LABOUR IN THE NEW ERA.

THE General Election of 1924 has brought the country definitely into a new era. The war, the war mood, and the post-war mood are finally left behind. And as the shock and strain of the contest, the high-pitched hopes, the corresponding bitterness and despair, the nerve storms and the shell-shock symptoms of its aftermath pass into history, Britain swings back to normal, sane in judgment, anxious to do what is right, determined to move forward, but cautious and practical—now, in short, as ever, true to type. Naturally enough, therefore, the first great popular expression of opinion in this new era has resulted in an overwhelming decision in favour of Conservatism, to which, as a result, has been confided the task of shaping, moulding, expressing in practical form the outlook and aspirations of the race.

Meantime, what of the second Party in the State, fresh from its first experience of office and from a crushing popular defeat? It is inevitable and essential that the Labour Party and the 'Labour Movement' should revise and reconsider its outlook and its attitude to meet the new situation, the new atmosphere, the new era. That it will seek to do so is certain, for no party is more sensitive to the mood of the moment. The fluidity of its outlook is indeed remarkable. It is prepared to be revolutionary in a revolutionary atmosphere; to be constitutional when the weather report says 'fine.' In the years since the war, indeed, the Labour Party has registered almost slavishly the Continental weather conditions. In 1918-20, when Bolshevism was mastering its domestic opponents and successfully defending itself against foreign attack, Councils of Action, Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils were all the vogue here. When the Russian attack upon Poland ended in the utter discomfiture of the invaders, the cooling-off process began; Lenin's admission that pure communism was economically impracticable and that private enterprise must be allowed to begin again produced a further fall in the temperature; while the fate of the Capital Levy at the hands of the Swiss democracy was followed by a positively 'cold snap.'

And now Britain has taken a hand in the game. The General Election has struck with an arctic chill the whole Continental rapprochement of the Labour Party and frozen it stiff in its tracks.

The liaison between British Labour and Revolutionary Internationalism was essentially a war product. It was Labour's pet, private, and particular alliance in a world organised in alliances. And it has given the Labour Party its bitterest experience. It will now disappear without trace. The wild men will come to heel, for they and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in their devotion to their Russian friends, between them wrecked the first Labour Government. As a result, the moderate leaders, Mr Thomas, Mr Snowden, and Mr Henderson, have, on this subject, complete control of the situation. Their advice was disregarded. Had it been followed on the night of the Campbell debate, when the Cabinet sat all the evening attempting, as it is generally understood, to persuade the Prime Minister to grant an independent inquiry, the election would not only have been avoided in October, but it need not have taken place last autumn at all. For within a week of the dissolution, the Zinovieff letter was in the hands of the Foreign Office, bringing with it an obvious way of escape from the toils of the Russian Treaty. With a noble gesture Mr MacDonald could have explained that he had been misled ; that the Treaty must be dropped ; that his Government was above all a Government of patriots. Even Mr Lansbury would have been muzzled ; for to protest would have been openly to support revolution in Britain. Thus the Government could have converted its one great embarrassment into a valuable asset. It would have had the Liberal Party in Parliament at its mercy. It would have immensely increased its own prestige, and Mr MacDonald could have moved steadily forward to a second Budget from Mr Snowden, with a General Election under the most favourable conditions as its sequel. The violence of the internationalist group, the weakness first and then the obstinacy and bad temper of Mr MacDonald, ruined this fair prospect. It must be the bitterest of reflexions for the more moderate and statesmanlike men in the late Labour Cabinet that it was their own leader who prevented their making use of the means of escape

from their troubles which chance was to put into their hands. Be that as it may, the Labour leaders have learned now that, in the new era, the oldest and most persistent of British instincts—detestation of foreign interference and horror of revolutionary methods—is as strong as ever. They stirred it, and it has destroyed them. For the future, Labour will be indisputably and immovably a British, not a cosmopolitan, party. But while world events have been largely responsible for its international liaisons, the crucial question still presents itself—Is the Labour Party, in the new era, to remain a Socialist party?

No doubt, if they could shake themselves free of the Socialist theory, most of the parliamentary leaders of Labour would not grieve much. For they have seen how between February and July of last year their foreign policy, their finance, and, with some obvious qualifications, the general tone and character of their administration won golden opinions in the most various and unexpected quarters, and they know very well that by July the ordinary citizen had rejected the view that Labour ‘was not fit to govern.’ These golden opinions were gained because the country realised with a shock of pleased surprise that the minority Labour Cabinet was doing its best to adopt a national not a sectional outlook, that it accepted the underlying unity of the national life as the basis of its administrative and legislative efforts, and tried, apparently, to keep steadily before its eyes the essential fact that, whatever are their points of difference or antagonism, the fate, for good or ill, of all classes, interests, and occupations in a community is inextricably interlaced and interlocked. The Labour Cabinet learnt much which their Parliamentary supporters did not learn. Their ability to learn was the measure, and the strict measure, of their success. But during that halcyon period there was only once or twice even the faintest suspicion of Socialism in their proposals. They realise—for they are able and astute—that the prestige of their party benefited enormously from the omission. And, so far as the onlookers could see, Mr MacDonald, none the less, in these months thoroughly enjoyed being a dignified Prime Minister, an interesting and successful Foreign Secretary; while Mr Snowden and

Mr Thomas seemed to support with equanimity their respective rôles of super-orthodox Chancellor and imperially-minded Colonial Secretary. But leaders, alas, must have followers, and it was only because their followers knew the Parliamentary situation prohibited Socialistic legislation that those happy halcyon days were permitted.

It is a different matter for the Labour Party in the country to abandon Socialism. The Labour Movement has been nurtured on Socialism, and from that source has drawn its positive thought, its special platform, whatever it has of constructive policy. Thousands of working-class intellectuals believe in Socialism as a cure for all their economic ills ; while every day it receives from the cultivated classes new recruits, who convince themselves that the confusion, the waste, the friction of modern civilisation can be cured, but can only be cured, by an elaborate and powerful system of State organisation. For the Labour Party to abandon Socialism now would be to destroy its *élan vital*, its source of energy.

Yet Socialism will prove a fatal creed for Labour. Just as Internationalism destroyed the first Labour Government, so Socialism will destroy the second. The electors may give a Socialist party a parliamentary majority : they will never allow it to socialise Britain. If this be true, it might seem as if the country could well afford to watch Labour, at some future date, take a second plunge over a second precipice. But that is not so. It is of immense importance to the future of Britain that, within the next five years, Socialism should have been swept out of the field of practical politics. For if it survive, this danger survives with it. The British people will not tolerate more than two parties in the State, for they know that its political institutions are otherwise almost unworkable. Of the present three parties, Liberalism seems fated to be ground out of existence between the upper and the nether millstones, leaving Labour to form the alternative Government of the future. And as Governments and parties suffer defeat more from their own faults and failures than on account of the principles or promises of their opponents, some day, soon or late, the Labour Party will be swept into office on a wave of popular support. Labour's

adhesion to Socialism will not be a permanent bar to office, but the Socialistic experiments which will then be forced upon it will involve the country in a period of political and industrial confusion well fitted to undo the beneficial results which the electors confidently expect to reap from the years immediately ahead. If, then, it be the national interest to sweep Socialism out of the field of practical politics, and if, as seems to be the case, it be impossible for the Labour Party to do this, can it be done at all?

To answer that question it is necessary to understand the elements from which Socialism draws its strength and its appeal. It is by its continuous and outspoken criticism of the defects of the existing industrial system that Socialism thrives. So much in sympathy with its criticisms are its supporters that the vast majority of them accept its positive proposals automatically. But the criticism would not be so favourably received unless to some extent it was both just and substantial. There must be some patent and serious defect in a system criticism of which strikes so responsive a chord. What, then, is the special feature in modern industrial conditions which gives validity and force to the Socialist attack? Why, in sober truth, should the wage-earner be attracted by the idea of making the State his employer and the community the universal master of the individual? The usual answer would, no doubt, be that the wage-earner imagines that from his labour vast concealed profits accrue to the employer, and believes, or at least accepts the view, that under a nationalised system of industry those profits would still be produced, but would be applied to increasing his wage. Such an answer is both superficial and incomplete. It leaves untouched the feature of modern industrial life which specially chafes and galls the wage-earner and, therefore, accounts for his confusion of Socialistic criticism with constructive statesmanship. The defect of the present system which touches the wage-earner on the raw is that under it he is industrially only a machine; that his wages are a mere part of the costs of production; that with the profits of the business in which he is employed he has no concern. He feels vaguely but deeply that it is antagonistic to democratic principles

and to human freedom that one man should, for another man's profit, act as a machine ; that his hand should be on the same economic level as the tools it controls and works. And it is this deep but vague feeling which responds, and always will respond, when the Socialist says to him, 'It is beneath your human dignity to be hired out as a machine to a fellow-citizen. Work perhaps you must, but you will regain your self-respect only if your master is the community and not an individual.' The core of the problem is the status, not merely the remuneration, of the worker.

And that this is a feature of the modern system of industrial organisation is admitted, if not deplored, by all students of economics. It is a platitude to draw the contrast between the older system of the days before the industrial revolution, when not only were very many industries conducted by numbers of small independent men—the weavers, iron workers, etc.—but when there was in every industry almost a free passage from the position of wage-earner to that of employer, and the modern system, which has stereotyped the wage-earning class, closed that free passage, and enormously reduced the proportion of employers to employés. In fact, it is beyond denial that the industrial revolution in increasing the material prosperity of the wage-earner restricted his opportunities and lowered his status. And this defect in the industrial system has been thrown into the strongest relief by the democratic developments of the last fifty years, for in them education has given the wage-earner intellectual liberation and status, the franchise has given him political freedom and status. Industrial status alone lags behind. So long as our system of private enterprise fixes a gulf between capital and labour, so long will Socialism—universal tyranny though it be—make an appeal to the wage-earners' instinct of freedom and self-respect. It is difficult for employers, perhaps, to realise how deeply an element so uncommercial enters into the industrial outlook of the wage-earner. For the employer regards his business partly as a money-making concern and partly as a human relationship in which the responsibility for the welfare of his 'hands' rests with him. There is no situation more tragic than that in which one man wears himself out in

the effort to fulfil his responsibilities to others, when all the time what they want is to have a status of their own. But it happens every day in family life: it has been a familiar enough feature in the political history of the last hundred and fifty years: to-day it is the essential element in our industrial life which must be faced and conquered.

The purely industrial results of this lack of status are, beyond doubt, disastrous. It accounts largely for the strike mood and the 'ca' canny' policy. Of the latter, indeed, it is the predisposing cause and main explanation, although the belief that ca' canny 'makes the work go round' has its influence also. And while some of the leaders are to-day apparently anxious to eradicate the strike and the ca' canny 'complexes,' their efforts, so long as the defect remains, will be of little avail and of less determination, for to their moderate counsels the 'unofficial strike' is the answer, and the 'unofficial strike,' which openly flouts their authority, undermines their position, and makes them ridiculous in the eyes of the outside public, is, to the leaders, the most haunting of terrors. Want of status has indeed bitten deep. Is it not highly significant that the idea of ca' canny has taken the firmest root in the country where the freedom of the individual has the longest and most unbroken record? It can hardly be otherwise than that ca' canny is the response of the specially independent character of the British wage-earners to the main defect of the modern industrial system.

It is still possible, and as a contrast it is immensely instructive, to see the old system, with hardly a change, in operation in Britain to-day, and to observe how profoundly it affects the outlook and the actions of the wage-earner and his relations with his employer. The most striking, perhaps the only complete, example is to be found in the agricultural industry of lowland Scotland. Its special characteristics are that all permanent workers on a farm are housed on the farm, near their animals, near their work, near their employers; that for their housing they pay no rent; that, if they are young, unmarried men, the farmer's wife or the farmer's servant looks after 'the bothy' in which they live; that often

the farmer or the farmer's sons work alongside of them as fellow-workers; and that there is a free passage and a constant movement of the more enterprising of the farm-servant class into the ranks of the farmer class.

The results are noteworthy. The Scottish farm servants desire no wages-boards to come between them and their employer. That is why Mr Buxton's Act of last Session does not extend to Scotland. As a class, they are very expert, very contented, with a high sense of responsibility, and are, moreover, the hardest-working wage-earners in Britain. The notable success of Scottish agriculture rests, indeed, very largely upon the admirable quality of the Scottish farm servants. The relations between them and the farmer are, as a rule, excellent; their sympathy with his difficulties, and, be it added, their alacrity, when times are good, to secure from him good wages, are very marked. Most significant, however, for our present purpose—they view with great disfavour any extension of the practice of one farmer tenanting more than one farm. 'Led farms,' as these extra farms are called, are bitterly opposed by the Scottish ploughman, the explanation, of course, being that the more the 'led farm' system is extended, the more restricted becomes the opportunity for the ploughman to get a farm for himself. He particularly dislikes, that is to say, even the narrowing of that free passage for 'labour' into the ranks of 'capital,' which in the manufacturing industries, the modern system has completely blocked.

But though it is worth while to note, in passing, that the defects of the modern industrial system really were in great measure absent from its predecessor, no sane man supposes that it is within the realm of possibility to set back the hands of the clock. Only by the highly concentrated, highly organised industrial system of today can our population produce enough of wealth to maintain itself and its standard of living. Evolution, therefore, not reaction, can alone solve the problem; it is by going on, not by looking back, that safety lies.

If the fundamental defect of the existing system be that the wage-earner is merely an industrial machine, and if it be this inferiority of status which gives Socialism its point of attack, then the solution of this particular

problem can be found in the extension, in every department of our industrial life to which it can be applied, of the principle of Labour co-partnership. Co-partnership is the clue to the future. It leaves the system of private enterprise intact, with all its wealth-producing capacity unimpaired; it gives to the wage-earner a share of the profits, an increasing interest in capital, a share, too, in at least the domestic management of the business in which he is employed; and it offers him the best, because the most practical, incentive and opportunity to understand the principles which govern industrial activities and the difficulties with which they must contend. And it does more than leave the system of private enterprise intact, it makes it secure, by calling to its support the great mass of men who, in fact, can only exist through it. It contains, too, a great constructive ideal in fullest harmony with the character and genius of this industrial age, because in grappling with the industrial problem it also points the way to a new and sounder social system through the development of a property-owning democracy. All roads to-day lead to a property-owning democracy, for in such a democracy lies the remedy of industrial unrest, the application of the political principles of the modern world to the actual material life of the people. Further, it is a property-owning democracy which, in the ultimate analysis, represents at once the fundamental and complete antithesis to the tyranny of Socialism, and the only means by which the stability of the life of the community can be permanently secured. And, it should be added, just as the nationalisation of industry is a policy of peculiar hazard to Britain since, if it were to result in a serious decline in the quality or quantity of the goods produced here, it would make impossible the purchase and importation of the food required for our population, so, it would seem, Britain with her long tradition of freedom, of respect for the rights and human status of the individual, of private wealth, of stability and steady progress, is the community in which this pregnant and progressive ideal should naturally be turned into a living reality.

And how does co-partnership actually stand in Britain at the opening of the new era? Labour co-partnership is, of course, no new idea: it has been discussed, canvassed,

and experimented with in many countries for many years. It has for long had devoted adherents among both industrial leaders and political thinkers. But the hostility of the Trades Unions, a want of unanimity amongst employers, the admitted faults and failure of some of the schemes introduced, an element, too, of sentimentalism and vague philanthropy rather than a clear constructive motive in some of its advocates, have, in the past, made it look more like a hobby than a policy. The fact that a Socialist Labour Government has held office, and the practical certainty that one day such a Government will be in power, has changed the situation. In particular, it has become part of the definite policy and aim of the Unionist Party to assist in the extension of co-partnership. In their reasoned statement of policy, issued in June 1924, the leaders of Unionism declare that they 'will encourage the admission of the workers, by the application of the principle of co-partnership, to a direct share in the success of the undertakings in which they are employed.' That, meantime, the public mind is becoming increasingly interested in the idea may be gathered from the statement in the most recent report of the Labour Co-partnership Association. 'Now, when the whole country,' it says, 'is seeking methods of bringing together employer and employed, the principle of co-partnership comes as a revelation to many who had never heard of it before.' And even the Trades Unions apparently feel that an attitude of mere negation will no longer serve, for, at their Congress in 1923, a resolution was passed, declaring, indeed, that the Congress believed:

'that capitalist attempts to introduce forms of Co-partnership are designed to mislead the workers and to prevent Trade Union solidarity,' but, none the less, 'instructing the General Council to explore all workings of the Co-partnership and Profit-sharing concerns in the kingdom with a view to reporting on their advantages or disadvantages.'

The *non-sequitur* is very enlightening.

But very few, even of those who are inclined to view Co-partnership favourably, realise the actual progress it has made in Britain, or the results which it has already achieved. It is not possible to describe these

fully here; but a rapid summary may be made thus. In practice the system steadily gains ground. In the decennial period, 1911-20, 186 schemes were started, whereas 80 (in 1901-10) was the highest figure for any previous ten years. Although there has been a heavy mortality amongst the 484 schemes commenced since 1829, due, of course, to 'natural causes,' such as employers going out of business, etc., as well as to dissatisfaction on the part of the employers, apathy to and even, in some cases, dissatisfaction with the scheme on the part of the employés, there were in existence, at the close of 1923, 238 schemes of which six have been in operation for over forty years, 11 for over thirty, 13 for over twenty, and 40 per cent. since before the war. Not all of these are complete co-partnership schemes, for they comprise all that the Ministry of Labour is prepared to classify as merely profit-sharing in nature, and include those (such as Armstrong, Whitworth's) which are only deposit schemes whereby employés receive on sums deposited with the company whatever dividend the company declares on its shares. For 1923, details are only available for 172 schemes, but they show that 121,022 employés participated in profits in that year, and that the average share was 7*l.* 6*s.* a head, or (if the deposit schemes be excluded) that in 153 schemes, 110,304 employés received on an average 7*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* a head. 1923 was, however, a year of bad trade, and the 13,464 participating employés in 22 engineering shipbuilding and the metal trades concerns received an average share of only 1*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* All the more striking is it that in industries connected with the manufacture of food and drink, 7771 employés in 16 concerns received an average of 12*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* a head; in two insurance businesses, 13,254 employés received 9*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*; in 24 merchants, warehousemen, and retail businesses, 5148 employés received 12*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*; and in 22 schemes described by the Ministry of Labour as 'other businesses,' 9639 employés received an average of 11*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* a head. And analysed from the point of view of the ratio of bonus to wages the results obtained were solid and satisfactory. Out of the total of 121,002 employés, it is true, no details are available on this point in the case of 22 schemes, except that in them 38,263 employés received in all 273,278*l.*

or just over 7*l.* a head. Of the remaining 82,739 employés, however, 15,495 received a bonus equivalent to between 4 and 6 per cent. of their wage, 9179 between 6 and 8 per cent., 3760 between 10 and 12 per cent., 2982 between 12 and 16 per cent., 2448 between 16 and 20 per cent., and 2243 20 per cent. or over. Thus 38,030 employés received 4 per cent. or over, while 13,356 secured the very substantial addition to their wages, in such a year as 1923, of 8 per cent. or over. Of the results in building up a property-owning democracy by co-partnership, the English Gas Companies afford the most interesting example. There, in a total of 32 companies conducted on a co-partnership or profit-sharing basis, 33,023 employés owned in 1923 shares and deposits valued at 1,571,889*l.* out of a total share and loan capital of over 61,000,000*l.* Or let an example be taken from a business where co-partnership and profit-sharing have only recently been adopted. Messrs Bryant and May introduced their scheme in 1920. The bonus is paid to the employés in cash. Thereafter, at their own free will, they may apply for Partnership shares in the concern. In the first three years, 72,000*l.* had been paid over for distribution among the workers, and they, in their turn, had applied for and secured shares to the amount of 17,234*l.* And it is interesting to trace the results which can be obtained over a period of years by the individual worker. A man employed for twenty-one years in the firm of J. T. and J. Taylor, Ltd., woollen cloth manufacturers, received in all 2779*l.* 18s. 8*d.* in wages or an average wage of 2*l.* 10*s.* 10*½d.* per week. In addition, he had received in bonus on wages, dividends on shares, etc., 1113*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, or an average addition, during the period, of 1*l.* 0*s.* 4*½d.* a week to his wage, or over 40 per cent. And, finally, as can be seen from the most recent official report * on the subject, in which details of many schemes are collected, together with the observations and experience of the employés, there is a consensus of opinion that the existing schemes have resulted in nearly all cases in better relations between employer and employed, in immunity from strikes and labour troubles, and that, in many, an

* 'Report on Profit-sharing and Labour Co-partnership in the United Kingdom.' Ministry of Labour (Intelligence and Statutes Department), 1920, Cmd. 544, 1*s.*

increase of the workers' interest in their work and an enhanced productivity have also followed. Thus, despite failures, and many a set-back, Labour Co-partnership, on its record as well as on principle, enters the new era past the experimental stage. It affords to the deepest-rooted of our industrial problems a solution on broad and comprehensive lines, inasmuch as it presents to the mass of the wage-earners a stimulus to productive effort, a means of increased remuneration and of capital accumulation, an open road to industrial status.

It would be inexcusable if the Unionist Party were to keep silence on a subject of such immense industrial, social, and national importance; it has no constructive task in the years ahead more important than to explain and expound to the country the principles and the practice of Co-partnership, and to use its influence, actively, consistently and continuously, to mould in its favour public opinion amongst both employers and employed. And it is a constructive task none the less because it is a matter far more for exposition than for legislation.

Co-partnership cannot be imposed by a direct Act of Parliament for many reasons, chief among them, perhaps, being that thus introduced it would lose much of its healing and remedial effects. Yet there are certain measures which the Government and Parliament can take. These deserve the closest consideration. The Bill introduced in the House of Lords last year by Lord Cecil is an instance of how the State can help, its main provision being that every company, incorporated or registered, and public authorities such as municipalities, should be deemed to have power to introduce co-partnership or profit-sharing.

There are some who think that, if the Safeguarding of Industries Act is re-introduced, any special assistance thus given to particular industries should be accompanied by the stipulation that, in return, the trade should be organised on a co-partnership or profit-sharing basis to be approved by Parliament. This proposal, of course, is not without difficulties; if they can be removed, its industrial and moral effects would be immense.

Whether or not it be practicable to assist its development by legislation, the duty to hold up Labour Co-partnership as the true line of advance for our

industrial democracy is urgent and imperative. It is only a property-owning democracy which will permanently refuse to admit a Socialistic Government to its confidence. To the property-less man the distinction between nationalisation and individualism is too remote from his experience and his circumstances to stand out at all times with perfect clearness through the seud and spindrift of political storms; for if he have no property of his own, how can he be greatly interested in the fate of the possessions of others? But a property-owning democracy knows that nationalisation is its bitterest foe: into the hands of a nationalising party it will never deliver itself.

There remains one last question—What is to be the future of the Trades Unions? How do they stand at the opening of the new era? Should they, and can they, set their house in order? Of the necessity and value of the Trades Union as giving to the wage-earner, in an age of organised industrialism, both the power and the means of collective bargaining, there can be no doubt. Nor would the development and growth of Labour Co-partnership change this; for in the words of Lord Leverhulme, 'When we have Co-partnership . . . there will continue the underlying wages system, and the wages system must be maintained on the highest scale practicable in the particular industry.' To maintain the wage-standard would remain the function of the Trades Union, as necessary under Co-partnership as it is now, since, unless the sharing of the profits of increased productivity be based upon a standard wage, the worker would find that he was 'losing on the swings what he gained on the roundabouts.' Just as Co-partnership alone can break the spell of Socialism, so its real effect upon the Trades Unions would be to exorcise some of the evil spirits that haunt them. Ca' canny and Co-partnership cannot live together, and though Trades Unions would necessarily hold in reserve the strike as their ultimate weapon, the strike mood would no longer form part of the everyday psychology of the worker. No one, in short, who looks on the industrial scene with an unprejudiced eye would wish to see Labour, in an age when the organisation of employers for mutual

assistance becomes increasingly elaborate, deprive itself of the strength which Trades Unionism gives. Yet even the well-wishers of Trades Unionism must tremble for its future. It enters the new era with its organisation physically weakened by a long period of bad trade. In the three years 1920-23 Trades Union membership in Great Britain and Northern Ireland fell from 8,336,000 to 5,405,000. Its purely political influence must have suffered in the General Election a very severe shock. Last October, whatever may happen in the future, the wage-earner certainly voted as a citizen and not as a Trades Unionist. But, worst of all, Trades Unionism enters the new era employing methods which are grotesquely and intolerably tyrannous and corrupt. It is almost incredible that an organisation which claims to be in the van of democracy and progress should manage its finances as no capitalist organisation would dare to do. The Trades Unions, indeed, largely succeed in hiding from their members all that is included in 'costs of management'; but enough has been revealed of recent years to show that grossly extravagant, if not irregular, payments on a large scale are habitually made out of the funds of the Unions.

The practice of open voting on the most vital questions of course allows, and cannot but be meant to allow, the minority to feel the pressure and coercive power of the majority. Moreover, so loose and inadequate is the system that under it it is largely a matter of chance if the will of a real majority of the members of a Union prevails. Lastly, the use of the political levy to extract funds for the support of Socialist propaganda from members who are not Socialists is utterly base and unscrupulous. The Trades Unionist leaders will be mad to continue such practices. For tyrannous methods never prosper long in Britain, and Trades Unions will provide no exception to the rule: not even the class loyalty of the wage-earner will permanently accept from his Trade Unionist officials authoritarian methods which Toryism, for instance, has abandoned since the days of the Holy Alliance and of Metternich. Unless the leaders are warned in time, they will find growing up against them in the Unions a powerful and determined public opinion. And the nemesis of illegitimate methods invariably is

that when a public opinion is once aroused against them, against the policy also—even if legitimate—which the illegitimate methods support, that angry public opinion vents its wrath. The leaders have no time to lose in setting their house in order. And, further, they must tackle the work themselves. Nobody else, least of all the Conservative Party in the present Parliament, can do it for them. Reform of Trade Union methods must come from within, not from without.

To attempt reform from without, and above all for an anti-Socialist Party to attempt it by legislation, would be an error and blunder gross indeed. If it were the considered view of any political party that Trades Unions were a danger to the State, the case would be different, for then such a party would be bound to recommend their abolition. But every party, and especially the Unionist, fully realises the necessity for Trades Unions. Thus approved in principle, the Trades Unions must be left to work out their own salvation. Nor is it to the point to recall that they are the children and creatures of Statute. Parliament has approved the Unions and given them power and rights. Within these powers and rights they have all the necessary means for reform. Honest finance, the secret ballot, voluntary political levies—all these the Unions can order for themselves. There is here no analogy to the situation which necessitated the Factory Acts, where helpless people had to be delivered from their distresses by the community.

To alter, for instance, the present right of the Trade Unionist to contract-out of the political levy, by forbidding the Union to charge him with the levy unless he had contracted-in, would be obviously to legislate in advance of public opinion within the Union. It is no case of protecting a minority, for if the Unions were faced with a bold and determined minority of members bent on making the levy voluntary, it would be impossible for the majority long to exercise on that minority any effective pressure. The right to contract-out amply protects a minority which has the energy to organise itself. Moreover, legislation in advance of public opinion is always a failure. Here more than mere failure is involved, for it is legislation by short-cut,

and by the short-cut the Trade Unionist members would be deprived of the training and education in the use of their own democratic machinery. Legislation, without demand or request made for it by any organised body of Trade Union opinion, and before that opinion has attempted to make its influence felt within the Unions, is not merely short-cut legislation in advance of the public opinion concerned ; it is an attempt at a benevolent paternalism.

And it has another vice. It carries with it, inevitably, the taint of being political in motive, and under the cloak of justice and emancipation it is, in truth, prescriptive legislation. Of all types of legislation that is the worst. Once a party uses its power, under whatever guise, to weaken its rivals, public life degenerates into a mere vendetta, and Acts of Parliament become instruments not of reform but of reprisals. Such legislation never achieves its object. In this case it would be regarded by the wage-earners as an attack upon the Trades Unions, and many who are at this moment beginning to regard their methods with suspicion would respond anew to the appeal to class loyalty, would rally to the cry of 'The Unions in danger.'

For the Unionist Party in particular, such legislation would be madness, since it would accentuate and revivify that very class-consciousness which, as a national Party appealing to the best in every class, Unionism endeavours to assuage and remove. That the present Trades Union methods are unconscionable every Conservative will admit. But it is by the formation and support of a more enlightened public opinion within the Unions that they can be improved. When that public opinion is formed and organised, the Trade Union leaders will bow to it. They are much too experienced men to cling to an abuse, once it is detected and resisted by any considerable body of their followers. Even the Union official will be obliged to bring himself abreast of the new era.

Thus to the three main questions that arise in considering the position in which the Labour Party and the Labour Movement find themselves to-day, these, it would seem, are the answers : The Labour Party's liaison with revolutionary Internationalism is at an end ; and

if it were not, the political leaders can and will end it. But the hold of Socialism upon the Labour Movement will only be relaxed when the patent defects of our present system have been remedied. Co-partnership and all that it implies can remedy these and can open the way to the new and more stable social order of a property-owning democracy. To lead in this great work is the prime constructive task of Unionism in its day of power. If it neglect it, a period of Socialistic experiment is inevitable. Finally, the Trades Unions organisation upon which the Labour Movement and the Labour Party mainly rely has its own difficult problems to solve. It has to abandon vicious methods, which have added to its strength in the past, but which, if persisted in, will bring a heavy reckoning. Yet the Trades Unions are a necessity in a highly industrialised country, and for the sake of the working classes they must carry out these reforms. If the Government of the day is appealed to by the Trades Unions to assist in this work, by introducing any legislation which may be necessary, the appeal will be answered with alacrity. But the Unionist Party has had too long an apprenticeship in public affairs to act, for the purpose of achieving reform by short-cut, in advance of the public opinion concerned, or to introduce, on any plea whatsoever, legislation which would be political and proscriptive in nature.

Both Unionism and Labour have thus their urgent tasks. With its tasks Unionism must proceed without digression and without pause; because Unionism, both for the nation's sake and for its own, cannot afford to fail. Will Labour, on its side, have the vision and the courage to fit itself for the future?

NOEL SKELTON.

Art. 9.—THE BAD WEATHER.

THE cool, wet weather, experienced in England during the past summer and autumn, has been a matter of general comment, and has produced afresh a demand for information regarding the cause or causes of prolonged abnormalities in the weather. It is curious to note how short are the memories of many people, so far as the weather is concerned. The fact that the last three summers have been cool or wet has given rise to a fairly widespread impression that 'we never get any real summers now.' Already the memory of the extraordinary summer of 1921, with its long drought and seemingly endless succession of sweltering, cloudless days, is fading away. This is, apparently, merely an example of the well-known fact that the mind is incapable, without external aid, of forming a correct perspective of the relative importance of the various links in a chain of events leading up to the present time. We are all inclined to criticise good-humouredly our British weather; but the fact remains that it is fortunate for us that the normal condition of the weather of this country consists of a succession of more or less rapid fluctuations. The experience of the summers of 1921 and 1924, during which those fluctuations were generally absent, demonstrates that prolonged extremes of weather, whether 'good' or 'bad,' do not satisfy us; they leave us fretful; we mourn the lost opportunities and the spoiled pleasures; we are powerless in the face of a relentless sun or a continuous downpour.

From the beginning of April 1924 the rainfall over an area extending across the South of England and Ireland was persistently above the average for the season and the locality, and the Home Counties, on the whole, suffered in this respect as severely as any other district of the British Isles. In May the fall was more than a hundred per cent. in excess of the normal; while in August the excess was only a little more than ten per cent. of the normal. Most will agree that August was a very disappointing month; but many will be surprised to know that the immediate causes of this were the low temperature, the lack of sunshine, the persistent clouds, and the large number of days on which rain fell—20 to

22 out of 31 in the Home Counties—rather than any great excess in the total quantity of rainfall.

The highest temperature in the shade in London last summer was 90° F., and it was observed on July 12. This value does not compare unfavourably with the 'absolute extreme' of 100° F., reported in London in the hot summer of 1911. The second week of July 1924, produced, in England, the only summer-like conditions of the year. More than fourteen hours of sunshine in the day were frequently recorded during that week.

An important fact connected with the weather of that summer was that the excess of the rainfall over the normal for the locality was not as noticeable in Scotland and the North of England, as in the southern districts. Now, the normal rainfall increases in amount towards the north, so that this general statement does not necessarily imply that the summer was genial in the north; for, indeed, it was not so. The statement does, however, indicate that the abnormality of the summer was due to causes which were more effectively operative over the southern districts than over the northern districts. Another fact worthy of note is that the months of February and March 1924, were dry over the whole country; in Scotland they were extremely dry. The rainfall there remained below normal continuously from the beginning of the year to the end of April, except for a tract of country in the Western Highlands, where a slight excess probably occurred.

When we turn to conditions over the continent of Europe we find that widely different kinds of weather were experienced in the various countries. A long drought of about four months' duration occurred in Spain; on Aug. 16 there had been no rain in Madrid for a hundred days. A temperature of 102° F. in the shade was recorded at Malta in September, this being the 'record' for the month. Further north, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria, the summer was unfavourable, there being numerous thunderstorms, and, in some cases, serious floods. Freshly fallen snow was lying in the Bernese Oberland down to an altitude of 3000 feet above sea-level, on Aug. 28. In Finland, on the other hand, exceptional heat and drought appear to have occurred during July and August, and serious forest fires were reported.

Thus, it can be said, generally, that in the extreme north of Europe the summer was fine; in England, France, Germany, and other Central European countries it was wet and unseasonable; in Spain and over the Western Mediterranean there was another area of fine weather. The transition between the northern fine area and the central wet and cool area is indicated by the relatively small excess of rain in Scotland as compared with Southern England.

The normal state of affairs in the average summer is different. Central Europe is usually very warm; but there are alternating periods of thundery rain. Summer is the wettest season of the year in Central Europe; but the rain falls in relatively brief showers. Warmth is pronounced and sunshine abundant. These conditions are normally reflected in the English summer; but are modified to the extent that the warmth and rainfall are much less pronounced. In the north of Europe cloudy weather, with more or less persistent rain, is usual in summer; while in Spain the summer, on the average, is dry but not rainless.

The summer of 1924, in England, cannot be described as in any way unprecedented. The following table gives a comparison of monthly totals of rainfall at Kew Observatory, near London, in 1924, 1903, and 1921; 1903 and 1921 being respectively the wettest and the driest years on record. The average annual rainfall at Kew Observatory is 23.80 inches.

RAINFALL AT KEW OBSERVATORY (INCHES).

	1924.	1903.	1921.
Jan.	2.51	2.26	2.04
Feb.	0.41	0.93	0.19
Mar.	0.85	2.35	1.33
Apr.	3.39	1.82	1.06
May	2.42	3.29	0.98
June	3.44	7.21	0.20
July	3.75	4.27	0.15
Aug.	2.50	3.93	0.99
Sept.	2.95	3.24	1.76
Oct.	3.63	5.55	0.44
Nov.	2.28	1.73	1.70
Dec	—	1.62	1.30
Year		38.20	12.14

In every month of 1903, therefore, the rainfall exceeded, and, in most cases, greatly exceeded, the corresponding fall in 1924, except in the months of January, April, and November. The summer of 1879, which, like 1903, was a disastrous year for farmers, was also decidedly wetter than 1924. It would be easy to multiply the examples of wet summers.

What are the causes of these abnormal seasons, and is it possible to foretell them? It must be at once admitted that the ultimate causes are at present unknown; and that it is not yet possible to forecast the character of the seasons in this country with any degree of accuracy. A great deal of work has been done in correlating seasonal variations of weather in different parts of the globe, and in tracing the connexion between such weather variations and various other natural processes; e.g. the strength of ocean currents, including the warm Gulf Stream and the cold Labrador current. It is, for example, known that there is a 'see-saw' of barometric pressure between Iceland and the Azores. When pressure in Iceland is low in relation to its normal value, there is a strong probability that it is relatively high at the Azores, and vice versa. This particular relationship, which has been evaluated numerically, is of considerable importance in the investigation of seasonal anomalies for this country. For the difference of pressure between Iceland and the Azores is a direct measure of the average strength of the current of air passing into Europe from the west—when the difference of pressure is *nil* there is, on balance, no west wind (i.e. if a west wind exists in one part of the line it is balanced elsewhere by a compensating east wind); when pressure at the Azores is considerably greater than that in Iceland the average west wind is strong.

In this country Mr. C. E. P. Brooks, of the Meteorological Office, has been specially active in tracing statistical relations between various meteorological and hydrographical factors, and the weather of the British Isles in subsequent seasons. He has, for instance, shown that fluctuations in the cold current which flows south from Davis Strait past the coast of Labrador can be associated with corresponding fluctuations in the seasons in England. If the Labrador current is strong in January to March,

it will gradually reduce the temperature of the surface waters in the western part of the North Atlantic Ocean. These waters are slowly carried towards our shores by the agency of the Gulf Stream and the Gulf Stream drift, where they appear to arrive some four months later. Cold surface waters off the British Isles tend to increase the atmospheric pressure, and so to produce anticyclonic conditions with fine, sunny weather. This year the average wind over the Davis Strait region from January to March was southerly, instead of northerly, which is its normal direction. Such a reversal would reduce considerably the strength of the Labrador current, and consequently it might be anticipated that the Gulf Stream waters on this account would be warmer than usual. That would create low pressure, with cloudy or rainy weather during April to June in the British Isles. Other variations of the kind have been shown to be related to the character of the seasons in this country. While these researches are likely to prove of the greatest use in forecasting seasons, it will be evident that they do not satisfy the natural desire to know the ultimate cause of the bad weather. If our lack of summer was connected with a south wind in Davis Strait in the early spring, what was the cause or causes of that wind? And are the causes developed out of a natural succession of events taking place on this planet, or can they be ascribed to external influences, presumably in the sun? These are natural and important questions to which no adequate replies can at present be given.

Investigations of the nature described, which prove that two or more variable quantities fluctuate similarly (or dissimilarly) in sympathy with one another in point of time, or separated by a definite interval, do not of themselves indicate which of the variable quantities may be said to control the other, or, indeed, whether there is any causal relationship whatever between them. For the investigations are purely statistical in form: they start with two sets of numbers, representing two series of numerical measures of the intensity of the two variable quantities, the measures being taken at equal intervals of time. Whether or not a relationship exists between these two sets can be determined, quite independently of any arguments about cause and effect, by

a relatively simple arithmetical operation called 'correlation,' which is well known to statisticians. If there is a time-interval between the two variables, as in the example cited, then it will probably be agreed that, at any rate, the variable which comes later in point of time cannot be the *cause* of that which precedes it. But, in any case, it does not follow that one variable is the cause of the other related variable, even if the former precedes the latter in time. It may be that both variations are subject to an outside control, the nature of which may or may not be known.

Let us take a simple example by way of illustration. It is recognised that the temperature of the air is, on the average, higher at midday than at midnight. It is equally well known that the intensity of sunlight is greater at midday than at midnight; further, that solar radiation is appreciable at midday but not at midnight in these latitudes. The three variable quantities, temperature, sunlight, and solar variation, are, therefore, closely related in the statistical sense—they all increase and decrease together. But this fact will not, of itself, enable us to decide whether the variations in one quantity (say sunlight) are *produced* by the variations in one of the others, or whether they are due to some other cause. It is the application of other facts of a physical, as opposed to a statistical nature, which enables us to affirm that the fluctuations of solar radiation are the *cause* of the fluctuations both of temperature and of sunlight. The statistical correlation which exists between temperature and sunlight is merely a consequence of that fact, and does not signify that sunlight causes temperature or temperature sunlight.

Although these facts seem self-evident when applied to a case of which the 'mechanism' is obvious, they are liable to be set in the background when a discussion is proceeding in regard to the statistical correlation between two variable quantities, if it is not known whether any physical relation in the nature of cause and effect exists between them. Indeed, cases have occurred in which the existence of a high correlation between two quantities has been taken to prove the coexistence of a physical causal relation between those quantities. No doubt each case must be considered in the setting of its attendant

circumstances ; but, apart from that, it is very undesirable to assume causal relationships without further investigation, merely on the strength of statistical correlations. It is, of course, legitimate to explore the possibility of the existence of such relationship, and to test the hypothesis by noting whether physical deductions drawn therefrom are in accord with observed facts. Should the hypothesis emerge unscathed from that test, its probability is considerably enhanced.

It is not necessary, however, for the physical nature of the connexion between two correlated variables to be known before use can be made of the correlation. For many years, forecasts of the rainfall during the season of the south-west monsoon in India have been prepared and published by the Indian Meteorological Department. The forecasts are based entirely on statistical correlations which have been proved to exist between the monsoon rainfall and such widely differing quantities as the atmospheric pressure in Argentine and in Siberia in a previous season, the extent of the Nile flood, etc. There is no question that the forecasts are much superior to pure guesses, although it must be admitted that they do not always produce even the correct sign for the computed divergence of the monsoon rainfall from the average. Such discrepancies are probably explained, not by faults in the method, but by the fact that the quantities which affect the monsoon are not all known. This is not surprising when it is remembered that no one has yet constructed and published a complete physical picture of the manner in which the quantities which are used operate to affect the rainfall in India. The fact that the variables mentioned were associated with the monsoon rainfall was known long before the amount of the correlation was computed. It was discovered by inspection and comparison of a large number of curves, one of which showed the fluctuations in the serial values of the monsoon rainfall from year to year, and the others showed similar fluctuations of other quantities of which regular observations were available. To the physicist, who likes to trace cause and effect in every stage of his work, this method of discovering significant variables may seem crude; nevertheless, the method is truly scientific; for it consists in sifting out from a mass of

observational data those series of observations which show promise of correlation, in investigating each one of these by strict statistical methods ; and finally, in utilising those which display a satisfactory numerical degree of correlation.

The monsoon forecasts of India, as developed in recent years by Sir Gilbert Walker, are cited as the best-known and best-developed example of seasonal correlation. It must be remembered that conditions in India are more regular and stable than in this country ; hence the problem of seasonal forecasting in India is more likely to yield to solution than is the corresponding problem here. Moreover, our seasons are characterised by variable weather rather than by persistent cold or heat, rain or drought ; so that day-to-day forecasts of weather are of greater general utility in this country than forecasts of seasons which frequently cannot be adequately described by means of average values.

As the sun is acknowledged to be the primal cause of the weather, it is natural to look to him for an explanation of abnormal seasons. Those manifestations of solar activity called sunspots are known to exhibit a period of about eleven years, and it is recognised that a corresponding period of eleven years in terrestrial magnetism is directly connected with the sunspot period. Many investigators have sought to trace a similar period in meteorological phenomena. Such a period has been found ; but its magnitude is small, and, in consequence, it is far more elusive than the magnetic period. Still, it is now fairly generally agreed that the eleven-year period in meteorology is real. When we come to inquire how the variation is shown, the remarkable result appears that during years of considerable solar activity, as evidenced by the presence of many sunspots, air temperature is lower than the average ; and, conversely, when solar activity is feeble, temperature is relatively high. Paradoxes of this kind are not unusual in meteorology : we cannot, therefore, dismiss the matter as unreal or inconsequential merely because it appears improbable at first sight.

It must suffice to mention, in explanation, that some observers have affirmed that high cirrus clouds and cirrus haze occur more frequently during the periods of

sunspot maxima than of sunspot minima. Such cloud or haze would tend to reduce the temperature. Prof. W. J. Humphreys, of the United States, has, on the other hand, essayed to prove that at times of sunspot minima the sun emits radiation which is comparatively intense in the ultra-violet part of its spectrum. The effect of this would be to increase the concentration of ozone in the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere. Now ozone absorbs terrestrial radiation much more readily than solar radiation, which it transmits without difficulty; the result is that the relative concentration of ozone acts like the glass of a greenhouse, which transmits solar radiation into the greenhouse but fails to transmit outward radiation of longer wave-length from the heated objects inside. In this way the higher temperature at sunspot minima is explained. It is interesting to note that the year 1924 was at, or very close to, a period of sunspot maximum. Consequently, it may be inferred that, other things being equal, world temperature during 1924 was likely to be rather lower than normal. The amount is not great, being on the average from one-half to a whole Fahrenheit degree. This amount, though small, is persistent day and night, from month to month, and it probably exercises an appreciable effect upon the human race, as well as upon the boundaries of areas suitable for different kinds of growing crops.

It is also worthy of remark that a connexion appears to have been traced between records of temperature and the incidence of those volcanic eruptions which are of the explosive type, and project large quantities of very fine dust into the upper layers of the atmosphere. The dust is so excessively fine that it requires a very long time to settle. It is carried about by the upper winds, and becomes distributed throughout the upper atmosphere, causing coronæ around the sun. It may persist for months and even years after the eruption. The great eruptions of Krakatoa in 1883, of Mont Pelée in 1902, and of Katmai in 1912, were of this type. The dust-cloud, though exceedingly attenuated, probably causes a reduction in air temperature at the surface of the earth during the time that it persists. Whether recent volcanic eruptions may have contributed to the causes of the cold summer is a question which cannot be

definitely answered at present; but it is clear that the combination of sunspot maximum and of volcanic eruptions may be capable of producing some of the effects which have been observed.

To sum up, the summer of 1924 was a cold, cheerless one, with rainfall considerably in excess of the normal, especially in South England and some parts of the continent. There appears to have been a transposition of the usual weather distribution in Europe from north towards south, for the extreme north had a dry summer on the whole. Such conditions have been associated with other concomitant phenomena, notably with the strength and temperature of ocean currents in the Atlantic. It is, however, not possible at present to say whether seasonal abnormalities are due to changes in ocean currents, or vice versa; or whether both are effects of some other causes, which may be external to our planet. The fact that, at the present time, there is a maximum in the number of sunspots is probably significant, for at sunspot maximum, air temperature is normally relatively low. There is also a relation between the occurrence of explosive volcanic eruptions and the subsequent temperature, the latter being reduced as a result of the thin veil of volcanic dust in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

It is evident that the investigation into the causes of bad or good seasons is only in its infancy, and that much remains to be done. The difficulties are great. In the first place, any explanation of the wet and cold summer must extend to the dry summer of the extreme North of Europe, and to the numerous other abnormalities which doubtless occurred in various parts of the globe. The atmosphere is a single ocean of air completely enveloping the planet, and there can be little doubt that large abnormalities in one part of that ocean are related to abnormalities in other parts. In the next place, the British Isles, and even Europe, comprise only a small fraction of the total area covered by the atmosphere. Before final explanations can be made and substantiated, observations must be available for the whole of the globe. Thirdly, the land area of the earth, from which observations are most readily obtained, is only about one-fifth of the total area, the remainder being water.

Considerable areas of land are, however, desert, or for other reasons uninhabited; while for still larger areas of land there exists at present no adequate meteorological organisation. Fourthly, although the atmosphere comes down to us at the ground it yet stretches away in a vertical direction for some six or seven miles or more before the upper boundary of cloud is reached. Processes of weather extend at least as far as that boundary. Yet observations in the free air, or on mountains, are made at only a few places, a ludicrously small number in comparison with the immensity of the ocean of air. There can be no doubt whatever that it is vital to the problem to know what happens in the upper air all over the globe—that ideal is a long way off at present.

With a view to a systematic attack upon the problem, the Meteorological Office, at the instance of the International Meteorological Committee, commenced, just before the outbreak of the war, the regular publication of serial monthly values of pressure, temperature, and rainfall for a selection of land stations, distributed over the globe at the rate of two stations per ten-degree square of latitude and longitude. Naturally the war paralysed an international enterprise such as this is bound to be; but, in spite of that, the threads have been picked up again, and volumes of the publication have been published for the seven years 1910 to 1916 inclusive. The publication is entitled the 'Réseau Mondial,' a name which was applied to a somewhat similar conception by the enthusiastic amateur French meteorologist, the late M. Teisserenc de Bort. The work is now actively proceeding, thanks to the co-operation of official meteorological services all over the world; and it has now been arranged that ships' observations will be used to represent certain sea areas in the future. Meteorologists all over the world are greatly interested in the work, and it is hoped that in course of time material will in this way be provided for the study of the numerous unsolved questions of world meteorology, including that of abnormal seasons.

R. CORLESS.

Art. 10.—LARGER ASPECTS OF THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

WE have had the Egyptian question with us now for over forty-two years, i.e. ever since we entered into military occupation of the valley of the Nile in September 1882. But it has assumed in some respects a particularly different complexion since the end of the Great War, which, on the one hand, intensified throughout the East a widespread movement of revolt against Western ascendancy, and, on the other hand, led to a strong reaction amongst Western nations, and notably in this country, against the use of force as a solution of international problems. All this was nowhere more marked than in the Arab lands of the East, and above all in Egypt, when after the war it was found impossible to give full effect to the lofty principles of freedom and self-determination expounded by the Allied and Associated Powers during the war, or to carry out the many conflicting promises hastily given under the pressure of war exigencies.

Three years ago none seemed to have perceived more clearly than Lord Allenby the necessity of reckoning in Egypt with the post-war psychology of the East and of the West, which Lord Milner's Commission had clearly recognised in its statesmanlike recommendations for an agreed settlement of the Egyptian question. It was, it must be remembered, on the faith of those recommendations that Adly Pasha was induced to form a new Egyptian Government representing moderate opinion, and to come over himself to London to negotiate a definite treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Egypt. But Mr Lloyd George, mainly at Mr Winston Churchill's instigation, threw the Milner report overboard, contending that the Cabinet had never considered itself bound by it; and when the Egyptian Prime Minister went back to Cairo discomfited and resigned office, Lord Curzon drew up a statement of the British Government's intentions which was not perhaps unreasonably interpreted in Cairo to mean a return to a mere policy of force. Serious disturbances broke out. Zaghlul, once more voicing fierce opposition to Great Britain, was again deported with the chief leaders of the party of

Independence. It was almost impossible to form another Egyptian Ministry willing or able to cope with the situation which threatened to drift back into the administrative chaos of 1919. Lord Allenby then warned Lord Curzon, not for the first time, that the end of such a policy as that to which the British Government was reverting, 'would be either the annexation of a violently hostile country which would require to be governed by force, or else complete capitulation.' This was, indeed, already the conclusion arrived at some time previously by the four principal British officials who acted as advisers of the Interior, Finance, Education, and Justice. The High Commissioner went so far as to intimate that unless His Majesty's Government altered their course he would ask to be relieved of his responsibility. He was summoned to London for consultation, and then Mr Lloyd George, confronted with the threat of the High Commissioner's resignation, promptly gave in. On Feb. 28, 1922, he made a 'declaration of principles,' which he, of course, never admitted to be a change, or still less a reversal, of his previous policy, but described as its development. Those 'principles' were the termination of the British Protectorate and of martial law, and the recognition of Egypt as an independent sovereign State; whilst, pending the conclusion 'by free discussion and friendly accommodation' of agreements concerning the security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt, the defence of Egypt against all foreign aggression or interference, the protection of foreign interests and minorities in Egypt, and, finally, the Sudan, His Majesty's Government reserved those matters to their own discretion, and the *status quo* remained intact in regard to them. Such 'principles' tallied closely with the recommendations vainly pressed on the British Government by the Milner Commission, but with this all-important difference that, whereas in the Treaty of Alliance contemplated by Lord Milner, the Egyptian Government would have bound itself at once, in return for the recognition of Egyptian independence, to the provisions required for safeguarding British interests, Mr Lloyd George forthwith gave the Egyptians what they chiefly wanted, and was content with a mere reservation of rights on the essential points which he

left over indefinitely for settlement by 'free discussion and friendly accommodation' at some future date.

The natural consequences ensued which it should not have been difficult to foresee. Sultan Fuad became King Fuad, and he promptly accredited his own ambassadors abroad. A new Egyptian constitution was drafted, and before the first general elections for the new Legislature, Zaghlul, released by the British authorities, returned to Egypt amidst great popular enthusiasm, and, having carried the country with him at the polls, received a demonstrative blessing from his King, and became the idolised Prime Minister of an independent Egypt. Meanwhile, with the rapid relaxation of British control and the pensioning off, at first on very liberal terms, of large numbers of British officials, the old plague spots of native administration—nepotism, corruption, incompetence were not slow to reappear. In such matters, which lay outside the reserved points, Lord Allenby saw no reason for interference, and he still held his hand when Egyptians who had been notoriously associated with conspiracies to murder British officials were appointed to important posts, even in the Public Security Department. Zaghlul still showed no signs of seeking a settlement. His language, though confined to generalities, was as uncompromising as ever, and even a Labour Government in England, in spite of all its expressions of sympathy, whilst in opposition, with the Egyptian Nationalists of the most advanced complexion, was compelled to warn him that there were some points, and notably the Sudan, on which no British Government could yield. And it was in the Sudan that the worst storm clouds were gathering.

Anomalous as had been the status of Egypt under British occupation, that of the Sudan, since Kitchener finally crushed Mahdism on the battlefield of Omdurman in 1898, has been still more anomalous, and is, indeed, unique. The reconquest was effected by a military expedition in which Egyptian co-operated with British troops. The Egyptian Treasury bore a large part of the cost. Nor could it be altogether forgotten that the abandonment of the Sudan by Egypt in 1884 had only taken place at the dictation of the British Government, and in direct opposition to the wishes of Egyptian

Ministers. With his eminent sense of justice, Lord Cromer, therefore, had recourse to the compromise embodied in the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of Jan. 19, 1899. It was based on the recognition both of Egypt's earlier right of sovereignty, held to have been merely in abeyance during the intervening fifteen years, and of Great Britain's claim, 'by right of conquest,' to a predominant share in the administration of the reconquered territories. It established a joint sovereignty of the two States throughout the Sudan, and, as a symbol thereof, the British and Egyptian flags have ever since been flown there side by side. The supreme executive authority has been vested in the Sirdar (or Commander-in-Chief) and Governor-General, chosen by the British Government, but formally appointed by the ruler of Egypt. The Provincial Governors and all the higher officials have been British, and a regular Sudan Civil Service has been created and recruited in England. The number of Egyptians in civil employ has been relatively small, and natives of the Sudan have been drafted in as fast as they could be trained up—chiefly in the Gordon College at Khartum. The Egyptian army has been used to supply the greater part of the garrison, with, as a rule, one British battalion and detachments of other arms as a stiffening. About half the Egyptian garrison consisted of Egyptians from Egypt proper, and the other half of Sudanese, who have always been impressed in large numbers into the Egyptian army since Mohamed Ali first conquered the Sudan about 100 years ago. British officers held all the higher commands. Until 1910 the Egyptian Treasury made up the annual deficit in the Sudan budget, and has continued to make certain contributions direct and indirect to the cost of the administration even since revenue began to balance expenditure. With the restoration of peace and security the Sudan has had a new lease of life, and as its soil, if adequately watered, is admirably adapted to the cultivation of cotton, great irrigation works have been initiated which are capable of immense extension, and already promise to inaugurate an era of almost immeasurable prosperity.

The curiously dual relationship of the Sudan to Great Britain and Egypt could, however, only endure so long as

perfect goodwill and confidence existed between the jointly sovereign States. Whilst British control was for all practical purposes paramount in Cairo, as well as in Khartum, all went well; but when the equipoise was disturbed by the growth of a militant Egyptian Nationalism after the Great War, and was finally upset by England's recognition of Egypt as a sovereign and independent State, the maintenance of the joint sovereignty was in obvious jeopardy. On to the Nationalist agitation for the complete independence of Egypt a claim was grafted for the restoration of the Sudan to full Egyptian sovereignty, and it was loudly pressed when a great controversy broke out over the Sudan irrigation schemes, and the Egyptians, backed by some British experts, alleged that they might dangerously curtail Egypt's vital supply of Nile water. Again, when Great Britain finally recognised the independence of Egypt, differences arose over King Fuad's title. He claimed to be styled King of Egypt and the Sudan. England naturally objected to the second part of the title, which ignored her joint-sovereignty over the Sudan. The only logical solution would have been for Fuad to style himself King of Egypt and half or joint Sovereign of the Sudan. But that would have been almost a Gilbertian solution, and, under pressure from the British Government, King Fuad temporarily waived the point, holding it over for final agreement between the British and Egyptian Governments as to the reservations made by the former—one of them concerning the Sudan—at the time of the abolition of the Protectorate.

The agitation had so far been to all appearances confined to Egypt only, whilst we flattered ourselves that in opposing any interference with the *status quo* in the Sudan we could rely on the old hatred of Egyptian rule throughout the country, and the obvious inability of the Egyptians to restore it—even if we were willing to give them the chance—in the face of any resistance from the people of the Sudan, who are far better fighters than the Egyptians, and much better equipped to fight than in former times. This was doubtless an accurate estimate of the attitude of the majority of the Sudanese people towards Egypt, though a generation was already growing up which remembered neither Egyptian rule in

pre-Mahdi days nor the Mahdi himself and the days of his oppression. But, however much a Mohamedan people may hate to have some of their co-religionists as their rulers, they cannot in the long run have much love for Infidel rulers, and whilst this does not apply to the Sudanese of the Southern provinces, who are mostly Pagans, those of the Northern provinces are almost all Mohamedans, singularly liable, as the Mahdi showed us, to be swept by sudden waves of religious passion. Nowhere has Islam made greater conquests in our time than in Africa, and there are many roads across the Sudan along which fiery messages travel from the hot-beds of Mohamedan fanaticism on the fringe and in the oases of the Saharan desert to other parts of the Mohamedan world beyond the Red Sea. Bolshevism has also now a convenient agency in the Soviet Consulate at Jeddah for distributing through the Mecca pilgrims returning to the Sudan and other parts of Africa the anti-British literature, which Moscow schools of Eastern propaganda turn out in large quantities, specially adapted for use in Mohamedan countries. But though the Sudan authorities had their misgivings, the British public, at least, was completely taken by surprise when it heard last summer of the outbreak in the Sudan itself of serious disturbances in the Egyptian interest.

In the middle of August there was a mutinous demonstration made by cadets of the military school in Khartum; there was serious mutiny and rioting at Atbara, quelled, not altogether without bloodshed, by Sudanese troops, who in the emergency acted spontaneously without orders from the British authorities; there was trouble at Port Sudan, where the police instead of maintaining order had to be confined to barracks, and all these incidents occurred within such a few days that they were clearly part of a pre-arranged movement intended to provide Egyptian propaganda with fresh arguments in support of Egypt's claim to the Sudan. Were any further proof needed, the Egyptian Government quickly furnished it by circulating gross misrepresentations as to the character of the Sudan disturbances, and as to the methods used for their repression. There could be no other purpose than that of inflaming Egyptian opinion when, with all the official reports before

them, Egyptian Ministers tried to make out that the rioters at Atbara had been shot down by British soldiers, whilst there was not a British soldier in the place, and, when pressed to issue the necessary corrections, they went on prevaricating and talked about the protests they were entering in London, as if the restoration of order in the Sudan was an act of hostility towards Egypt. All this was a bad preparation for the long-deferred conversations between Zaghlul and the British Prime Minister. When eventually they took place in London, early in October last, they had no other result than to lay bare Zaghlul's utter lack of statesmanship and even of ordinary adroitness. For before entering into any discussions Mr Ramsay MacDonald succeeded in extracting from Zaghlul what had never been extracted from him before, viz. a definite statement of his demands. Once that was done, Mr Ramsay MacDonald was in a position to make an equally definite reply. And he did. For he rejected every one of Zaghlul's demands, and none more categorically than with regard to the Sudan. 'His Majesty's Government,' as he afterwards wrote to Lord Allenby, 'have contracted heavy moral obligations by the creation of a good system of administration ; they cannot allow that to be destroyed ; they regard their responsibilities as a trust for the Sudan people ; there can be no question of their abandoning the Sudan until their work is done.' He adhered to the statements he had made on the subject in the House of Commons, adding, that 'neither in Egypt nor in the Sudan should there be any doubt. If there is, it will only lead to trouble.' Nor did he leave Zaghlul in doubt as to the consequences of such trouble.

Before, however, Mr Ramsay MacDonald had time to give practical effect to this warning, he was in the throes of the domestic upheaval which ended in the downfall of the Labour Government, and before Mr Austen Chamberlain had time to follow up and develop his predecessor's policy, the catastrophe of Nov. 19 took place in Cairo. Sir Lee Stack, Governor-General of the Sudan and Sirdar, was foully murdered, a victim only more conspicuous than not a few others to the long campaign of hatred which, tolerated if not instigated by the Zaghlulist Government, had created an atmosphere of

murder. The dramatic events which immediately followed must be so fresh in the reader's recollection that there can be no need to recall in detail the terms of Lord Allenby's ultimatum delivered with a great display of military force within a few hours of Sir Lee Stack's funeral; Zaghlul's rejection of most of the demands and his resignation after the seizure of the Egyptian customs at Alexandria; the formation of a new and colourless Cabinet under Ziwar Pasha, a respectable official of the old Turco-Egyptian type, who had been a familiar, if minor, figure in many Ministerial reconstructions; the prorogation of the Egyptian Assembly, after it had fully endorsed Zaghlul's reply to Lord Allenby, and dispatched a long appeal to the League of Nations; and then the formal submission of the new Egyptian Government to all the terms imposed by the High Commissioner.

An outrage so dastardly required swift and stern action; but several points in the ultimatum went beyond or beside the mark, and there was something unworthy of our traditions in the exacting of a pecuniary 'fine,' closely akin to blood-money, fixed at precisely the same amount as the fine exacted from Greece after the murder of an Italian General last year near Janina, as if half a million sterling was the international tariff for murdered generals, and in the threat, as Egyptians read it, of extending the irrigation of the Sudan without any regard for the vital supply of water to Egypt proper. There was impolitic haste also in the importation of various conditions concerning the Egyptian administration and the pensioning of foreign officials in the Egyptian service, which, having no clear connexion with the Sudan or with the murder of its Governor-General, might more properly have been reserved for treatment entirely apart from the tragic issues of the moment. One may perhaps assume that the terms of the ultimatum originated rather with Lord Allenby than with Downing Street, and that the High Commissioner, who, as the dashing soldier that he essentially is, had 'seen red' and forced the pace. In his somewhat reticent statement in the House on Dec. 15, Mr Chamberlain carefully abstained from making any specific reference to the terms of the ultimatum, except to repudiate firmly, but rather apologetically, the construction placed in Egypt on Lord

Allenby's declaration with regard to the indefinite extension of irrigation in the Sudan, and he was at pains to explain and justify the Government's Egyptian policy as in the main merely the necessary development of the policy already laid down by his predecessor at the Foreign Office.

With regard to the Sudan, things could clearly not be allowed to drift any further. Egypt's joint sovereignty has not been explicitly touched, but it ceases to have much substance with the expulsion of all the Egyptian officers and purely Egyptian units of the Egyptian army, and the conversion of its Sudanese units into a Sudan defence force owing allegiance only to the Sudan Government in British hands. But great as had been the provocation received, the *coup de théâtre* in Cairo threatens to reproduce the very situation against which Lord Allenby himself so effectively protested less than three years ago. The revival of the British Advisers' authority in the Egyptian Ministries of Finance and Justice and of the European departments in the Ministry of the Interior goes a long way to restore British control as exercised in the early days of the Occupation, when, in accordance with Lord Granville's famous despatch, Egyptian Ministers were warned that it was 'essential that in important questions affecting the administration and safety of Egypt, the advice of Her Majesty's Government should be followed . . . Ministers and Governors must carry out this advice or forfeit their offices.' Lord Cromer, however, fully realised that the corollary of such control was the assumption of large responsibilities for the good government and administration of the country in almost every department. To leave Egypt still nominally independent, as we are pledged to do, but so hobbled that very little freedom of movement will be left to her, except possibly to show how badly she can govern herself in the fields of administration which do not directly affect British or other foreign interests, would mean an attempt to revive a spurious Cromerism without any of Lord Cromer's statesmanship. Lord Allenby's ultimatum, effective as it has been for the moment, and as it was bound to be with such an overwhelming display of force behind it, cannot be a final settlement of the Egyptian question. Though

the Egyptian people, whose cult for 'complete independence' has become almost a national religion, may be cowed for some time into submission, and Zaghlul may be finally excluded from office, it cannot kill Egyptian Nationalism in the form which we have ourselves recognised to be legitimate. Even the few newspapers which, under the inspiration of Adly and other moderate Egyptians, had strenuously opposed the Zaghlul Government, very soon protested as stoutly against the policy embodied in the ultimatum. We and the Egyptians must ultimately return to the reasonable methods of negotiation recommended by the Milner Report, of which the rejection by Mr Lloyd George's Government has been one of the chief causes of the present impasse.

Mr Chamberlain was, doubtless, the first to realise how strong a feeling of pained surprise was created in some quarters abroad, and even at home, when England, who had been the most fervent advocate of the League of Nations, seemed to be resorting once more in Egypt to a policy of force which she has of late years so constantly reprobated in others, and especially during the Greco-Italian incident eighteen months ago. The British Government, however, had already taken their stand before the murder of Sir Lee Stack, in a Note to the League of Nations, dated Nov. 19, 1924, which, taking as its text the Geneva Protocol, clearly ruled out from the intervention of the League the matters reserved to the British Government's discretion under the declaration recognising Egypt as an independent state, and intimated that the British Government 'would regard as an unfriendly act any attempt at interference in the affairs of Egypt by another Power.' With regard to the League, the Note was within the letter of the Covenant, and Mr Chamberlain still believes that 'there is, on the threshold, no case to be taken to the League.' He is hopeful as to the negotiations proceeding with the new Egyptian ministers. But what if they fail to restore a permanent *modus vivendi* in Egypt? May we not be ultimately compelled to have recourse to the machinery of the League for facilitating the 'agreed settlement' which sooner or later must be reached? As soon as the supremacy of British authority in the Sudan has been

definitely established, and the fears of the Egyptians for their water supply have been, as one may hope, finally removed by the institution of a strong board under an impartial Chairman, with power to control the Sudanese irrigation schemes, it is hard to believe that Mr Chamberlain's technical objections will prevail over the advantages to be derived from seeking a definite sanction for the constructive work England has still before her in the Sudan under a Mandate from the League, which might surely be so framed as not to be incompatible with the maintenance of a nominal Anglo-Egyptian condominium.

There is no reason to fear any serious international complications, but it would be futile to expect that in the present temper of the East, and more particularly of the Mohamedan East, we can deal once and for all with Egypt and the Sudan as if they were in water-tight compartments. Lord Curzon used to talk of the whispering galleries of the East, but the East is no longer content to whisper, and it gives insistent voice to a bitter spirit of insurgence against the West all along the far-flung front on which East and West face each other, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Arabia is divided only by the Red Sea from Egypt and the Sudan, and Arabia is at the present moment the scene of a great, if still somewhat obscure, struggle between forces which largely elude any material possibility of Western control. In Ibn Saud, the fiercest sons of the Arabian deserts have found a masterful leader who has already possessed himself of the greatest and holiest shrine of Islam towards which Mohamedans all over the world turn at the hour of prayer. It is not, indeed, the first time that the Wahabis have conquered Mecca. As a religious movement, Wahabism derives its name from a Puritan reformer, Abdul-Wahab, who in the early part of the 18th century began to denounce the doctrinal laxity of the Turks and their corrupting influence on the life of the Holy Places of Arabia. It gathered strength as a political movement from the support of the Beni-Saud, a powerful Beduin tribe of South-Eastern Arabia, who placed themselves at the head of a tribal confederacy to drive out Turkish authority. These fighting Puritans at one time carried everything before them and occupied Mecca and Medina,

until, a little more than a century ago, the great Pasha of Egypt, Mohamed Ali, undertook, on behalf of his over-lord the Sultan of Turkey, to crush the Wahabi rebellion which had for nearly fifty years defied the thunderbolts of Constantinople. It took him seven years and several costly campaigns to do it. Nor was Wahabism even then stamped out, though it did not become again aggressive until the Great War had broken the Turkish power in Arabia. There had always been bad blood between the ruling families of Mecca and Nejd, and often desultory fighting for precious grazing lands between the hungry tribes whom they controlled. Ibn Saud was no friend of Turkey, and through its agents on the Persian Gulf the Government of India had constantly maintained friendly relations with him, in spite of frequent friction between him and our special protégé the Sheikh of Koweit. But he could not help resenting the more exalted position to which his other chief rival, the Sherif of Mecca, was raised when we recognised him as King of the Hedjaz, in return for his war services, after he had raised the standard of revolt against Turkey, and furnished an extremely useful Arab contingent for our expeditionary forces in Palestine and Syria. Almost as soon as the Great War was over Ibn Saud tried to settle his differences with King Hussein according to the approved methods of Arabia. But though the latter's troops were badly beaten to the east of Mecca, the Wahabi leader refrained at our instance from pressing his advantage against our ally. But only for a time. He could afford to wait. For King Hussein proved himself so incompetent and oppressive a ruler, and made so bad a name for himself all over the Mohamedan world by his ruthless exploitation of the unfortunate pilgrims to Mecca, that when the Wahabi leader again took the field against him last autumn there were few Mohamedans in Arabia or elsewhere who did not wish him well. The Hedjaz army put up a very poor fight. Hussein hurriedly abdicated on Oct. 3 in favour of his son Ali, and a few days later the Wahabis entered Mecca. That they refrained from the wholesale plundering and massacre which had followed the occupation of the Holy Places under Ibn Saud's forbears, may be taken to show that their present leader combines with more enlightened views the

remarkable will power needed to curb the religious fanaticism and predatory instincts of his followers. The future is still uncertain. King Hussein has left the country, and Ibn Saud, who has proscribed the whole of the Hashimite family, refuses to have any dealings with Ali, who, though short of men and money, still clings to Medina and a few other points in the north of the Hedjaz. Meanwhile, Ibn Saud's triumph has been generally welcomed by Mohamedan public opinion, and especially by Indian Mohamedan extremists, who hail King Hussein's overthrow as a just retribution for his betrayal of Turkey and alliance with England during the war. Egypt is in the throes of far too great a crisis for King Fuad to be tempted to follow in the footsteps of his great ancestor in Arabia. The Republican rulers of Turkey, having surrendered all their Arab provinces and cut themselves adrift from Islam by the abolition of the Caliphate, profess at present complete indifference to what has happened at Mecca, except in so far as it can be regarded as a rebuff to British policy, and to that extent it may ultimately stiffen the Turkish attitude on the question of Mosul. For in Iraq particularly King Hussein's downfall must at least indirectly react injuriously upon the present *régime*. It is a serious blow to the prestige of King Feisal, one of Hussein's sons, whom we have placed on the throne, and he has not yet struck any very deep roots in the country. Since the Baghdad Assembly, accepted after long delays and opposition, the Anglo-Iraq Treaty settling the terms on which we were prepared to recognise the independence of the Iraq kingdom, there have been fewer manifestations of unrest, and one may assume that it will not revive seriously so long as Iraq stands in obvious need of British support against Turkish menace in the north.

One would like to think that the improvement officially recorded in the general situation in Palestine during the last year may not be disturbed by the emergence of Ibn Saud. But that the Arab population is by no means yet reconciled to Zionism, appears once more from the recent Arab-Jewish affray over the purchase by the Zionist organisation, with the Government's sanction, of a large tract of valuable land in the Plain of Esdraelon. Closer relations have, at any rate, been established

between British authorities in Palestine and their French neighbours in Syria, and if General Weygand had not been suddenly recalled to make room for General Sarrail, whom nobody found it easy to get on with at Salonica, one might have reckoned with more confidence on the early construction of a railway, between Beirut and Haifa, which would link up the two mandated territories and allay the rivalry of economic interests between them. Unfortunately Trans-Jordania may yet only too easily become a danger point. There, too, the Emir Abdullah, who rules under our protection, is a son of King Hussein, and a no less unsatisfactory ruler than his father, of whose least estimable qualities he appears to have inherited his full share. Some of the difficulties which the Palestine Government has had with its French neighbours have arisen out of his readiness to give sanctuary to unruly Arabs who, after seeking unsuccessfully to create disturbances in Syria, escape into safety across the Trans-Jordanian border. It must be remembered, too, that only a few months ago we had to send an air force to repel a Wahabi raid into Abdullah's territory, even before Ibn Saud's descent upon Mecca. The Wahabi leader may for the present have plenty to do in consolidating his authority in the Hedjaz; but when he has completed that task, is he likely to keep his hands off Emir Abdullah? And, if he does not, shall we have to embroil ourselves with him by again affording military assistance to King Hussein's son, who, without our help, would, long before his father, have been another *roi en exil*?

With the perennial struggles in South-Western Arabia between the Idrisi Sheikh and the Imam Yehia of Sanoa, the Wahabi Sultan is for the present, perhaps, even less concerned than we are, owing to our position in Aden. But these rival chieftains have family and religious connexions in the Sudan, and to the reactions which Ibn Saud's adventure may have all over the Arabian peninsula, and even in the Mohamedan world beyond Arabia, must be added now those of the recent crisis in Egypt. For though Egyptians have for the last century, owing to their exceptionally close intercourse with the West, occupied a somewhat distinct position of their own in the world of Islam, and are as a whole rather more

free from Mohamedan fanaticism than other Islamic countries, they belong nevertheless to the great brotherhood of Islam which can never be entirely indifferent to their fate. Strong as was our case against Egypt, as represented by the Zaghlul Government, Mohamedans will see only the methods adopted by an Infidel power to establish its domination over a downtrodden Mohamedan nation. The wires by which contact is maintained between all the Mohamedan peoples in the East are well and very secretly laid. They are skilfully handled by the many Mohamedan fraternities which, though in matters of doctrine on the extreme edge of orthodoxy, are the most active agents in spreading the gospel of Islamic revolt, and their organisation is, perhaps, nowhere more militant than along the fringe of Western domination right across North Africa. It is largely due to their influence that Italian authority is still almost ineffective in Tripoli beyond the Mediterranean coast-line, and the French believe them to have had a hand in the Nationalist movement which is giving them some trouble in Tunisia, though on the surface it appears to be closely modelled on Egyptian lines. Their activities can sometimes be traced first in one and then in another remote centre, but their emissaries display consummate skill in covering up their tracks. There is hardly to-day another European administrator in any Mohamedan country so well qualified to gauge the temper of the Mohamedan world as Marshal Lyautey. None has made greater efforts to conciliate Mohamedan feeling than he has in French Morocco, and none has succeeded better within the range of his personal influence. But Morocco is only one small country in the vast world of Islam, and even in Morocco Lyautey's keen and observant eyes detect signs of trouble extending far beyond it. He has recently given public expression to his anxieties. The world of Islam, conscious that it is steadily crumbling under the impact of the dynamic West, is in search of the promised *Mahdi*, the guide who shall lead it once more in the path of final victory over the Infidels of 'the World of War,' whose overthrow must some day consummate, as all true Believers hold the Prophet himself to have promised, the final triumph of the Faith. Where will that *Mahdi*

appear? Hardly in the shape of the Wahabi leader, Ibn Saud, whom all orthodox Mohamedans regard as a rank heretic, though, if his star continued to rise, he might perhaps be purged of his heresies. But what of Abdul Krim, the Riff leader, educated in Spain and for many years in Spanish service, whom a Spanish General's brutal fit of temper drove out, with black wrath and humiliation in his heart, to head yet another rebellion against the Spaniards in his native mountains? The successful revolt in the Spanish zone may attract little attention in Europe and merely as an item of local Moroccan news of small significance except to those powers that have special interests in that detached north-west corner of Africa. But news travels fast in the East, and already, even in India, there are Mohamedans who are turning their eyes towards Abdul Krim as a successor to their former and now shattered idol, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, since the Turkish dictator chose to cast away the Sword of Islam with the Ottoman Caliphate. It is hard for Englishmen to realise that in this 20th century of ours religion is still just as much the great basic force all over the East, as it was in Europe in the Middle Ages. So we look upon Egypt merely as the half-way house between Europe and the Middle and Far East, which we must control because it is essential to our Imperial lines of communication. Scores of millions of Mohamedans look upon Egypt from a very different angle of vision. For them it is the half-way house between the Western and the Eastern lands of Islam, and their religious as well as racial pride resents its defilement by the European Infidel.

VALENTINE CHIROL.

Art. 11.—ROMANCE OF THE MERCHANT SHIPS.

1. *Seaborne Trade.* By C. Ernest Fayle. Three vols, with maps. Murray, 1920-1924.
2. *The Merchant Navy.* By Archibald Hurd. Two vols, with maps. Murray, 1921-1924.

THE train was crossing the Forth Bridge. It was noon-day and the sun shone. A light breeze ruffled the river; the ripples gleamed. Sewards the islands and rocks rose like new-carven things; westwards one looked down on and over the piers, almost deserted, of South Queensferry, then across to Rosyth, with its giant cranes idle in the smokeless air. Rare good visibility for December in these parts; fine weather for the time o' year; too clear, perhaps, for the imagining of things that never were, yet not too bright for the seeing of ghosts of things that had been.

A little black coaster jogged sedately up channel towards the bridge. It appeared that she had the Forth to herself. On her alone, this gay December day, looked down the bridge that not so long ago had looked down on many great ships of a great navy. How strange it was now to behold yonder waters so vacant and untroubled! In those dread days to cross the Forth Bridge was a thrill—to some a cold thrill. Those great grey ships, all moored and motionless, waiting—for what? Sometimes one could count them; sometimes they were blurred or blanketed by haar or fog. And now and then most of them were gone away, on what business one never knew, save once, when they returned, battered and broken and burned, from Jutland. A heart-shaking sight that, compared with which the coming of the German ships at the end of it all was as nothing. Does any one of us who crossed the Forth Bridge in wartime forget what he saw by day, or fancied in the night?

The train ran into Fife, and I was on the alert lest I should miss the bay of Inverkeithing, wherein, after the war, were crowded together vessels, large and small, for the shipbreakers. Of late their numbers have been dwindling, but a few still remained—worn-out, used-up mine-sweepers and patrol boats. There they lay,

ruinous, forlorn, in the mud ; and, with all reverence to the memory of the Great Admiral, it was borne on me that the meanest of these poor derelicts might well have known more of the terrors and horrors and sheer awfulness of sea war than had any one of his mighty Wooden Walls. . . .

So in the train, on that December noon—only a few days ago—came back to me a throng of things seen, heard, and felt in those years of wonder and woe ; small things mostly, scarce worth recording then, or now, except in so far as they may serve as pages, so to speak, pointing to the portals of great matters. For since that railway journey I have been reading certain volumes in ‘The History of the Great War, based on Official Documents,’ namely, ‘The Merchant Navy’ and ‘Seaborne Trade,’ wherein at last old questions are answered, old mysteries laid bare, old rumours discredited, and countless amazing, moving records of human courage and endurance, moral and physical, and of human labour, brain and body, given to the world ; and only because my small memories are also of humanity, I am venturing to set some of them down here, at the gates.

A night in December 1914. The train for the North has halted at Dalmeny. An official enters the compartment—as it chances, I am alone—glances at the racks, peeps under the seats, and takes my solitary piece of hand luggage, remarking, as one very weary of explaining, that I shall have it back later. In these times we civilians are not easily insulted ; readily we bow to official rule. Besides, the present precaution is not absurd, even in my own case. When rumour jostles rumour and no one knows anything for certain, nothing that is unusual seems absurd. It is but right and proper that any man with a suit-case should be suspected of intent to bomb the Forth Bridge.

From the dimmed lights of the station the train slips into outer darkness. Only the change in the note of the wheels tells when we leave the land, only the loom of the girders that we are surely on the bridge. I open the windows and a dank sea vapour is puffed through the compartment. The rising wind is charged with a bitterness that may mean snow. There are no

lights, no sounds save those of the train. Down yonder, deep in the mirk, are ships of war—battleships, cruisers, destroyers—waiting. Can they do aught but wait in such blackness? And—are they safe, quite safe? The question has sprung from a muddle of rumours. An enemy submarine had lately attempted to bomb and break the bridge. An enemy submarine had run aground at Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's estate. An enemy submarine had landed two officers who had taken train to Edinburgh, attended a theatre there, and returned to their U-boat undetected. Are such things true? Can they be true? Yet why should one doubt? And do not the enemy submarines lay mines as well as fire torpedoes? Mines! Havoc!

It is but four weeks since I sat in the smoke-room of a country inn with two friends just arrived from Australia, via Canada and New York. We were alone in the room, but they spoke in secret whispers, glancing over their shoulders at the door. Perhaps they were the first to bring the news to Scotland. They told how, when off the coast of Ireland, their ship had stood by the sinking 'Audacious,' a new battleship of the line. She had struck a mine. . . . The chill of dismay that fell on me with their words and lingered through that evening, which should have been a cheerful one, comes upon me once more on the Forth Bridge. To think that one mine could do that! True, worse things have already happened, and worse may come and be reported in the morning paper; but while one stares at the printed words that a man has written in an office, the spoken words of the eye-witness strike home. And my friends did more than speak; furtively they showed that which, I doubt not, was furtively gotten—a tiny photograph. . . .

Through the dark the train runs on. I am aware of a shiver. It is not from the chill sea vapour; not from the flash of fancy in which the bridge is rent in a spout of fire. The bridge, just then, seems to matter very little. But the unseen ships, deep down in the mirk—are they safe? . . . An hour or so later, we are on the Tay Bridge, with snow flurrying at the panes and the wind beginning to cry. But the water is visible and there are no great ships. Now I think of the bridge and

how easy it would be, with a few pounds of explosive, to wreck a pair of the piers. . . .

At Dundee two seafaring men get into the compartment. They are going, I gather presently, to join a mine-sweeper in the North. The younger man wants to talk: he is bubbling with legends of the war on the North Sea, simmering with speculations concerning his new job thereon. The middle-aged man sucks stolidly at a cold pipe and occasionally emits a grunt of discouragement. ‘Look here!’ says the younger at last; ‘do you call me a fool or a liar?’ The other’s weary grunt may mean anything. ‘Look here!’ says the young man again; ‘s’pose ye tell me—and this gentleman here—what the — *you* — well knows about it.’ Resignedly the elder removes his pipe, gives each of us a pitying glance, and in slow syllables that fall like lumps of clay replies: ‘Nobody knows nothin’ ‘bout anythin’ in this — war.’ Deliberately he arises, lets down the window, spits copiously and contemptuously at the weather, raises the window, resumes his seat and his pipe, and composes himself for slumber. It strikes me that his saying is not far from being a true one.

We come late into Aberdeen, and in a blizzard; but this is before the days of restrictions in creature comforts, before we have been taught how much one ship matters to the nation, before we have learned what it means to dwell on an island; and the luxuries of the hotel are given and taken as a matter of course. By morning the snow has changed to sleet, and stinging cold is the wind on the near empty quays; the one cheering thing offered there being a grand story which is going the rounds, concerning the ramming of a U-boat by the mine-sweeping trawler, ‘Dorothy Gray,’ the first feat of the kind. But is it true?* The newspapers have said nothing. Still, everybody keeps passing it on, the more conscientious sort in whispers, and in strict confidence.

Alongside one of the quays lies an old-type destroyer.

* I heard the story so often, then and later, told in so many different ways, that I could never feel quite satisfied until I read ‘The Merchant Navy,’ wherein Mr Hurd gives a full yet breathless account not only of the ramming incident, but of U-18’s voyage from Heligoland with the supreme object of attacking the Grand Fleet in Scapa Flow, of her balking there, her making for the Moray Firth, her encounter with the trawler, and her wounded struggles and ultimate fate (vol. I, p. 352).

She has been in action, but only with the North Sea in the course of her patrol. Among other things, a ventilator is crushed, her starboard rail is bent and twisted and her squat funnels are pallid with salt. A group of her crew are furbishing up a torpedo, a wondrous bright and shining thing for so sombre a purpose, preparatory to replacing it in its tube. The few people on the quay are more interested, however, in a trawler which comes yawing in from the turmoil outside. She is from up Iceland way and has a welcome cargo of fish. But fish is not everything. Has the skipper seen anything of the Germans? No, he hasn't; and he isn't fashing about the Germans, decent chaps—most o' them, any way—who wouldn't bother a peaceful chap like himself except, maybe, for a bit o' fish. Oh, ay; he reads the papers, at least once a fortnight, and he's heard plenty o' the tales that have bein' goin' the rounds. But what's a chap to believe? Let them that was mad enough to start it, fight it out; as for him, he'll attend to his trawlin'. It is still the attitude, the question, of many. What's a chap to believe? But the War has only begun. Attend to his trawlin'? We shall see!

In the morning the old town of Peterhead is very grey and bleak and, after Aberdeen, still and vacant. In its streets the wind strikes wildly and bites savagely. Beyond the breakwater the North Sea has gone crazy. Over all hangs a heavy sky, sullen, indifferent. In the night, out yonder, a small sailing ship came to grief. The lifeboat was out for hours, coming back at dawn with her human salvage. Somewhere in the cold-faced, warm-hearted town are strangers sleeping off exhaustion and the fear of death; doubtless their saviours, whose reward is to be home again, sleep also. For this Peterhead flies no flags.

Down at the harbour there is little doing. Peterhead is a mine-sweeper base—one of the first to be established—but the mine-sweepers are absent, the second flotilla, I am told, having gone out to relieve the first. Think of them out yonder! A trawler is built for heavy weather, but sweeping mines is not quite the same thing as fetching up fish. . . . To-day one half of the harbour is packed with steam fishing vessels, idle. But before long

they will be wanted, every one of them, and, the necessary gear in haste provided, be given jobs, more or less perilous, to do. Outwardly, at least, there is no hint of War here. None? Stay! What craft is that, with the slim funnel and slender, rakish spars? All the Navy grey in Britain could not disguise her. The sweet curve of her bow would alone betray her. Why, then, the masquerade, and what makes the dainty lady here? In the summer that seems so long ago, all in white she glided and swung over free and kindly waters; fair women and brave men—brave now, one doubts not—lived and lounged on her luxury; her days were passed amid beauty; her nights were as soft dreams broken only by light music and lighter laughter. But at this northern port, in midwinter, what does she do? So fragile-looking for all her war make-up, what can she do? Ah, wait! Regard her well! Men are working in her bows. To-morrow you will comprehend—to-morrow when her little grey gun is mounted. For this dainty lady, even as that sturdy wench, the trawler, is one of the Little Protectors.*

The scene is the interior of a small public-house near the fish quay in North Shields. There was a touch of frost in the night, but the heavy fog of early morning has thinned, and now a sad, moist mist hangs over the Tyne. A little while ago came the news of the bombardment of the Hartlepools. The man beside me says he heard the guns. He is one of the seven men to whom my friend the trawl-owner† introduced me yesterday. All were lately in from the mine-sweeping, and my friend thought that I might—*perhaps*—learn something about it. Seven fine fellows they were, and I was honoured by their handshakes—only they sat all the time on the edges of seven chairs, and gazed into seven R.N.R. caps, wherein they kept their cigarettes, and remained inarticulate—all excepting one. The trawl-owner said I was lucky to get one. But I trust I am not suggesting that my companion of the public-house is

* At the end of September 1914 there were fifteen steam yachts in commission, and fifteen fitting out ('The Merchant Navy,' vol. I, ch. viii).

† One of his trawlers was blown up while sweeping the Tyne Minefield on Aug. 27, 1914 (Hurd, vol. I, p. 322).

talkative. There is nothing of the bluff and jolly tar about him. Indeed, I begin to doubt whether the jolly tar of song and story exists in real life. In none of those war-time ports have I found him. My companion is a dark, calm-faced young man, who looks like an engineer, but is not, with a wife and child over in South Shields. We are in a pub because there was no quiet corner for us in the trawl-owner's office, nor a more attractive place of refuge in the near neighbourhood. Also, the pub is handy if he should be wanted by his commander. Quite seriously, in answer to my inquiry, he declares himself T.T., port wine being a temperance beverage. We are served with two small glasses of blood-red hue. Gravely he nods and sips, and I do likewise. . . . If this be temperance, may the devil sign the pledge!

He is not talkative, no, but his slow words are awake with intelligence. There hesits in his jersey, rough trousers, and sea-boots, placidly smoking his Woodbine—he prefers it to my slightly dearer sort—and makes vivid little pictures without knowing it. ‘By chance I was lookin’ that way, and I see her go up in red and black smoke—funnel seemed to jump out o’ her—and then all sorts o’ things began to fall down out o’ the air.’ He sips his port. ‘Tis a pleasant drink. Wonder they wasn’t all killed. ‘Twas “lower away” on all the trawlers, and ‘twas a proper race. Us got the old skipper—both his legs broke—he was cursin’ and swearin’ when he ought to ha’ been drowned. But he’s doin’ well in hospital.’ ‘No more mine-sweeping for him,’ I venture. ‘Ho, well, he says he’s goin’ back as soon as he can stand on both legs, one at a time. Why, there’s a chap I knows of was blowed up three times, and he’s still askin’ for it.’ It does not seem necessary to ask my friend of the clear, steadfast eyes what he would do should he be blown up three times; but I wonder what the young wife thinks about it all. The worst thing he has to say about the mine-sweeping is that it isn’t exactly a picnic, and there is never a word about the enemy who laid the accursed things. And this modesty and dignity is so common among sea-faring men!

With a fine clarity which, somehow, gets muddied when the tale is put into fair English, he describes how

the mines are swept up and destroyed. It is the riskiest task in the world. He knows that ; he neither magnifies nor belittles the risk ; it is simply all in the day's work. His one grievance is that for four or five days at a stretch there is no chance of 'a bit o' fish.' I fancy he thinks of me a little more kindly when I mention that in my time I have eaten fish in an Iceland trawler's cabin. At any rate, he favours me with the sight of a letter from a friend who is mine-sweeping in the south. The letter tells mainly of the work and the weather, and asks about mutual acquaintances in North and South Shields. And then there is a P.S. 'Could do with a bit of fish.' One can almost hear the sigh in that P.S. It is the common sigh of all those trawlmen in the R.N.R. and R.N.V.R. to-day—those men working literally between the devil and the deep sea to protect our warships and commerce ships, without which Britain is undone—'a bit o' fish.'

Two hours having slipped out, I am suddenly awake to my lack of hospitality. I invite him to take another small glass. 'Don't mind ; 'tis a pleasant drink,' he returns so amiably, that I would sip castor oil to keep him company. So we have a second dose, and then he looks at the clock. 'Shan't be wanted to-day now, so, if ye don't mind, I'll be gettin' across home,' he says, adding, 'Fraid I haven't told ye anything worth while.' When I say I am indebted to him, he smiles kindly, unbelievingly. I go with him down to the ferry. On the landing-stage he does become talkative—about 'the kid.' The steamer comes in. We shake hands and I wish him luck. 'So long,' he says, and goes on board, and the steamer turns out to the tumbling Tyne. To-morrow the little fleet of trawlers, on one of which he serves, goes out once more to the mine-field. From the deck he waves his hand and turns his back to light a fresh Woodbine. Furtively I take off my hat.

Ay, the war is only beginning. New areas are being sown with enemy mines—who knows when and how? Who knows where, till a blast as from hell and a broken ship proclaim it? So more, and still more, trawlers are needed to sweep, more yachts, motor-boats, and other light craft to patrol, watch, warn, and—rescue. Do all

those men and boys love danger so much? Not every one of them is a fisherman used to the buffettings and bitterness of the North Sea. There are yachting men and boating men, and men of trades and professions who are just 'fond of the sea.' Some of them cannot in the smallest degree know what they are undertaking; some must, soon or late, break down under the rigours of the service. Are they less gallant because of their ignorance or lack of body strength? Are the fishermen, who predominate, less brave because of their knowledge? Of one thing at least none goes unaware—that death may come with any tick of the clock; of another thing all are almost certain—that though stricken they may not strike back. Was ever such splendour of true manhood and quiet courage?

Shall ever failure be more gently remembered than the attempt to sweep the Narrows of the Dardanelles? Not once but thrice they try—seven little ships, manned mainly by fishermen as yet acquainted only with the war of the winds, the bombardment of the billows. Deliberately out of the night they steam into the dazzle of enemy searchlights that blaze athwart the minefield which has forbidden the armoured might of Britain. But it is the Impossible. Shelled by the enemy batteries, blinded by the glare, staggering amidst the lurking mines—the 'Manx Hero' strikes one and blows up—they can no more. 'But let no one dare to call these men cowards!' writes Mr Hurd; 'throughout the whole war these fishermen and their R.N.R. officers were never frightened of mines or submarines . . . but it was quite another matter to take these men straight from the North Sea and turn them, ordinary fishermen, into conspicuous targets for field-guns and forts. No harder or more dispiriting a task was ever set the vessels of the Auxiliary Patrol through the war than that of sweeping the Dardanelles Straits. The dice were so loaded against them that the sweepers had no chance.'

Already to the blind malice of the mines has been abundantly added the peeping malignance of the submarines. Bigger and bolder grow the U-boats, swifter and crueler. They haunt the North Sea; they raid the English Channel and the waters about Ireland; they

dare the Arctic ; they reach the Mediterranean. Though the sinkings of ships are reported in the newspapers, though none of us can read of them undismayed, not one of us in a hundred thousand can apprehend how perilous is the situation. Some of us, indeed, are sadly troubled about the diluted bread, nasty bacon, lack of butter . . . and wonder what things are coming to ; but not in our worst moments do we suspect that our margin of safety is wearing as thin as our ration-books.* Of the Army's need for men and material the cry never ceases ; of the Navy's, we catch scarce a whisper. Yet desperately do the ships of war and commerce need more protectors. So the order goes forth, untrumpeted, to the drifters.

The Drifters!—those funny little, slow-going, wood-built steamers, with their herring nets—what, in the names of Mars and Neptune, can they do? Ah, but what will they not attempt? For instance—if I may take the liberty of condensing two of Mr Hurd's inspiriting, nay, thrilling narratives—on an April morning, in the second year of the War, a little fleet of British drifters is lying in the harbour of Havre. Hark to their honourable names: 'Endurance,' 'Welcome Star,' 'Stately,' 'Comrades,' 'Pleiades,' 'Pleasance.' Comes news that an enemy submarine has been sighted outside. Nearly three hours must elapse ere the tide serves; then seaward they steam, find the likely place and shoot their nets. It is their lucky morning! Scarcely has 'Endurance' dropped the meshes when there are signs that she has caught something big, and presently up comes a periscope with such force as to disable her rudder. 'Endurance' sends up a rocket, its bang an intimation and explanation. Skilfully the skipper pays out net, but hampered by the useless

* The anxieties of those responsible, of those who *knew*, can be comprehended only after reading 'Seaborne Trade,' especially vol. III, 'The Period of Unrestricted Submarine Warfare.' With the space at disposal, to quote from Mr Fayle's history would be no compliment, and might even do an injustice to a work of such magnitude on so tremendous a subject—not that Mr Fayle has made it seem a heavy one. Statistics and all, it reads like a story, but a story to be pondered on, for Mr Fayle has shown, as, according to his preface to the first volume, he set out to show, 'how seaborne trade was affected during the war by naval operations and conditions having their origin in the naval situation.' And he has shown also how near to breaking-point we were, without knowing it.

rudder, is compelled to let go, and the U-boat, though enveloped, moves off. But the rocket signal has brought the other drifters closing in. They form a circle. The trap is shut. Arrives—in a deuce of a hurry, one may believe—the French torpedo-boat ‘Le Trombe.’ She locates the captive, and drops three bombs. That does it. UB-26, badly damaged, comes up and surrenders. ‘Welcome Star’ and ‘Stately’ help to save the Germans. And that’s that!

The scene changes to the Mediterranean. It is 9.15 on a January night, off Cape Otranto. ‘Calistoga’—not a pretty name, but one can’t have everything—has just got her nets in position when such a strain comes that her head is turned round. Not so the head of her skipper, William Stephen, R.N.R. Firing a rocket, he slips the nets and gives chase after the indicator buoy. Half a mile away, the drifter ‘Dulcie Doris’—you wouldn’t think she could hurt anything!—slips *her* nets and joins in. So does ‘Evening Star,’ lucky to be in the district. After a while, about five hundred yards ahead, the netted submarine breaks water. With her three-inch gun ‘Dulcie Doris’ lets Austrian U-boat VI have three good ones under the conning-tower, and ‘Evening Star’ adds a couple. The submarine lists over and begins to sink; her crew take to the water. All are saved—naturally.

Alas, that it is not always thus. Attacked by Austrian cruisers and destroyers, blown up by mines, and bombed from the air, the toll of the drifters is grievously heavy. Yet they carry on—and the destruction of one U-boat means the safe passage of many a great ship.

With two or three stout souls on board, no craft, it would seem, is too small to take part in the game. Hear, therefore, the brief yarn of the ‘Salmon,’ a yarn which, thanks to Mr Hurd, so stirs the imagination that I cannot refrain from enlarging on it just a little. The ‘Salmon,’ as Mr Hurd tells us, is not a M.L., but a day-boat without a cabin. She is 40 feet long, with 8-foot beam, with a cockpit aft and a certain amount of space forward of the engine-room where a couple of men can turn in. She has, however, a speed of 20 knots, and is one of the six boats presented to the Admiralty by Mr

Cochrane, the American yachtsman. It is midnight in midsummer, and she is on patrol off Lowestoft. She is hunting for a mine-laying submarine suspected of being in the neighbourhood. At her stern is a depth charge, all ready to be let go. It is a thrilling time for Sub-Lieutenant West, R.N.V.R., and his companions, for the hydrophones are giving them news—buzzing sounds, intermittent and none too definite, yet surely indicating an evil presence down, somewhere, in the gloom of these waters. For an hour the buzzings are heard, and then they cease. The hunters look at one another in the dark; perhaps they smile resignedly; perhaps they groan and say something pithy. But they do not go home to bed. They cruise cannily and watch and listen patiently, and at the end of thirty minutes or so—at 1.30 a.m., in fact—hush! it comes again! And this time it is more continuous, grows louder—nearer—approaching rapidly—till the buzz swells into the hum of a whirling dynamo. Now there is no doubt—no doubt whatever—and yet the undersea thing *may* change its course, or the 'Salmon' may miss it, or . . . Suspense! Then, all at once, the evil thing is right below them. 'Full ahead!' shouts the sub-lieutenant—or maybe gasps it, or, possibly, just signs it. Surely there are some quick pulses now in that motor boat! And even as the 'Salmon' bolts, the depth charge plunges. An age of moments—till the sea behind them bulges and bursts, and the frail craft quakes to the concussion. What has happened down there? The answer comes in a second explosion, far more violent than the first; the sea spouts fifty feet in air. . . . Silence save for hiss and clash of disrupted waters. In and around the turmoil great bubbles appear and burst. Fragments of white-painted wood pop up: a grating follows. There is a strong smell of gas. . . . UC 10, bombed and then rent by the rage of her own mines—a dose of her own physic—will trouble shipping no more.

The battle is not to the strong—sometimes. Ten weeks have passed. All along, refusing to be scared, fishermen, too old to fight, have continued to follow their native calling. Comes in the mist a U-boat and, within the space of forty-eight hours, destroys thirty fishing vessels.

It is the summer of 1917, in a small town on the east coast of Scotland. Out yonder lies May Island, the light-house and its buildings white and clear in the sunshine. Day in, day out, I keep wondering what is happening in the North Sea beyond the May. I hate the North Sea—which is foolishness; but I have always hated it, even as I have loved the sea on the West. The North Sea is bleak in its wrath, cold in its brilliance, bitter in its sullen gloom. It is never sheerly glad, nor purely sad. If I must drown some day, may it be the Atlantic . . .

This afternoon the North Sea is brilliant. To the south the Bass Rock stands bold in the blue. Round the southerly point of May Island steams a line of seven ships, four trawlers, two paddle steamers, once known as pleasure craft, and an old destroyer as flagship.* It is the mine-sweeper flotilla that went out in the morning, returning home for the night. I am glad to see them come back all well. There is a fine dignity in the grey procession as it crosses the short stretch of sea and disappears into the Firth of Forth. ‘We are not the great ships; but we protect them.’ If only we thought of it, for that familiar little fleet alone would we make petition at morning, and in the evening offer thanks.

On the sands below the rocks where I sit, children are playing, or paddling at the edge. Their mothers sew, read, gossip. Some young girls are swimming, or sitting on the raft and laughing. From far out at sea comes the dull, heavy boom of a gun—another—and another. The children continue their play, the girls their laughter. They are used to it. And I shall never get used to it. For hours last night firing went on—big guns, and not so distant. At every blast, the atmosphere shuddered, the house shook. What was happening beyond the May then? What is happening now? The eternal question. To-morrow I shall search the papers, and find nothing. Perhaps the worst of all is the solitary boom. It suggests a torpedo against a ship that cannot reply. . . . The afternoon passes. The girls stroll away, laughing. The children, badgered at last into obedience by their mothers, reluctantly abandon their castles, canals, and holes in the sand, and all at once become weary. The

* The flagship of a sweeping flotilla was frequently a trawler.

Bass grows dim, the May dull. The sea, as far as sight can reach, is vacant. Guns again! Ah, what is happening? It may be merely practice—and yet . . .

There is a young fellow of the town who, on a sunny day, will sit with me, smoke a cigarette and talk. He is not very fit, but will be all right, he says, in a month or so. Before the War he sailed and wrought on one of the many big, broad-beamed fishing-boats now lying side by side in the harbour, so close together that you can walk from the deck of the first in the row to the deck of the last. All their crews were in the R.N.R. or joined the R.N.V.R., and to-day they are scattered abroad on the face of the waters, serving in unfamiliar craft. Now and then the weekly paper of the district prints the name of one who will not return to his old place. This young fellow, James—the plain, sober name suits him—has a list of the names of all those fishermen, written in a school exercise-book. Some of the names have those of ships entered against them; others have brief notes recording that on a certain date they acquired merit by being in a biggish job, such as the rescue of a mined ship's crew, or a scrap with a submarine; others, again, have a little cross, thus: †. James's Fifeshire speech is difficult to put on paper, and I make no attempt to convey it. Pointing to the newest cross, he says—‘I saw the letter his chum wrote to his father, his mother bein' gone. His chum said that if Alick had got over the shell wounds he would ha' had no more good health, ever. When his father read that, he just nodded and said, “Ay, ay!” I doubt his mother woulndna ha' took it that way—but maybe his father didna truly mean it. Now, what do you think, sir?’

I know too well what he is driving at, and I have just got to prevaricate.

‘I see,’ he says presently. ‘Ye mean that his father would really ha’ been glad to see Alick home, bad health and all, even if Alick wasna able to earn a penny to keep himself?’

‘I mean that,’ I answer, and blunder by adding: ‘I mean also that Alick’s father was broken-hearted, but could still think more of his son than himself.’

James considers for a moment or two, then shakes

his head. ‘That’s maybe true, about Alick’s father; but I wouldna like my father to be thinkin’ more o’ me than himsel’. Irrelevantly, as it may seem, he goes on: ‘But I’m feelin’ fine the day. In a month or so I’ll be as good as ever. Now, what do ye think, sir?’

I heartily agree, passing him the cigarettes.

‘Thank ye. Oh, ay, I’ll be back at my job come October. Wait!—I’ve a match.’

While we light up, I reflect on the old popular belief—can it still exist?—to the effect that in order to make a boy hardy, it is only necessary to give him a hard life. Of course, it is but half a truth. This boy should never have been given a fisherman’s life, the hardest in the world of toil. It simply used up what stamina he possessed. And above all he should never have been where he was in the winter before last, on one of the ships of the great Northern Patrol, flung between the Shetlands and a point beyond Iceland. His ship was actually on the Arctic Circle. But I have to be careful lest I say aught to touch the sensitive nerve, as it were, that reminds him of physical unfitness.

‘You’ll be wanting a change of scene this time,’ I say casually.

‘Not me! I want to see the Arctic again. It’s wicked, but it’s a wonder. My! I’d go again just for one more sight o’ the whales loupin’ clear o’ the water, as they did that day I told ye about. Man, it was great. Nobody on board had ever seen anything like it afore. The gunners was mad at not bein’ allowed a shot or two. Commander said it was against the rules o’ the Society for Cruelty to Animals, him bein’ a member. Me? I wouldna ha’ touched the poor things. They was that happy and full o’ beans.’

He laughs, turning his flushed, frank face and too bright honest eyes to me—and I could weep.

‘The only truly rotten bit was the comin’ home—I mean the v’y’ge home,’ he says, becoming serious.

‘You haven’t told me about that, James.’

‘Easy told, if ye like to listen.’

‘I do like.’

He looks pleased, and after assuring me that for my sake he will avoid seafaring terms as far as possible, begins—

'Well, ye see, it was this way. We had boarded a neutral—ye'll excuse me not givin' any names—and the Commander had declared her a prize. What the contraband was I dinna ken, and it doesna matter now.* A young R.N.R. lootenant and a guard was put on board wi' orders to take her to Lerwick. I can tell ye, sir, I wasna just delighted to be one o' the guard, for I had hated the ship at first sight. She was a tops'l schooner and looked as if she had been built in the year One. Noah would ha' laughed at her. But I'll bet she was worth a lot to somebody. 'Twas whispered she had stuff on board that would be useful to the U-boats. However, that was none o' our business—us chaps o' the guard, I mean. Our business was to see that her crew played no monkey tricks, and to see that they sailed her to Lerwick.'

He stops to relight his cigarette—the East Coast air plays the mischief even with the ordinary sort—and I can see that he is warming up with remembrance. He has said that the voyage was the 'rotten' part of his patrol experience, but I believe he enjoyed it despite its horrors. I believe he has enjoyed almost everything in his life, except this bad health, poor lad. At any rate, he enjoys telling his yarn.

'Twas dirty weather,' he resumes, 'and it got dirtier every hour. After a couple o' days o' it, one o' our chaps says he's sure the blushin' old basket is sailin' backwards, and another, an Englishman—terrible superstitious, the English—declares we've got the devil on board. The devil wouldna so demean himself', I tell him. . . . But the chap that called her a blushin' old basket had named her well, for on the third day she started to leak like one. We set her crew to the pumps. At first I was sorry for them, but they was that nasty and sulky about it, I got to enjoy hearin' their groans and curses, though I didna understand their curse words. But for sulks, ye should ha' seen her skipper! Our lootenant did his best to be friendly, but 'twas no use. Between you and me, I think the skipper had a share in the cargo and was monkeyin' wi' the compass or the course, or something. Still, it might ha' been the weather. . . . But we

* An intensely interesting and full account of the Northern Blockade is given in 'The Merchant Navy' (vol. II, ch. v).

ought to ha' sighted the Faroes long ago, and the grub, they said, was gettin' low too quick if it was to last us to Lerwick. My! I thought I kent what cold and wet was, but yon—'

He pauses, lost, apparently, in memories. Abruptly he starts again :

'One day, our lookout—we didna trust to the schooner's crew for that—spotted a periscope, and the yell was hardly out o' his mouth when a U-boat comes rollin' up, wi' the seas washin' over her. I saw a sort o' grin on the schooner skipper's face, and I'm thinkin' our lootenant saw it too. There was a grin on his own, but not the sort he would give a young lady. He put his arm round the skipper, vera affectionately, and the skipper looked down sideways and stopped his grin, for there was a pistol barrel in his armpit. "H'ist your country's flag, and signal so-and-so, and no tricks," says the lootenant, and the skipper gave the orders, in his own language, of course. After a while, the chap in the tower o' the U-boat waved his hand, and that was the end o' it. I doubt if the U-boat could ha' done anything in yon sea; still, the skipper might ha' given her a message, and our lootenant was takin' no chances.'

Another pause; then—

'I canna mind how many days we had been on the trip, but at last we sighted the Faroes, comin' suddenly on them out o' a wet fog. Ha' ye ever seen the Faroe Islands, sir?'

'Once, on the east side in the dusk, and again on the west, but too far away.'

James wags his head. 'The Almighty was surely amusin' Himsel' when He made them. Such comical shapes, and yet terrible. When it's hazy they look like a bad dream, and when it's clear, like nothin' on earth. Well, we was glad to see them, but too far through to be amused. Nothin' to eat for days but stinkin' salt fish and bread that needed a hatchet, and our skins never dry. The crew was that done up, us chaps took our spell at the pumps. The skipper, and the crew, too, was for takin' the schooner into Thorshavn—they said she'd never see the Shetlands—and I could see our lootenant was wonderin' if they wasna right. But he draws himsel' up, and says, "Lerwick!" I thought the crew would

turn on us, but we was armed, and they cursed us instead. All the same, I believed the blighters was right. That night the lootenant spoke to us chaps. He was just a young chap, but he didna look it then. "Lads," he said, "we've got to make Lerwick, and the only way is to keep the pumps goin'!" We gave him a cheer—he needed it—and we kept the crew at it till they dropped, and then kept oursel's at it till we near did the same. And when we was almost ready and willin' to let the old basket founder, we sighted the Shetlands. I was pumpin' at the time, and I fell down and kent nothin' for two days. 'Twas my bad health startin', I suppose. Now, what do ye think, sir?"

All his yarns end with that question. This time I do not answer it sincerely. He would be embarrassed, perhaps troubled, if I said he had done his bit well before he dropped.

Two days of haar, and the sun shines again. James comes with a globe of green glass held in stout netting, one of the numerous floats attached to the nets used by the drifters for the entangling of submarines. Sometimes the globes are cast ashore, and James has spent the morning searching, because I once expressed an idle wish to possess one.

He refuses a cigarette, saying: 'Not feelin' just so fine to-day . . . but I'll be all right in a month or so.'

I come back to the big volumes of Mr C. Ernest Fayle and Mr Archibald Hurd, and these jottings of mine seem vain. I have dared to touch only on the small craft and the men who manned them, but even so I have failed to give an inkling of that one portion of Mr Hurd's fine work, 'The Merchant Navy.' The episodes of the drifters and the adventure of the 'Salmon,' so crudely set forth by me, are told by Mr Hurd in detail and with far greater effect; yet their telling occupies but two or three pages out of near a thousand which, it is not extravagant to say, are alive with wonder, suspense, wrath, and pity. Here, too, are the stories of the larger craft—converted cruisers, liners, and carriers, armed or defenceless—and of the great northern blockaders, the unwinking watchers, the Tenth Cruiser Squadron. For the last named take the map—

one of the many illuminating maps in the volumes—showing the positions of the ships, and then, on the most violent and bitter day in winter, go look at the open sea, and marvel how the men won through. Of Mr Fayle's 'Seaborne Trade,' one can only wonder how he did it—not the heaping up of material, mountains of facts and figures, but their ordering, assembling, and fitting together, so that we have a history, acceptable to the ordinary reader, invaluable to the student, of commercial shipping and its countless problems during the War.

It is only when one has read these books that one begins to comprehend how stupendous was the national task; and without reading them none need hope to imagine, in the paltriest measure, what sea warfare means to those who man the ships, to those on land who bear the burden and responsibility of direction, to those who toil against racing time, and to those who only sit and wait. Well, here is the whole truth, calmly yet not coldly told, with neither self-glorification nor belittling of the enemy. It is truth we ought all to learn. We know too little about the Royal Navy; we know less about the R.N.R. and R.N.V.R. But do we want to know more? With the normal pulse of peace-time we are a practical people, apt to forget things not entered in our ledgers, shy of what we call sentiment. Still, as a practical people, at present watching the British pound going to par, we might casually, and colloquially, ask one another the question: 'What price the British pound to-day had the merchant seamen failed Britain in her extremity?'

J. J. BELL.

Art. 12.—MEDIÆVAL IRELAND.

1. *A History of Mediæval Ireland from 1110-1513.* By Edmund Curtis. Macmillan, 1923.
2. *Ireland under the Anglo-Normans.* Vols. III-IV. By Goddard H. Orpen. Clarendon Press, 1920.
3. *Phases of Irish History.* By Eoin MacNeill. Dublin : M. H. Gill, 1919.
4. *Edward Bruce's Invasion of Ireland.* By Olive Armstrong. Murray, 1923.

THE history of Mediæval Ireland is a subject which, if we are not to flatter or wound the susceptibilities of the present generation of Irishmen, requires careful handling. For, trained as they have been to believe that the connexion with England has been the *fons et origo* of all their sorrows, they are inclined to resent any attempt to whitewash the character, actions, and institutions of their oppressors. They insist that if Ireland had only been allowed to develop her own civilisation on her own lines, she would have been not only a happier but a more prosperous country. We will not urge the dictum of an eminent German historian* that a country that wilfully excludes herself from all extraneous influences, by giving practical expression to the doctrines of Sinn Féin, is in danger of political atrophy; but will content ourselves with remarking that, if England is responsible for the 'unmaking' of Ireland, Ireland has herself to blame in the first place for this result.

It is well known that, although, at the request of John of Salisbury, Pope Adrian IV granted Henry II permission to annex Ireland to the Crown of England, ten years elapsed before any attempt was made to take advantage of that donation, and then only at the instigation of Dermot MacMurrough, ex-King of Leinster. This Irishmen know so well that it is not good to speak to them about Dermot. But let us look a little closer at the matter. Dermot is the villain in the play; but that Dermot, though exiled, could return at his own sweet will and re-establish himself in his kingdom without foreign assistance, casts a curious sidelight on the

* Ed. Meyer, 'Gesch. d. Altertums,' 1st 1. 76.

condition of affairs in Ireland. The fact is, that what Dermot was after was not the recovery of his own, but the punishment of his personal enemy, O'Rourke. Personal motives count for far more in Irish affairs than some historians recognise. Prof. Curtis has much to tell of the introduction into Ireland of those famous galloglas, the MacSweenys, MacDonells, and MacSheehys. Dermot, it seems to us, was merely in advance of his time in anticipating the action of O'Donnell, O'Neill, and the Earl of Desmond in this respect. To him Strongbow and his Cambro-Normans were merely a sort of condottieri, whom, when they had served his end, he intended to dismiss. True, he had to offer Strongbow a handsome reward in order to secure his assistance. But Dermot was not so naïve as Prof. Curtis would have us believe Irishmen generally were.* The promise of the hand of his daughter Eva and the succession to Leinster meant little or nothing to him at the time, and indeed would have amounted to nothing in the end had he not had the misfortune to die before Strongbow. True, he should have known better than to play with fire. His knowledge of Irish history, if he was really the educated man we are led to suppose, should have taught him that the employment by Cormac MacArt of those other famous mercenaries, the Fian, or Fenians, of whom Irishmen are so absurdly enamoured, was a risky game. But MacMurrough was careless of consequences provided he could revenge himself on O'Rourke.

Prof. Curtis is amazed at the indifference displayed in Ireland to Dermot's proceedings oversea, and well he may be. The obtuseness of Rory O'Conor to the danger that menaced him is even more remarkable than MacMurrough's slyness in circumventing him. It was MacMurrough's misfortune to die before he had effected his purpose. His death left Strongbow the virtual King of Leinster. But, says Prof. Curtis, 'this timid and respectable man lacked true audacity and was all too conscious of his anomalous position both in Brehon and in English law.' We do not know what Prof. Curtis would have wished him to do; but to us he seems, as the result

* 'Political craft, the heritage of Rome, had not entered into the ingenuous and undissembling Irish mind' (p. 4).

proves, to have acted with commendable sagacity. The situation was a difficult one for all concerned, and not least for Henry. As we have remarked, Henry had shown no desire to take advantage of Adrian's gift. He had accorded such of his subjects, as liked to do so, a general permission to assist Dermot to recover his own; but he had not dreamed that things would fall out as they had done. Ireland, as a country, did not interest him in the slightest; but he did not intend to allow one of his own subjects to repeat in that island the experiment so successfully performed by his ancestor, William the Conqueror, in England. His first step, therefore, was to prevent further supplies reaching Strongbow, by placing an embargo on all shipping to Ireland. Afterwards, under the pressure of events arising out of the murder of Archbishop Becket, he determined to go thither himself.

We agree with Prof. Curtis that Henry had no intention of conquering Ireland *vi et armis*; neither, we think, did he expect to find the Irish so submissive as they showed themselves. Apart from the general acknowledgment that he desired of his title as lord of Ireland, Henry had two objects before him—to regulate his relations with Strongbow and to come to terms with O'Conor. The first purpose was easily effected, but it required some time before O'Conor could be coaxed into submission. By the Treaty of Windsor (1175) O'Conor was secured in his possession of Connaught and the position of *ardri*, excepting over such portions of Ireland as had already fallen under the direct sway of the Crown of England, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*, and on condition of paying one hide out of every ten on all animals slaughtered on his own lands and those of his sub-reguli. We have no information whether O'Conor attempted to perform the latter stipulation; but the Treaty was inoperative from the beginning. Things might possibly have fallen out otherwise had O'Conor been the actual sovereign that his title of *ardri* implied, or had Henry been able to exercise a personal supervision over the course of events. O'Conor's authority, however, reached no further than his own province, and, as an absentee, Henry was unable to control the conduct of his English vassals in Ireland. Henry was not slow to

lay his finger on the weak point in the agreement, and in doing so, it may at once be said, he detected the weak spot in every scheme that has ever been formed to rule Ireland from England. Perceiving precisely where the mischief lay, he determined to give Ireland a resident sovereign of her own. His choice was unfortunate, though it cannot be denied that, when John came to years of discretion (if the phrase in his case may be allowed), he succeeded in establishing some sort of order in Ireland and might have done still better if Richard, instead of fooling away his life in wild-goose schemes, had attended to his business.

John, as Prof. Curtis pertinently remarks, was the founder of Anglo-Ireland and the first effective foreign ruler of Ireland. Parenthetically, we wonder who the others were. The pity is that Richard died childless and thereby deprived Ireland of a resident *Dominus Hiberniae*. But so conspicuously successful was John's second visit to Ireland, brief though it was, that, immediately after his death, the colonists made special application to Henry III to allow either his brother or the Queen-Mother to reside permanently among them. Who was responsible for the disregard of this reasonable request does not appear, but the suspicion rests on William Marshal, the virtual ruler at this time of both England and Ireland. Once more during the long reign of Henry III, the opportunity was offered to provide Ireland with a sovereign of her own. In 1254, as Prof. Curtis remarks, Henry granted the lordship of Ireland to his son Edward, 'so, however, that the land of Ireland shall never be separated from the Crown of England.' Edward, however, showed no inclination to move his Court to Dublin, and his appointment, instead of conferring a benefit on Ireland, merely complicated his relations with his father.

Meanwhile, without any effective control on the part of the Crown, and often with its express approval, the invaders had been robbing the Irish right and left of their lands. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the rapidity with which they brought the greater part of Ireland under their control. The reasons of their success are not far to seek, but among them we do not attach so much importance, as does Prof. Curtis, to the

existence of highways. We are always being reminded by admirers of Celtic Ireland that five provincial roads led to Tara. To these Prof. Curtis now adds several others, but even if they were not, as we suspect, only bridle-paths, apt to become so choked with underwood that special regulations had to be made to clear them on the occasion of the great triennial festival at Tara, we do not think they can have possessed much strategic value for the invaders. Roads of some sort, based on the natural conformation of the country, must always have existed; but that these were modelled on those of Rome is highly improbable. Certainly, both in mediæval and in later times the absence of roads and bridges was a marked feature in most parts of Ireland. Moreover, the absence of roads was no insuperable obstacle to the invaders, as is clear from the line of march taken by Strongbow across the Wicklow mountains, on the occasion of his surprise attack on Dublin. Of far greater importance than highways was the plan practised by the invaders of securing their advance by the erection of wooden castles on a slight elevation, natural or artificial, surrounded by a ditch, to which Mr Orpen, following the lines of research opened by Mrs E. S. Armitage,* has paid much attention. These motte and bailey castles were the real means by which the invaders managed to bring the greater part of Ireland in so short a space under their control. In course of time they were superseded by stone buildings, which, as providing shelter for the surrounding colonists, served as starting points of access to those numerous small towns that sprang into existence in the 13th and 14th centuries.

It is greatly to be regretted that historians, enamoured of Celtic institutions, never fully realise that the Gael hated living in towns. Fond as many of us may be of gun and rod we can sympathise with them. At the same time it must be confessed that the joyous life of a hunter is after all not a high form of civilisation. Prof. Curtis would have us look at Armagh, 'the sacred capital of the whole Gaelic race, full of churches, with one of its three divisions—the *Trian Saxon*, or Third of the Saxons—recalling the fine hospitality of Ireland for

* 'Early Norman Castles of the British Isles' (1912).

the neighbouring race in the past,' as a type of Irish town, though elsewhere he candidly admits that, except for these ecclesiastical *civitates* and those urban republics which the Norseman had built from Dublin round to Limerick, Ireland had to await the arrival of the Norman-English for the real beginnings of her civic life.

'It was,' he says, 'reserved for the Norman-English who arrived when the communal movement was in full flow on the Continent and in their own country, to introduce the typical mediæval system of borough incorporation from above, and, by charters which created new boroughs, or confirmed the rights of the old, to affirm the Roman-feudal conception that all right, to be legal, must come from superior authority. The century after the Invasion saw the new type of town in full growth, favoured by king, lords, and bishops, as garrisons and guarantees of the conquest, as centres of trade and industry, as providing rents, customs, and services.'

This is something; but, if we would fully realise how much Ireland owed to these greatly maligned Norman 'conquistadors,' we have only to compare the backward condition of Ulster, wherein Norman influences never thoroughly penetrated, with that of Leinster and Munster, dotted with prosperous towns and peaceful hamlets when the Celtic resurgence overtook them and in only too many cases effected their ruin. Simultaneously with the development of town-life went a more intensive cultivation of the soil than had been practised by the Irish. According to Bugge,* wheat was unknown in Ireland till it was introduced from England by the Norsemen. Prof. Curtis notes that the vast quantities of corn, both wheat and oats, meat, wine, fish, cloth, and articles of luxury sent out of Ireland to provision Edward I's troops in Scotland, 'indicate a land which was not only abundant in food-produce, but a centre of textile industry also.' Quite so! Candour requires us, however, to point out that all this evidence of Ireland's wealth was due to the enterprise of the new settlers,†

* 'Norse Settlements round the Bristol Channel,' Christ. 1900.

† 'Quanti enim valeret Hibernia si non adnavigarent merces ex Anglia? Ita pro penuria, imo pro inscientia cultorum, jejunum omnium bonorum solum, agrestem et squalidam multitudinem Hibernensium extra

not indeed as earth-tillers themselves, but as employers and organisers of labour. We have as much sympathy as Prof. Curtis has for the poor earth-tiller. The lot of the agricultural labourer has never, even in quite recent times, been a light one ; but we think that, in emphasising the hardships of the Norman *betagiis*, or villein, Prof. Curtis overlooks two facts : (1) that the Gael never cultivated the soil himself, and (2) that the *fuidir* was as much a chattel in the eyes of the Gael as was the *betagiis* in those of the Normans. Further, he is not, in our opinion, quite accurate in equating (p. 47) the *saor-ceile* with the *aire*. True, the *saor-ceile* could, if he acquired sufficient wealth, become a member of the *aire* class, but his real position and social status was that of an emancipated *fuidir*. Prof. Curtis admits (p. 85) that many of the Gaels remained as vassal-chiefs and as free tenants on the lands appropriated by the Norman invaders, and that the agricultural man-power for the new manors was provided from the existing base tenants of Irish law. But the inference he leaves us to draw, that these base tenants were themselves Gaels, is utterly erroneous. The fact is that we shall never really understand Irish history, even in its latest phases, until we realise that, so far as Ireland is concerned, Gael and Norman are in the same boat. Neither can claim that Ireland was theirs except by right of conquest. The history of Ireland begins long before the advent of the Gael, and the rebellion of 1641 has its counterpart in the rising of the 'servile tribes' under Cairbre 'Cat-head.'

Like Sir John Davies, Prof. Curtis sees in the refusal of the colonists to share their privileges with the Irish, one of the main reasons of their failure to establish their conquest on a firm basis. But, quite apart from the fact that James I's legislation was not attended with the results confidently predicted for it by Davies, it is, as Prof. Curtis says, a moot point whether the Irish really desired to exchange their immemorial customs for the laws of England.

urbes producit: Angli vero et Franci cultiori genere vitae, urbes mundinarum commercio inhabitant.'—William of Malmesbury, 'De Gestis Regum Anglorum.' Ed. Stubbs, II, p. 494.

'Nowhere,' he remarks (p. 209), 'do we find in the bardic poems or the historical tracts, which are the expression of the Gaelic intellectuals, anything to indicate that they or their patrons deliberately wished to repudiate immemorial Celtic custom or sovereignty for the laws or lordships of the Saxons.'

The failure of Henry VIII's constructive policy based on conciliation was no doubt due to this reluctance on the part of the Irish to accommodate themselves to English ideas of civilisation. Of course, where they were exposed to acts of violence on the part of the colonists or soldiery, for which they found it difficult or impossible to obtain redress, they would gladly have accepted the protection of the English laws. It is doubtful who the 'community of the Irish' were, who applied to Edward I, through the Justiciar, Robert D'Ufford, for an extension of English liberties to them in 1276. Possibly it was, as Mr Orpen conjectures, merely a local request on the part of the Irish of Wicklow. But it was not the only petition of the sort, as we learn from a mandate addressed to the Justiciar, John Darcy, in 1329 :

'to ascertain the opinion of the magnates of Ireland in the next Parliament to be holden there, whether the King may without damage assent to the supplication of the men of Ireland that he would grant by statute that all Irishmen desiring to use the English laws may do so without obtaining charters from the King.' *

Judging from the terms of this mandate, we agree with Prof. Curtis that this supplication came from a much larger section of the Irish population than Mr Orpen is prepared to concede. Whether the rejection of the petition was, as Prof. Curtis concludes, due to the opposition of the 'Anglo-Irish oligarchy' is a point on which we have unfortunately no definite information. *A priori* we think it quite possible and for much the same reasons as led the Ascendancy party in the 18th century to object to the extension of the franchise to the

* Rot. Vescon, 2nd Ed. III in 'Cal. Carew MSS. Miscell.', pp. 426-7. The terms of the mandate, as here given, seem to dispose of Mr. Orpen's objection (iv, pp. 23-4) to Sir J. Davies' argument.

Irish Catholics. Whether they were wise in doing so is another question. As regards the non-representation of the Irish in the Anglo-Irish Parliament, it must be remembered that representation was at first looked on not as a privilege but as a burden, and the fact that Henry VIII had to bribe the Irish magnates, such as O'Neill, O'Donnell, and O'Brien, to consent to answer writs to attend Parliament, by gifts of houses and lands in Dublin, shows that it was not greatly appreciated by the Irish. Anyhow, there was certainly no general application on their part for representation as there was for admission to the benefit of the English laws. Unfortunately, the establishment of Parliament came at a critical period in the affairs of the colony, so that it is impossible to judge what might have happened had nothing occurred to interrupt its prosperous development.

Hitherto we have been accustomed to regard the period lying between Edward Bruce's invasion and Henry VIII's efforts to re-establish the authority of the Crown, i.e. between 1315 and 1541, as one of decay and decline. The phrase, of course, expresses the view of English and Anglo-Irish writers from the time of Baron Finglas onwards. For this phrase, Prof. Curtis would have us substitute the 'Irish Resurgence.' This means that the period presents to Irishmen an aspect different from what it does to Englishmen. We do not wish to cavil with the new phrase. To us it seems immaterial whether we call the period one of English decline or Irish resurgence. The one is the counterpart of the other. We only wonder what we are to understand by Irish resurgence. Does it mean a step backwards or forwards—flowers or weeds? Presumably what Prof. Curtis wishes us to understand is the recovery by the Irish of a great deal they had lost since the advent of Strongbow and his companions. Reading the latter part of his book we see the significance of his introductory chapter. In that chapter Prof. Curtis intends to show us what the history of Ireland might have been had not the development of national institutions been interrupted by the invasion.

'The kingdom of Ireland,' he tells us, 'was, in the year 1170, already nine centuries old.... This national unity

under native Gaelic Kings was then shattered by the Norman invasion. . . . The Ireland of this time gives the impression of a race mentally quick, adaptive, and eager; civilisation had been working for a thousand years and seemed destined to reach great heights. Unhappily, the conquest had the result of throwing back the national genius and bringing into prominence the pedantry and traditionalism which were deeply rooted in the native character. . . . Much barbarism certainly mingled with their civilisation. . . . In the aimless violence, sporadic wars and blundering activities of its kings, Ireland suggested Merovingian France. All through mediæval times the Gaelic leaders were rather battle-leaders than statesmen, and romanticists rather than realists. This more than any innate backwardness delayed the progress of the race. Unhappily Ireland was not permitted to achieve her own salvation . . . the course of European politics determined that the only English Pope should be the instrument for placing Ireland in her long subjection to England. . . . To turn to the question of political progress. . . . Ireland was at the stage when patriarchal institutions were passing into feudalism. A landed aristocracy had been establishing itself for centuries, and the monarchy was seeking to control the aristocracy. . . . A fatal defect was the want of an acknowledged capital. . . . The chief strength of the Monarch, as it was in France of the time, was certainly in his own demesnes and his own province. . . . Though the High King's administrative powers were in embryo, they were capable of expansion. His decisions had to receive the assent of an *airecht*, or council, which we may compare to the Angevin *curia regis*, and the general approbation of the prelates and the kings who had elected him. . . . The High King became so by submission, willing or unwilling, of the province-kings, by their "resorting to his house," by hostage-taking, homage, and bestowal of stipends in return. Of solemn consecration by the Church I find no trace. . . . Kingship, and indeed all chiefly office, was by the election of the local great, both lay and spiritual, and this aristocracy was a check to all development of personal autocracy, for the electors of a king could also depose and call him to account. . . . The king, great or small, received a personal demesne to support him in his office, out of the "royal land," from which his nearer kin had to be provided for; along with that he got the tributes and military services of his country, and the right to quarter mercenaries on the whole territory. . . . Sometimes the monarch legislated alone or by the advice of his council, sometimes he

judged and legislated in the midst, and with the consent of great national assemblies. . . . Thus, though the Irish monarchy was tardy in its growth, there was a national will and a central command. These national assemblies were often incomplete, for Munster resented the supremacy of the North. Still a strong king, acting as final arbiter, could in time through such assemblies have enforced a real monarchy.'

We hope we have stated Prof. Curtis's position fairly. His view of Gaelic institutions and civilisation differs widely from ours. But taking the situation on the eve of the Invasion to be as he states it, we would ask what it amounts to? Apart from art and literature, on which the last word has not been spoken, it seems to us that, after nine hundred years, Ireland had made no political progress worth speaking of. The description Prof. Curtis gives of the state of affairs at the end of the period exhibits Ireland in practically the same condition as it was at the beginning. The reason for this stagnation, though it has apparently escaped Prof. Curtis's observation, is not far to seek. It lies simply in the fact that the relations between the High-King and those province-kings, who willingly or unwillingly acknowledged his supremacy, were entirely of a personal character and gave him no right whatever to meddle in their domestic affairs or to control the relations between them and their immediate subjects or clansmen. For example, A might force B, C, and D to accept stipends from him and 'resort into his house'; but A could not command the obedience of B, C, and D's followers as if they were his own. This is what we mean when we say that the Gaelic polity rested on a tribal basis, and we entirely agree with Mr Orpen that until this system was outgrown or destroyed no real progress was possible.

The doctrine has recently been challenged by Prof. MacNeill. The fact is, Prof. MacNeill clearly sees the weakness of Prof. Curtis's position as regards the racial unity of the Irish, and is bent on proving that language and not race is the true test of nationality. To speak of a tribal system based on blood relationship between chief and clansmen is, he declares, quite a mistake. We agree; but this is to miss the point of the argument. Tribe is an ambiguous word. In Irish history it may

mean *tuath*, i.e. all the people of a certain district, including Gael and non-Gael, or it may mean *fine*, comprehending merely the former. How the distinction between *fine* and *tuath* arose is a point of great importance. When the Gael took possession of Ireland they did so as a tribe, in which all the members were connected by ties of blood-relationship. But Ireland was not an empty country. On the contrary, it was fairly thickly populated. What the Gael did, wherever they succeeded in establishing their supremacy, was not to exterminate the natives, but to make them, in their own legal language, their 'hereditary bondsmen'—earth-tillers in effect. Together with themselves these 'hereditary bondsmen of the tribe' constituted the *tuath*. But the Gael never admitted these bondsmen to an equality with themselves. Much the same thing, as we learn from Duncker,* happened in India.

'The ancient population of the new states on the Ganges,' he says, 'was not entirely extirpated, expelled, or enslaved. Life and freedom were allowed to those who submitted and conformed to the law of the conqueror; they might pass their lives as servants on the farms of the Aryas. But though the remnant of this population was spared, the whole body of the immigrants looked down on them with the pride of conquerors—of superiority in arms, blood, and character—and, in contrast to them, called themselves Vaiçyas, i.e. tribesmen, comrades, in other words, those who belong to the community or body of rulers.'

In Ireland we have the *aire* as opposed to the *aiteach*, which Thurneysen † translates *Zinsbauer*, from which the other lived. To return from this digression—what we mean by tribe, in the phrase 'tribal system,' is an autonomous political unit, and, as we have remarked, we agree with Mr Orpen that until the tribal system had been outgrown no permanent progress was possible. Unfortunately, Ireland was never thoroughly feudalised. We may, if we like, regard feudalism as a development of tribalism, though there are serious objections to this view, but the feudal system is so dependent for its

* 'Hist. of Antiquity,' IV, pp. 116-17.

† 'Helden und Königsage,' p. 77.

successful working on the proper co-ordination of all its parts, that a hitch at any point is likely to lead to confusion if not to anarchy. Particularly is this result likely to follow, if the head of the system is wanting, as it was in Ireland. So long, indeed, as the conquest was in progress the danger was not so apparent as when the Irish resurgence took place ; but there was always, even from the first, a tendency on the part of the magnates to defy the authority of the absent sovereign.

Absenteeism has always been the curse of Ireland and not least the absence of the sovereign. In this connexion we have been much struck by the following lines from a poem entitled 'The Absentee Lordship,' by Egan O'Reilly, *circa* 1700 :

'To crown our grief, behold a tale for tears,
How every one of Europe's many realms
Is happy, mated to its rightful king,
Save Erin, wedded to an absent lord.'

The prominent position given by Prof. Curtis to these lines seems to indicate that in the absentee lordship he detects the chief cause of Ireland's misfortunes. In this we entirely agree with him, and we are only astonished that English statesmen have never really appreciated this cardinal fact of Irish history. It is easy, in discussing the causes of the decay of the English colony, to fix on certain events as, e.g., Edward I's wars in Scotland, Bruce's invasion of Ireland, the murder of the Earl of Ulster, Edward III's wars in France, etc., as directly responsible for that result. In our opinion, however, none or all of these events would have exercised more than a passing effect on the colony if Ireland had been blessed with a resident sovereign of her own. We have only to recall the good effects of John's brief visit, the extraordinary success that attended Richard II's personal intervention, not to mention the enthusiastic reception accorded to George IV, and the hearty welcome extended to Queen Victoria at a critical period in the relations with England, to realise the significance of Sir John Davies's saying that 'Irishmen did ever desire to be governed by great persons.' In fact, given the geographical position and the determination of England to hold Ireland, the only natural solution of the Irish

problem seems to be that suggested by the appointment of Edward I as *Dominus Hiberniae*, but 'so that the land of Ireland shall never be separated from the Crown of England.' Summing up the situation at the end of the Middle Ages, Prof. Curtis says:

'Another result of this absenteeism of the Crown was the general revival of the Irish world in speech, land tenure, and the social order. The Norman-English-Welsh who effected the temporary conquest of two-thirds of the island, few in themselves and never [sufficiently] reinforced by fresh colonies, were inevitably destined to become a semi-Gaelic aristocracy ruling over that mass of Gaelic humanity which swamped the Englishry. When Ireland might have been made a second England, the dominant English, where they did not emigrate or die out, turned Irish as surely as the Franks in the Holy Land turned into Orientals. This is not to say that the masses of the colonists lost all pride in their Englishry. Right up to the fall of the House of Kildare, the old English prided themselves on a sort of colonial or "middle nation" patriotism much like the 18th-century patriotism of Grattan and Charlemont. . . . But under cover of this old English nationalism the Anglo-Irish developed a great if unpolitical affection for native things.'

This appears to us to be admirably stated. Our only regret is that we cannot share Prof. Curtis's admiration of 'native things.'

It is interesting to turn from Prof. Curtis's laboured efforts to depict Gaelic civilisation in a favourable light, to Miss Olive Armstrong's glowing defence of Anglo-Norman rule in Ireland. Irish polity, she holds, rested on the rule of force. There was no State, so consequently there was no crime against the State. What the Norman did was to substitute for force the reign of law.

'The Normans gave more to Europe than any other people of the middle ages. The peculiar gift which they brought to England was the supremacy of the king. . . . Such kingly supremacy was a very strong thing and very good—very strong in its efficiency, very good in the easy passage it provided for the rule of law . . . when Ireland was added to the realm . . . its threefold functions were well established —firstly, the great officers or government; secondly, the council or parliament; thirdly, the court of law. . . . Ireland

benefited from every one of the changes which transformed the government of England from the rule of the king into the rule of the law. . . . We do not claim that this rule was universal. Our contention is that it comprehended the whole country, that it was being enlarged every day, and that it was capable of extension at any moment, over the whole.'

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to discuss Miss Armstrong's ingenious but, in our opinion, utterly mistaken account of Edward Bruce's invasion; but we entirely agree with her that the invasion was only the occasion of the decline of the English power in Ireland. To what cause or causes that decline was due it is difficult to say. In Miss Armstrong's opinion it was mainly attributable to inefficient government.

'The essential of any government,' she says, 'is that there shall be a body of people who want it, and who are able and willing to work it. It must never be forgotten that this condition held in Ireland. The liege people [English and Irish] wanted the government they had. . . . The government might have taken them, as it had done before, and on them built a commonwealth outside the distinction of class or race. . . . Instead it blundered on from bad to worse. . . . The principle of government was no longer to be loyalty, but English blood. . . . And so the strength that might have been found in the liege people was lost to the Crown. . . . The invasion of Bruce was the occasion of the trouble, but the neglect of the lieges was the cause of the decline.'

Read in the light of recent events, which we fancy have influenced Miss Armstrong more than she is perhaps herself aware, her exposition of the decline of the English power in Ireland possesses considerable interest; but we are afraid it leaves the problem unsolved. It is a favourite doctrine with certain writers that the betrayal of the loyal element in Ireland, by the concession of the Free State, was wrong in principle and has been productive of much mischief. Few of us can feel enamoured of the Free State. It is merely a *pis aller* and, as such, is not acceptable to Ulster. Englishmen, however, are tired of the eternal Irish question. The crux of the problem, both in modern and mediæval times, is that the King's lieges have always been a minority, dependent on England for their existence, in a

hostile land. Miss Armstrong would have us to believe that this minority, favourable to English rule in the 13th century, might have grown to be a majority. We think she is mistaken. We hold, on the contrary, that there has always been a majority of Irishmen opposed to English rule. Had it not been so; had Irishmen been so enamoured of British law and order, as Miss Armstrong imagines, there would have been no necessity for constantly importing loyal Englishmen. And so we are brought round once more to the view that the attempt to rule Ireland from England was bound to fail. The result might have been different had the policy foreshadowed in the appointment of Edward I as *Dominus Hiberniae*, but 'so that the land of Ireland shall never be separated from the Crown of England,' been given a trial.

ROBERT DUNLOP.

Art. 13.—THE TASK OF THE GOVERNMENT.

IT is now nearly a hundred years since the fates of ministries began to be settled by the plebiscite of a General Election, in which a very numerous body of electors takes part, and not, in the main, by a change in the opinions or the interests of a few scores of borough-mongers. In the ninety-three years which have passed since the Reform Bill of 1832 came into operation, there have been only two occasions on which a ministry entered into office with such an overwhelming majority at its disposal in the House of Commons that it might feel certain, not only of its ability to carry out its policy without any fear of checks or hindrances, but also of such a complete mandate from the nation that any opposition to it would savour of factiousness and resistance to the popular will. The first of these occasions was in the first Reform Parliament, when Lord Grey found that, for most purposes, he could count on the support of 453 Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals, to crush down any protest on the part of 167 Conservatives and 38 Irish 'Repealers.' Such a party preponderance, on the scale of more than two to one, was not to be seen again till 1924. Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli enjoyed in their lucky days the possession of very handsome 'working majorities.' Lord Salisbury, in 1886, and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman in the autumn of 1905, obtained such success at the polls that they could count on a superiority of about 100 on any crucial division, against all possible combination of opposition factions, allied for some fleeting moment. The Coalition Ministry of Mr Lloyd George cannot be taken into comparison with the others, since it did not represent a party with a party policy, but (as was presently apparent) two separate parties with incompatible views, unnaturally linked for a few years in an attempt to find some common scheme for tiding over the manifold difficulties of 'reconstruction' after the awful years 1914–18. Its majority was not representative of anything save of a general aspiration for unity on the part of a war-worn electorate, which believed for a space that it was possible in peace to continue the abnormal alliance of men with diametrically opposed ideas on social, imperial, and economic

questions. Hence the enormous majorities, secured on certain occasions for measures which the Coalition Government imposed on unwilling followers, must not be compared with party majorities in the days of Gladstone or Disraeli. Who will now assert, for example, that the majority obtained for Mr Montagu's India Bill was the result of a reasoned and enthusiastic acquiescence in its principles by the Conservatives who voted for it?

Now, in January 1925, we are confronted with a phenomenon not seen since 1832. After a bitterly-fought general election, one of the two old parties comes into office with a majority of more than two to one over the various fractions of the opposition. The total numbers of the House of Commons are not quite so large as they were in the 19th century, since 70 South Irish members no longer sit on its benches. But allowing for this change, Mr Baldwin, alone of all the successors of Lord Grey, can count on a preponderance of the same sort as that of the Liberals in the first Reform Parliament. He has 415 followers out of a House of 615: the Labour Party of to-day can only produce some 150 members—an even smaller figure than the 167 Conservatives of 1832: Mr Lloyd George's depleted group of 100 Liberals is hardly more numerous than the 38 Irish 'Repealers' who obeyed Daniel O'Connell. We have to reckon with a handful more of unclassifiable individuals, both in 1832 and in 1924, concerning whose votes on any particular question it would be unsafe to make calculations. But they were in Lord Grey's time, and they are in Mr Baldwin's, a negligible quantity. The important thing to realise is that the House of Commons which reassembles on Feb. 10 next shows such a complete predominance of one party as no political prophet ever expected to see again. It seems incredible to remember that last year many intelligent people were busying their brains with schemes of despair—plans how the governance of the realm could be carried on, in a period when it would be impossible that any of the three political parties should ever again have a clear majority. And it is certain that three months ago a widespread feeling prevailed that the general conditions of the old parliament would be perpetuated in the new, and that, even if the Conservatives were about to gain many seats, they would not

outnumber the other two parties combined. Further cycles of inconclusive general elections loomed in a dismal future.

That danger, at any rate, has passed. And now that the celebrations of the victory are over, and the first intoxicating feeling of relief from perils escaped has died down into sober realisation, the problem has to be faced of how a Conservative Government, possessed of such a clear mandate from the nation as no ministry has owned since that of Lord Grey, will deal with the fortunes of the United Kingdom and the Empire. The responsibility that falls on Mr Baldwin and his colleagues is enormous, because the opportunity is so great. The more complete the confidence shown by the nation in the Conservative cause, the more serious are the consequences of failure. If the ministry refuses to rise to the height of the situation, it may conceivably doom its party to the fate into which the Liberals have fallen at present. One remembers with a pang of terror the fatal winter election of 1905, which came at the end of ten years of Conservative rule. In those ten years how much necessary legislation was put off, when the times were ripe and propitious! And equally keen is our memory of the bitter strife within the party in 1905 on the question of Protection, when 'Tariff Reform' candidates were actually put up against Free Trade Conservatives in certain constituencies. 'That way madness lies.' We must not forget the lessons left behind for our consideration by the last Conservative *débâcle*, after which the party was out of power for no less than sixteen years. We do not allow that it was in any sense in power during the Coalition ministry, though certain of its leaders sat in Mr Lloyd George's cabinet. The policy pursued by that cabinet was not Conservative.

The point on which stress must be laid at the present moment is that what the nation requires is not so much the instant fulfilment of every clause in the programme which was laid before it in Mr Baldwin's declaration of October last, as four or five years of wise and resolute governance. In such a period there will be ample time to redeem at leisure all the pledges made before the late General Election. But the need of to-day is for a long period of quiet and recuperation, during which the

feeling of general instability which has prevailed during the last few years may die down. The events of 1922-24 have perpetuated the unsettled conditions which prevailed under the Coalition ministry, and prevented any reasoned forecast in trade and commerce, as well as in politics and every other sphere of national activity. Few things are so pernicious to the life of a people as prolonged uncertainty. We hold that the mere consciousness that the helm of the State is firmly grasped by the party in which the constituencies have placed such unstinted confidence, will do more for the recuperation of Great Britain than even the most beneficial items of actual legislation. There is much to improve, and much to alter, but the prayer of the ordinary citizen is at present, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord!' Therefore, while every reasonable effort is being made to improve the present unsatisfactory state of affairs, our leaders must at all costs avoid the hurrying on of questions upon which their party may be divided, and its unity and authority lessened.

We grant fully that the duty of leaders is to lead. And nothing can be more contemptible than that view of statesmanship, of which Mr Gladstone was the great exponent, which consists in going about to find what the 'sufficient number' of the people wants, and then giving it to them. That is demagogery of the type of Cleon and Hyperbolus, not statesmanship. At the same time it is well to remember that leadership in the true sense has its limits and its obligations. If a leader's personal views on any great topic are not acceptable to some large section of his following, it is his duty rather to take time and to 'educate his party,' as did Disraeli, than to break it up, as did Sir Robert Peel in 1846. The benevolent despots of the 18th century, of the type of the Emperor Joseph II, were often quite clear as to what would be the best thing for their subjects: but they bred only discontent and rebellion by inflicting benefits on people who did not see their necessity. And the methods of the benevolent despot are, most fortunately, not available for British Ministers working under modern constitutional rules. Wherefore it is obvious that, if there are differences of opinion in a cabinet entrusted with the destinies of the Empire, every member of it must

ask himself whether there is more moral guilt in pressing matters towards a crisis which may destroy the unity of his party, or in putting some restraint upon himself, and postponing the active promulgation of his views till some more propitious season. And if it be true that there are times at which it is criminal for a single minister to say or do things that may lead to the break up of a cabinet, it is equally criminal in such times for a group of ministers to press upon their whole party, which has placed them in power, measures which they know to be so distasteful to some great section of it that disruption may follow. There are, no doubt, cases of conscience, on which a man must be guided by his own lights, wherever they may lead him; but let him first consider the possible consequences, and his own responsibility for them.

These warnings are at the present moment not idle words. Let us be blunt, and put the facts down on paper. In 1922 the Conservatives came into office with the handsome majority of 340 followers in a House of 615 members. Mr Baldwin had it in his power to govern the Empire for some four or five years on Conservative principles. Before twelve months were out he took a most chivalrous but a most disastrous step. He conceived himself bound by a pledge made by his predecessor, Mr Bonar Law, not to introduce any legislation which might be represented as protectionist in character, without making an appeal to the nation to concede him a mandate. Within a few weeks of the meeting at which he had delivered a pronouncement in favour of stringent Imperial Preference, he dissolved a parliament not yet a year old, on whose permanence and stability every one had been counting, after the long nightmare of the rule of the Coalition. The hurry of such a dissolution was fatal: the nation was given no time to think over the proposition which was thrown before it, or to study the precise meaning of the mandate which it was asked to give. From the point of view of tactics it was fatal to deny a long interval, during which the rank and file of the party might have time to digest the programme put before it. When the enemy raised the cry of 'Dear Food'—always effective in the past—there were hundreds of thousands of simple-minded voters

who were dismayed by the unwelcome sound, and there was no time to instruct them in the real meaning of Mr Baldwin's propositions. Hence came the disaster of December 1923, when a hundred Conservative seats were lost, and following it—so Mr Asquith was able to decree—the dangerous interlude of the first British Labour Government.

This must not occur again. The one certain thing is that before the recent election the Conservative leaders pledged themselves not to introduce taxation on food. Wisely mindful of the disaster of 1923, they carefully disavowed any intention of introducing any legislation which would give the enemy the chance of raising once more the clamour that the poor man's food was being taxed. And this promise must be kept, not merely in the spirit but in the letter—for any trifling lapse gives useful material for malevolent criticism. The one thing that must be kept in mind at present is that in December 1923 forty seats were lost in Lancashire, and forty more in the Southern English counties on the mere accusation—exaggerated in the most unscrupulous fashion—that Mr Baldwin's economic policy meant protection all round,—that Imperial Preference meant the Dear Loaf.

The only serious danger for the future of the Conservative Party which we can detect at present is that unguarded language on the part of responsible persons may give occasion for the raising once more of this perilous question. It must be made clear to the public again and again, on every opportunity, that the new ministry adheres to its pledge against the taxation of food. It may be quite true that a complete and logical carrying out of the idea of Imperial Preference might involve a certain amount of such taxation. But it is more important that the country should have four or five years of firm and stable government than that a theory should be worked out to its complete logical end.

It may be said without hesitation that the mandate which Mr Baldwin and his friends have received from the country is in some degree a negative rather than a positive one. They are entrusted with the task of seeing that the existing discontents come to an end, rather than with the order to bring them to an end by any particular course of legislation. This is a vague and a somewhat

dangerous *carte blanche*. But some points are obvious—the first, that we are to have no more parliamentary futility caused by the existence of the three-party system. The electorate has done its part—it has almost wiped out one of the three parties, and reduced it from a phalanx of members who claimed to hold the balance in the State, to a forlorn group of forty disconsolate survivors. As we look on the coloured political map of the United Kingdom, and strive to discover the localities which return Mr Lloyd George's little band of adherents, we see one block of constituencies in the thinly-peopled mountain shires of inner Wales, another in the remoter highland and island solitudes of northernmost Scotland. We are reminded irresistibly of Tennyson's lines:

‘His party—knights of utmost North and West,
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles.’

In England a few more of them may be discovered by the use of a strong magnifying glass, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, barely discernible in the broad sea of blue which has engulfed them. If we ask why the voters of the Liberal cause went down from 4,300,000 in December 1923 to 2,900,000 in October 1924, the first and most important cause, no doubt, was that hundreds of thousands of old Liberal voters were disgusted at the policy of truckling subservience to Labour, which Mr Asquith enforced upon his followers in the House of Commons during seven continuous months in 1924. But the second was a less simple one, and one creditable to our national intelligence. It was the more or less reasoned conviction in the minds of innumerable right-thinking people that it was time to make an end of the constitutional deadlock produced by the existence of the three-party system. The great Liberal offensive of 1923 had failed—it was obviously impossible to hope in the near future for a Liberal Government supported by the better part of the nation. And to a vast number of Liberals, and especially of the better educated Liberals, it was clear that a Conservative ministry would be less dangerous than a Socialist ministry, if one or the other of them was to obtain a clear majority in the House of Commons. Wherefore votes given to a Liberal in the crisis of October 1924 would be votes wasted; if individualism

was to hold its own against Socialism, its triumph could only be secured by polling for the Conservative, despite of old party allegiance. And so the Liberals did—by hundreds of thousands. This is made clear by a careful study of the figures in various constituencies, into which it is unnecessary to enter here.

It was till recent years a commonplace to remark that all the political claims of the Chartists of 1841 had now been conceded, without any detriment to the State, with the single exception of their demand for annual parliaments. This remark—so long a ‘glimpse of the obvious’—has now become inaccurate, since the supposed boon of annual parliaments had come into actual operation in 1922, 1923, and 1924, each of which years saw a new House of Commons brought into existence. It will no longer be possible for even the most ardent advocate of frequent appeals to the nation to represent this particular form of the plebiscite-ideal as either useful or popular. General elections following in rapid succession have proved to be as distasteful to the public as they are ruinous to the unfortunate members of the House of Commons, who have paid three sets of expenses in little over two years. Nobody wants another appeal to the nation for many a long day—and that is, among other reasons, one of the causes of the immense majority given to Mr Baldwin.

To this general axiom we may add a corollary. There is a system, which has been much vaunted of late, by which, if ever it were brought into practical operation, it is quite clear that political uncertainty and frequent general elections would be made inevitable for a long future. We allude, of course, to Proportional Representation—falsely so called. Its advocates have been busy during the last two months in demonstrating that if the General Election had been conducted under the very complicated rules of their system, a much truer representation of the relative numbers of the voting-strength of each of the three political parties would have been shown in the composition of the present House of Commons. Allowing a proper percentage of extra votes for each of the seats which were not contested—some thirty in number—nearly 17,000,000 electors were in question. If Proportional Representation had been in

practice, we should have got a House composed of 290 Conservatives, 110 Liberals, and 215 of Mr Ramsay MacDonald's heterogeneous following. That is to say, we should once more have been faced by the problem of how the affairs of the realm could be carried on by a body in which no party had a working majority. It is obvious that a repetition of the whole unhappy procedure of 1924 would have been inevitable—again a government would have been in power which could be evicted at any moment by a combination of the other two parties. And whether the Liberals, holding the balance, as in the last House, put a Conservative or a Labour Ministry in office, that ministry would have existed on sufferance, would have been unable to carry out its own policy, and would ere long have been voted down on some crucial question. Another general election in 1925 would have been the only possible result, a prospect so irritating and so dismal that we cannot sufficiently congratulate ourselves on being delivered from it.

We think that a general feeling that at all costs Proportional Representation must be kept out of practical politics is one of the most healthy signs of the fact that political wisdom still survives in this realm, and that when the highest interests are at stake a perception of the fact permeates all classes. If further proof were necessary, it is to be found in the German elections where the Proportional System has led to a serious deadlock. The most necessary of all things is a government that can govern : this millions of British voters saw and did their best to secure. Thereby, as we opine, a fatal blow was dealt to the theory of Proportional Representation—which is, in fact, a system which would work for the over-representation of minorities. It is sometimes forgotten that Proportional Representation was actually inserted in the Reform Bill of 1918 for a certain number of constituencies—the dozen seats belonging to the universities of the United Kingdom. As it works at present, in the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and the North, all two-member constituencies, the system provides that if 8000 graduates vote for two Conservative candidates, and 4001 for a single Opposition candidate, the Liberal must have the second seat! That is to say,

one minority vote counts for two majority votes, and so the power of any university to express its opinion in the House of Commons is cancelled, since its two members would go into opposite lobbies on most political crises. The system, therefore, works against the primary needs of the State, and the expressed will of the nation. It should be abolished at once—as it has already been in Ulster and certain other parts of the world.

The moral of our survey of the situation is obvious. The cure for most of the present discontents of the State is stable government, and that would be followed inevitably by rising prosperity—since the unemployment which is our bane is caused by anxiety and unsettled prospects at home, no less than by adverse trade conditions abroad. A government to which the confidence of the nation has been vouchsafed in such an unprecedented measure goes far toward success by merely existing, and doing nothing rash. Heroic legislation may not be so much needed as wise administration. Hard times are largely due to an unsettled political horizon, and if the barometer will but keep to 'set fair,' bad trade will begin to cure itself. For confidence is the mother of prosperity.

Innumerable, therefore, are the responsibilities which have been placed in the hands of Mr Baldwin's ministry. Their official pronouncement as to their intended policy may be seen in the King's Speech, which is in the hands of every one. It is a long document: and, very wisely, it is a document of guarded language. The ministers are 'following with deep interest' the proceedings of the League of Nations. They are examining the Geneva Protocol 'with the attention which its character demands.' So far so good—he would be a rash statesman who was prepared to give at the present moment any cut-and-dried pronouncements on those topics.

The most important clauses of the Speech deal with projects for 'closer co-operation with the governments of the Dominions and of India.' The recommendations of the Imperial Economic Conference of 1923 as to further preferences for goods imported into Great Britain from the Empire are to be submitted for approval to parliament. Empire settlement is to be encouraged, and mutual trade between the scattered British communities

all over the world. How this excellent programme will be worked out in practice cannot, of course, be stated, even in the longest of King's Speeches.

As regards the twin domestic problems of unemployment and of housing, the declarations of the ministry are unexceptionable. The first, it is stated, should be gradually solved by the progressive increase in stable economic and political conditions throughout the civilised world. And, though the Speech does not so declare, the establishment of a firm and popular government at Westminster is the best of all beginnings for a general period of recuperation all round the globe. Some help in the restoration of good trade is promised both from increased facilities for commerce within the Empire, and from measures for the 'safeguarding of efficient industries, which appear to need exceptional treatment.' This is a careful note of warning that only efficient industries can expect assistance, and that the general protection for all industries in which some foreign countries indulge is not in question.

As to the housing problem, the Government believes in the solution by encouraging private enterprise, and by new and cheap methods of construction. There is a careful avoidance of promises of lavish subvention from national funds. This is a complete reversal of the policy of the late Labour Cabinet, and most welcome. The interests of British Agriculture are to be discussed by a conference of landowners, farmers, and workers. This does not take us far, and may lead to some criticism and demands for the statement of a definite policy. The topics touched on in the later lines of the agricultural clause are not fundamental matters—the sugar-beet industry, the marking of imported food-stuffs, and the redemption of Tithe Rentcharge. Much more general interest will be aroused by the working of the Royal Commission on the high price of food-stuffs, whose appointment was the first and most popular official move made by the ministry on coming into office.

Two topics on which it was expected by many that the King's Speech would offer a pronouncement are conspicuous by their absence in it. The first is one which should certainly be taken in hand ere long, while conditions are exceptionally favourable. We mean the

strengthening of the position of the Upper House, by some method which may undo the mischief caused by Mr Asquith, when he removed its real inhibiting power over hasty legislation, and by Mr Lloyd George when he packed its benches with wealthy persons whose title to a peerage on any avowable and honourable grounds could not be discovered. Looking to the dangers of what we hope may be the very remote future, we wish to see an Upper House smaller, more dignified, and so weighty and representative that no demagogue shall ever be able to accuse it of being a mediæval anachronism, or an assembly of profiteers who have bought their coronets. The second topic for which we looked in vain in the King's Speech was any mention of proposals for dealing with the whole question of Trades Unionism, which has entirely outgrown the legislation under which it exists, as the wisest among Trades Unionist leaders must be very well aware. This problem is more fully discussed in another article in this number of the 'Quarterly,' and needs no further comment here.

Meanwhile, we are, after all, in the presence of a new ministry, which should see many summers, and it is unreasonable to ask that every plank of its platform should be exhibited on the first appearance of the company. There will be other King's Speeches to come, and in them many subjects not set forth on Dec. 9 last will undoubtedly be mentioned. No one, at least, can quarrel with the last paragraph of the speech, which asks for a spirit of unity and of patriotic co-operation by all parties in dealing with the weighty problems of the day. With the support of the community at large, and not merely of their own friends, ministers hope that they may be able to remove some of the obstacles that have not ceased, since the termination of the Great War, to retard the industrial and economic recovery of the nation. This is a most modest and dignified termination to a declaration of policy which is deliberately couched in unsensational terms, and avoids ostentation and self-advertisement, as the programme of a Conservative Government should.

In conclusion, we would urge that whatever measure of confidence throughout the country may be secured by wise and successful administration and legislation, the

continuous education of the rising generation of voters must be carried on without intermission or relaxation. It is useless to await the approach of a crisis; the Socialists and Communists, heavily subsidised in many cases by foreign money, are ceaselessly at work instilling their pernicious doctrines amongst the less educated classes. These doctrines can be refuted by the facts, but the facts must be forced home in many quarters where the Socialist propaganda alone is at present heard. The most strenuous work for the next four or five years is indispensable, if the Conservative party is to retain that authority and power which are necessary for the right government of these islands and the security of the Empire.

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